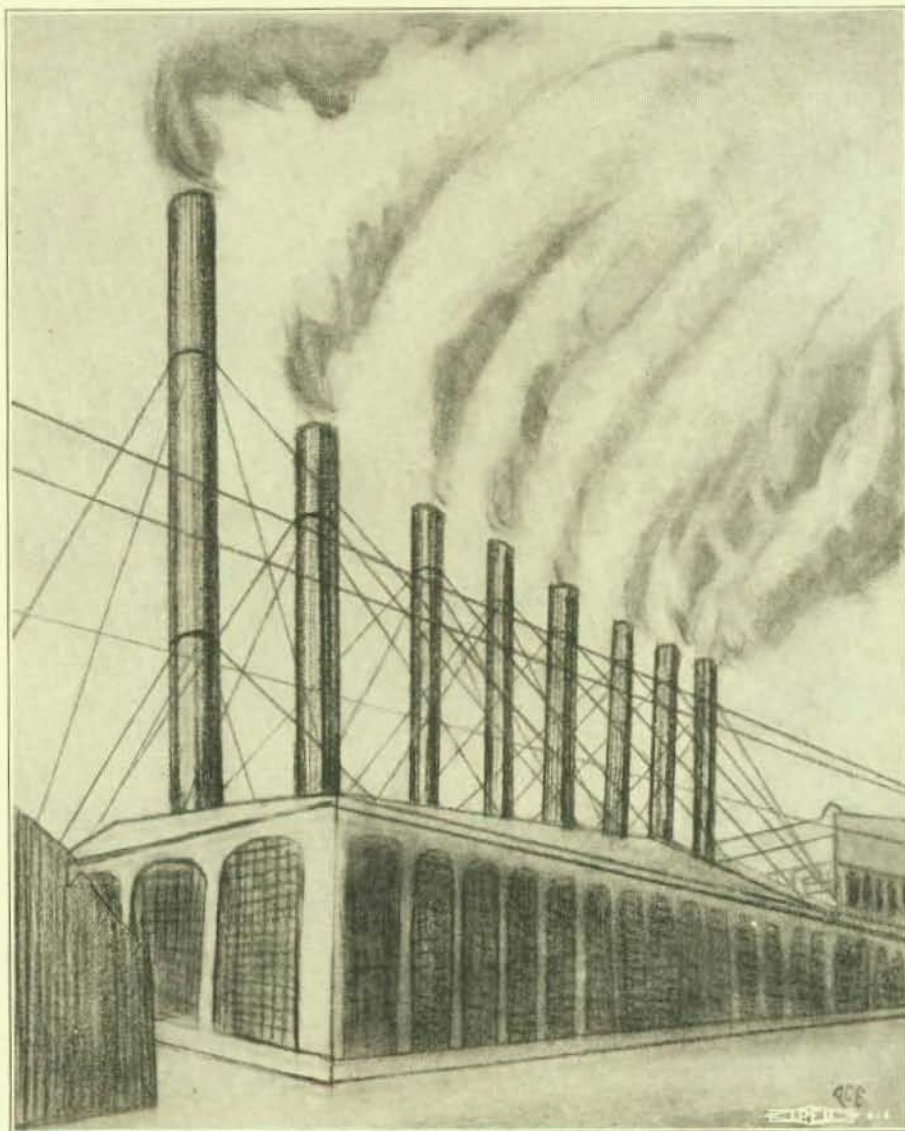


RECORDING · THE · ELECTRICAL · ERA

VOL. XXVII

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1928

NO. 5



Drawn by Pennell Crosby

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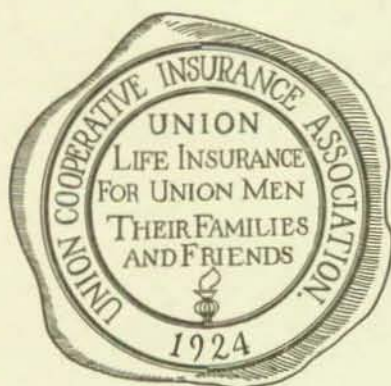
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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**INTERNATIONAL
ELECTRICAL WORKERS AND OPERATORS**

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Magazine Chat

Most magazines want big names. They pay a heavy bonus of thousands for a name which they think will lift circulation. Thus we find prize-fighters, jockeys, home run kings, aviators, movie stars, toe dancers, fat ladies, hold-up men, murderers, bootleggers and adulterers breaking into print at 20 cents a word. Sometimes—rarely—they have something to say, but mostly not.

These fabulous prices paid for notoriety often crowd out excellence. Real artists, and social thinkers have been known to peddle their wares hopelessly.

Fortunately, this Journal, with other labor publications, has never been afflicted by that disease. Names mean nothing to us, unless they carry the prestige of true distinction of thought, social courage, and economic insight. We are more interested in accurate facts, a clear statement of a problem, and the coolly considered practical solution, than in Rachel Van Alenstynne, who swam Pike's Creek.

Yet we would be blind indeed, and just a little foolish, if we fail to note with satisfaction the wealth of truly big names, who are attached to contributors to this number. There is enough intellectual wealth in this edition to outfit an expedition to Moronovia.

Incidentally the co-operation of these writers is an indication of the spirit of goodwill abroad in the land directed toward organized labor. In a world like ours, co-operation of wage-earners to advance their economic status is a precious thing.

The organization value of this number can be seen at a glance. Never in our experience have we seen so many sound reasons given for belonging to the union, for supporting the union, for fighting for the union, as herein set down in the year 1928, month of May, cycle of man.



FROM A PAINTING BY GERRIT A. BENEKER



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Vol. XXVII

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1928

No. 5

THE BUILDER

By

GERRIT A. BENEKER

(COPYRIGHTED)

*I AM the Builder; on my throne
Of iron and wood and steel and stone,
I stand, the Builder, but not alone,
In God's own image, from God's own plan,
From common clay, He built me, Man.
From common clay, He raised the ban
That I might live,—but not alone.*

*FROM God's own earth I scoop the ore,
The coal I mine, the rock I bore,
The lightning's flash from the air I store:—
This clay fuse I—with fire to mock
The ancient gods; their temples rock,
Crash back to earth,—tongues interlock
To build no Babel as of yore.*

*WHERE once a hillock was but small,
I build the city towering tall,
The peasant's hut, the marble hall,
With men from many a foreign strand,
I build with heart and soul and hand,
America, the promised Land!
Build all for each, build each for all.*

Modern Industry, the Union and Public Interest

SLOWLY but effectually a picture of modern industry is being reeled off before the eyes of a startled nation. The old era of small, personally conducted business has given way to the absentee-owned corporation, which has in turn changed into an impersonal stock-owned, banker-controlled super-trust of monopolistic character. Mass production and mass distribution impend.

In the midst of this economic revolution, the labor union is finding itself. It is making adjustments to meet the new conditions, and is demonstrating that it is a unit of industrial life, which, because of its voluntary character and democratic control, can be flexible in form, and can meet rapid changes.

Striking proof of the public esteem in which the labor union is held, and its acknowledged supremacy over the company union, was recently given in the historic Interborough Case in New York City. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company had brought suit against the American Federation of Labor and the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees. The aim of that suit was clearly stated: to prevent organized labor from organizing the Interborough. This injunction case clearly drew the issue as to the comparative social values of the real labor union and the company union. More than 30 economists, personnel men and industrial managers made sworn affidavits in which they gave emphatic answer. These answers include the following trinity of declarations:

The labor union is far superior to the company union as an instrumentality for improving technical efficiency in industry.

The labor union is far superior to the company union as an instrumentality for collective bargaining, the essence of orderly relations in industry.

The labor union is far superior to the company union for it alone gives the wage-earning class a means of free expression, which is all the more essential in the mechanized, impersonal industry of the present.

The Interborough Case will go down in labor history as a trial of strength, as between labor and company unions. That the victory went to organized labor means a change in the historic course of American business.

The following quotations reveal the striking affirmations of American economic leaders regarding the labor union's social value:

*Sumner H. Slichter,
Institute of Economics,
Professor of Economics, Cornell
University.*

Sumner H. Slichter says that for six years he has given an advanced course at Cornell University entitled "The State in Relation to Labor."

"In the first place the right of the worker to improve his future bargaining position involves more than merely opportunity to raise his wages. It involves his ability to feed and clothe his family and to educate his children. When he sells his freedom to improve his bargaining position, he is practically selling the opportunity of his family to be better clothed, fed and housed and the opportunity of his children to obtain a better education.

"Restrictions which produce such effects are not in my judgment in the public interest.

THESE DISINTERESTED AUTHORITIES ATTEST TO VALUE OF THE TRADE UNION IN MODERN INDUSTRY

Sumner H. Slichter
Professor of Economics,
Cornell University.

Dr. Lewis L. Lorwin
Institute of Economics.

Arthur E. Saffern
Formerly of the Institute
of Economics.
Now the Federal Council of Churches
of Christ in America.

Ordway Tead
Personnel Expert
Editor of Business Books for
Harper & Bros., New York City.

Harry F. Ward
Professor of Christian Ethics,
Union Theological Seminary,
New York City.

Otto S. Beyer
Consulting Engineer.

James H. Tufts
Professor of Philosophy,
University of Chicago.

Arthur J. Todd
Professor of Sociology,
Northwestern University.

Benjamin N. Squires
Board of Arbitration, Men's Clothing
Industry, Chicago, Ill.
Doctor of Philosophy,
Columbia University.

Dr. Leo Wolman
Director of Research,
Amalgamated Clothing Workers of
America, New York City.

Lionel D. Edie
Professor of Finance,
University of Chicago.

Walter James Couper
Instructor in Political Economics,
Yale University.

George Soule
Editor — The New Republic.

John A. Fitch
New York School of Social Work.

Robert W. Bruere
Editor of The Survey.

Horace M. Kallen
Professor of Psychology,
New School for Social Research.

David J. Saposs
Professor of Social Economics,
Brookwood Labor College.

Mercer G. Evans
Assistant Professor of Economics,
Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

George E. Barnett
Professor of Statistics,
Johns Hopkins University.

"In the second place it is unwise to permit workmen to sell their freedom to join trade unions because there is a great disparity in bargaining power between individual wage earners and employees. Human services are perhaps the most perishable of all commodities; more perishable even than fresh flowers and fresh fruit.

"During the last eight years there has been a remarkable spread of interest throughout the trade union world in union management co-operation as a result of the intensive field studies which have been made. I am strongly of the opinion that the trade union is far superior to the company union as an instrumentality for improving technical efficiency."

Mr. Slichter then points out the disparity of bargaining power between an individual workman and the company.

"The great disparity in bargaining power which exists between employers and individual wage earners in modern industry is not in my judgment removed by the creation of company unions, such as is provided in the I. R. T. work contract of June 30, 1927."

Mr. Slichter then points out that the officials of the company union are not as a rule experienced negotiators.

"Many company unions have no dues and even those which have them collect very small amounts from their members. The fact that each company union is confined to the employees of one enterprise deprives it of the support of the workers in other plants in the event of strike or lockout.

"The inadequacy of the company union as a device for overcoming the disparity in bargaining power between individual workmen and employers is indicated by the failure of company unions to produce important changes in the shop rules of industrial enterprises.

"The third economic reason why it should be unfortunate to permit wage earners to barter away their right to join trade unions arises from the fact that unions perform functions which are of substantial value to the community.

"One of the most favorable functions of trade unions is to afford the wage earning class a means of being articulate. It is of great importance from the standpoint of the community in general that wage earners have authentic mouth pieces which can print the state of mind of the working people, their aspirations and their grievances to the rest of the community.

"A second important function of trade unions is to serve as the basis for co-operation between men and management for the purposes of increasing production and reducing costs."

*Dr. Lewis L. Lorwin,
Institute of Economics.*

Dr. Lorwin states that he is in substantial agreement with the ideas expressed by Professor Slichter.

*Arthur E. Saffern,
Formerly of the Institute of Economics.
Now of the Federal Council of
Churches of Christ.*

"The sense of power and independence which comes to members of unionism is analogous to what employers have because of their wealth and organization. The union builds up assets and is able to lend support to the individual. It is also able to establish a considerable degree of security for the individual by incorporating rules in an agreement which protect him against abuses of power by management.

"I believe that with the exception of the invention of machinery, the trade union movement can surely claim to have done more to better the economic conditions of the working people of England and America than any other one thing."—ALBERT S. KEISTER, North Carolina College for Women.

"Both under individual bargaining and under company unions the workers are relatively much weaker bargainers than under non-company unions because the leaders are in many cases able to establish basic standards for wages, hours and working conditions which compel employers to compete by other means than reducing wages."

Ordway Tead,
Personnel Expert.

Author of Business Books for Harper & Brothers, New York City.

"My conclusion is that although in individual cases terms of employment which are satisfactory to the workers may at present be attained under measures provided for in company union plants, fortunately a disparity of bargaining power exists which under conditions of crisis or stress leaves the workers relatively impotent in trying to rise at equitable terms of employment with their employer. Freedom of contract entails equality of bargaining power and the relations of companies and their employees as it is always widely acknowledged to in other spheres. Moreover equality of bargaining power represents both a business and a public interest, an asset as noted above which it is definitely important for industrial managers to endeavor to preserve."

Harry F. Ward,
Professor of Christian Ethics, Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

"I have for several years asked a class to examine all the important company union plans in this country and then make a judgment, among other things, on whether they give the workman an effective voice in the transformation of wage levels. The almost unanimous judgment each year has been in the negative."

"There is no bargaining power behind union contracts because the men have no control over the labor market. The courts should recognize that such contracts are ominous and in some cases were executed under duress because of the element of compulsion and the social pressure of such contracts. In my opinion the law should not supervise but outlaw such contracts."

Otto S. Beyer, Jr.,
Consulting Engineer.

Beyer points out that the union co-operative management plan has been introduced on the Baltimore and Ohio, Canadian National, the Grand Trunk Western Railway, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. This plan supplies:

"First, absolute freedom of association by employees. Second, full and continuous recognition by management of the organization of workers so chosen as the accredited agency representing all the employees of the company. Third, acceptance by management of the organization voluntarily chosen by the employees as helpful, necessary and constructive in the conduct of the company. Fourth, development between the voluntary organization and management of written agreements, covering wages, working conditions and the prompt, orderly and equitable adjustment of all disputes. Fifth, systematic co-operation between the voluntary organizations of the employees and management of the company to increase safety of traffic, shipment and employment. Sixth,

stabilization of employment. Seventh, measuring and sharing of the benefits of such systematic co-operative efforts between employees, the company and the public. Eighth, provision of definite union management machinery to promote and maintain co-operative effort.

"That the maintenance of labor organization wholly independent of management is absolutely essential to the preservation of the individual worker's personality, freedom, economic security, conscious strength in bargaining and capacity to co-operate wholeheartedly with management; that labor organizations tend definitely to create feeling on the part of the workers that they are not being outdone or deprived of that which is fairly due these wage earners for their services to employers; that labor organizations guard workers in industry against developing a general feeling of inferiority, futility and despair and so prevent apathy and servility and its blighting effect on industrial and community morale from permeating the rank and file of wage earners."

James H. Tufts,
Professor of Philosophy, University of Chicago.

"My experience has been favorable to bargaining between a strong company and a strong union. It would seem to be in accord

with public policy to encourage equality in bargaining power."

Arthur J. Todd,
Professor of Sociology, Northwestern University.

"The company union has not yet justified itself for two reasons. First, its history has been too short to permit final judgment as to its efficacy or its assumed superiority to orthodox unionism. Second, it has so often been introduced as an anti-union device, impartial students of the labor problem can scarcely fail to suspect some company union plans of being arbitrary and in their general tendency inimical to the best interests of the employees and of the public."

Benjamin N. Squires,
Board of Arbitration, Men's Clothing Industry, Chicago, Ill. Doctor of Philosophy, Columbia University.

The company union "provides a less effective basis for co-operation between management and labor and is less likely to make for efficiency and continuous operation. It is destructive of human personality and economic freedom, both of which are already seriously menaced by the trend of modern industry with its emphasis on specialization and mechanization."

Dr. Leo Wolman,
Director of Research, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, New York City.

"Taking a long view of the situation there is no question but that a sound basis of industrial relations is that which exists between bona fide trade unions and management and not the sort that obtains between company unions and management."

Lionel D. Edie,
Professor of Finance, University of Chicago.

"Company unionism forces labor to rely too much upon the benevolence of the employer. Collective bargaining under company unionism is a weak weapon in adjusting wages unless the employers are so generous and fair that they pay relatively high wages anyway."

"Although deeply impressed by the abuses of unionism, I am of the opinion that they are in large part the outcome of an industrial policy which forces labor to fight every inch of the way for recognition of its right or power to organize in its own way for the attainment of its ends."

"The individual's freedom can be strangled under any system, but in general it stands a better chance of meaning something in trade unionism than in company unionism."

Walter James Couper,
Instructor in Political Economics, Yale University.

"Trade unionism provides a better basis for labor management co-operation than does company unionism. Trade unions are the natural response of the working class to the conditions of modern industrialism."

George Soule,
Editor, The New Republic.

"Not only does trade unionism provide a better basis than company unionism for co-operation between labor and management (Continued on page 277)

THESE DISINTERESTED AUTHORITIES ATTEST TO VALUE OF THE TRADE UNION IN MODERN INDUSTRY

Albert S. Keister
North Carolina College for Women.

Henry Rottschaefer
Professor of Law,
University of Minnesota.

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Professor of Economics,
New School for Social Research.

Forest Bailey
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Industrial Expert—New York City.

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Columbia University.

Emerson Stryker
Instructor of Economics,
Columbia University.

Paul F. Brissenden
Professor of Economics,
Columbia University.

Gerrit A. Beneker—Portrait Painter to Labor

ONE does not have to live very long in this world, or to have very keen vision, to learn that life presents itself in multiple shapes and fancies. To the cruel, life is cruel. To the kind, it is kind. To the bitter, it is bitter. Life is as various as a multi-ringed circus, and each of us is a small boy taking from it what delights his fancy the most. Now it is the clown; now it is the gallant lady in glittering spangles; now it is the blaring trumpets of the band. But occasionally comes one that looks behind the tinsel and the paint of the show, and sees the grimmer, more beautiful realities. Such a one is Gerrit A. Beneker, portrait painter, who has discovered to us something priceless in the industrial civilization of which we are part. His contribution is rich and individual—a gallery of portraits of working men and women. And it so happens that Mr. Beneker's skill as a painter is equal to his social vision; as a result we have something fine and lasting, an American painting, a democratic art.

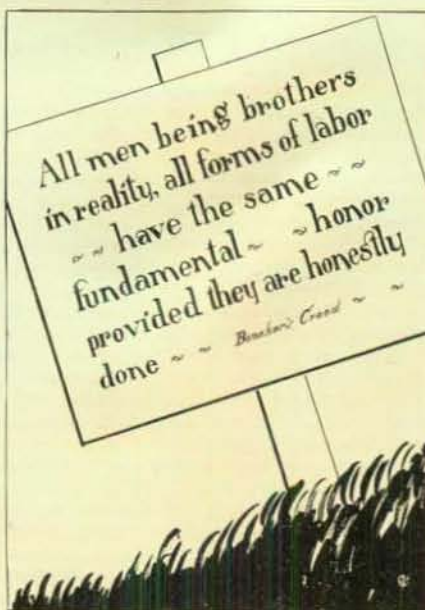
To know what we mean by the phrase democratic art, let's look back upon history—say, of the drama. Take Shakespeare's plays. King Macbeth, King Lear, Prince Hamlet, King Henry IV and King Henry V, Emperor Julius Caesar, King Richard III, General Othello, Prince Romeo—so they go, a portrait gallery of royalty. Where are the common people in Shakespeare's plays—of which, as Lincoln said, there are so many? They do not exist, save to furnish low comedy—to fill in the grandiose exploitation of the royal heroes and heroines—with slapstick and silly humor. For the purposes of dramatic art, the common man in Shakespeare's day was of no more value than a cabbage or a turnip. Shakespeare's art—from a social point of view—was an aristocratic art.

Portrait painting has always been an aristocratic or plutocratic art—from a social point of view. There are no portraits by Stuart of the orderly who held President Washington's horse, or of the under officer who really planned the crossing of the Delaware. There are many portraits of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Harriman, Hill, Ford and no portraits of the men upon whose sweaty shoulders their industries were erected. The painting of workers was just somehow passe; not the thing, don't you know—until Beneker came.

Sympathy For All Men

Beneker came out of Massachusetts—out of Michigan first—then Massachusetts. But we think of Massachusetts first because Beneker has a quality of the older Massachusetts, the Massachusetts of Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau and Garrison. He is fond of quoting Emerson, "There is higher use for art than the arts; nothing less than the creation of man and nature is its end." He has, too, that mystical sympathy for all men, that the great abolitionists had. A sympathy, perhaps rare even in America, and rarer in a world of dictatorships and kings.

The artist decided that he would paint workers, the nameless fellows of mine, furnace, truck and machine. To some persons Beneker's erstwhile decision may seem of small importance. If it seems insignificant, then it is because one underestimates the overpowering weight of tradition on the field of painting. Who had ever heard of painting working men? It is true Millet had. Millet's "Man With the Hoe" had inspired Edwin Markham's famous poem—a priceless waystation in American labor history. But, it was argued, Millet was a



classic. Modern American painters simply did not consider working men and women fit subjects for their art. And incidentally, what working man could pay \$3,000 for a portrait of himself? So we see in Gerrit Beneker a simple, quaint courage, and a



The Standford Studio
GERRIT A. BENEKER

high spiritual endeavor, first of all. He was willing to break with the traditions of his own craft, and to risk the loss of large fees, that he may fulfill to his own satisfaction a self-appointed job—a job of social value, which he thought ought to be done.

Of course, in a world organized as ours is, such simple acts as Beneker's often go unnoticed and unappreciated. He has that child quality that saints and poets have, to which society later dedicates statues and monuments.

But because he has this bright, peculiar trait, it must not be supposed that Beneker is odd. He is a fine workman. He enjoyed every hour of his job, as he went into the mills and factories, and got the workers to sit for him. A friend of Beneker tells this story: "Two little girls whose father worked in a steel mill were talking. 'There's a funny tall man down in the mill where my father works and he's painting a picture there,' said one. 'I think he's an artist,' 'Gwan,' said the other. 'Artists don't paint pictures like that. They only paint pretty things.'"

To many over-delicate persons, Beneker's portraits are not "pretty things." But they have ruggedness, a reality, a vitality, yes a rough beauty vivid with life, that many of the indoor studies of other artists never can have.

Beneker had adventures painting workers. There was Peggy Hirsh, truck driver, who told him, "My hands are black but my heart is hydraulic." There was the foreman, who declared, "Ben, we have gotten so far away from the truth that when anyone speaks it, it hurts." There were many "old characters" who revealed a deep and sapient view of life as they sat for their pictures.

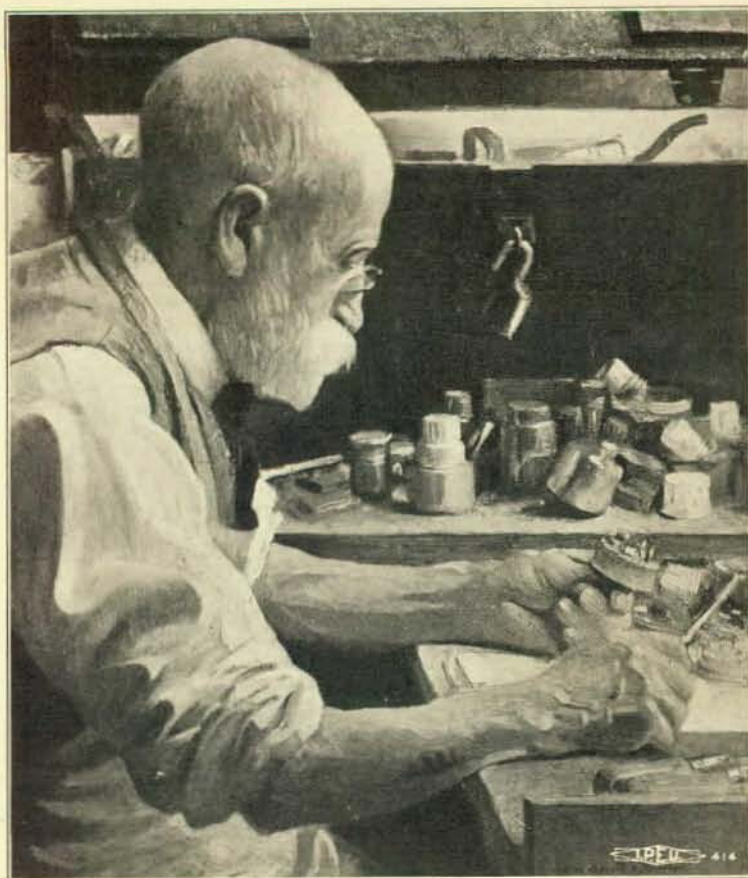
Let Labor Employ Artists

Mr. Beneker feels very keenly about the value of art in everyday life. "Let us look forward" he says, "to the day when labor will employ artists, painters, actors, poets, dramatists, novelists and even musicians to sing its ideals and aspirations." He urges other uses of art. "An artist in any line of work is but a highly skilled craftsman, and yet he must look upon his work not as an end itself, as so many do, but should learn to perceive through his work and realize the relative value of his work to the work of the world." Beneker holds that any work honestly done is good work, creative work, work valuable to society. "Go into any of our great art museums and you will not find any paintings of American labor. These museums are controlled by old capital in trust and are directed by old minds of an age that is dying. Not until the workers unite to build their own museums may we expect anything different. How fine it would be if every member of the A. F. of L. would give ten cents a year to purchase pictures and sculpture of labor, and present such works of art to the National Gallery in Washington."

During the war Beneker proved that his art had incisive popular appeal by his famous liberty loan posters. He has exhibited in the leading art centers of America. But it is not likely that these masterpieces of color will be gushed over by silly persons who look upon art as an ornament of society, or an advertisement of solvency.

Beneker's philosophy expressed in his life, in his courageous entrance of a tabooed field, and in all his art, has been summarized by himself thus:

"The stream of life comes down to us throughout the ages; we plunge into it



Copyright, from painting by Gerrit A. Beneker

AN INVENTOR

Jules Tournier, Inventor of Electrical Appliances, Worked with Edison in the Early Days.

when we come into this world—not of our own accord—therefore we are trustees of life while we are here, and, what kind of trustees are we?

"The greatest art of all is the art of living and it lies within the realm of the fine arts to show the way of life and within the field of the arts, craftsmanship, to work out the way of life."

Beneker's Works

Mr. Beneker's "Men Are Square" was exhibited by the American Federation of Labor at its booth at the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia last year. This JOURNAL from time to time has published reproductions of Mr. Beneker's works. An incomplete list of his most noted canvasses are:

Men Are Square,
Homer White—Constructive Radical—Also used by the American Federation of Labor at Philadelphia.
The Builder,
The Test,
Peggy Hirsch—Truck Driver,
David Eichhorn—Foreman,
The Alabama Kid,
Jules Tournier—Inventor,
William Burnett—Machinist,
A Weaver of Thoughts,
From the Soil,
Welding—Used in March number of this JOURNAL,
Gray Matter—Used in March number of this JOURNAL,
The Widow,
The Man of the Hills,
"We Have Toiled All the Night"—Fisherman of Truro.

Mr. Beneker spends his summers on the Massachusetts coast. There he mingles with the folk of the village, and touches brush to canvas. In the winter, he gives part of his time to the lecture platform. His lectures urge upon Americans the values of craftsmanship, tolerance, sincerity and democracy. "There is absolutely no panacea for any of our

problems today except as we may create in each individual sound, clean thinking and sympathetic and understanding feelings," he asserts.

Mr. Beneker has exhibited at the National Academy, New York and Art Institute, Chicago. He is represented in permanent collections at Butler Institute, Youngstown, Ohio; Grand Rapids Art Gallery; and Wichita High School.

Charles Messer Stow, a friend of Beneker, has this to say of him:

"For Beneker bases his art on something far deeper than shows in the paint on the surface of the canvas. He goes into the latent yearnings that all men have for something beyond the food and drink of the moment, recognizes the perverse twist that these longings undergo on their passage into expression, and sets this right by telling the truth. The truth as he sees it is work. There is necessity and dignity in work, honest work, whether it be performed by laborer or by capitalist. All men being brothers in reality, all forms of labor have the same fundamental honor, provided they are honestly done.

"Bringing art to the appreciation of the world at large is after all his mission in life and he makes the most of every opportunity. For instance, some of the firms on Cape Cod were in the habit of ordering each year for dispersal among their customers the usual pretty-girl type of calendar. He persuaded them that there is no art in this sort of thing, teaching them how photography differs from art, even colored photographs, and the result is that banks and lumber firms, groceries and shops now send out calendars with reproductions of one of Beneker's paintings in color, usually a Cape Cod house or some typical bit of painting.

"This artist-teacher's heart is in industrial work, however, for he believes first in the value of work and second he sees the future art of America coming from an assimilated race made up of many foreign elements and the mass of the immigrants he finds are in the great industries. Among these, then, he wants to begin his teaching, getting them to realize that art is not something apart from their daily lives but in proportion as they learn to realize that they, too, are creative artists, just in that proportion will they become better citizens and better men."



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A WEAVER OF THOUGHTS

From a Painting by Gerrit A. Beneker

Banker Finds the "If" in American Prosperity

EVERYBODY wants prosperity. Everybody endorses prosperity. Everybody would share prosperity. It is one national policy upon which banker, industrialist, housewife and worker can agree. Yet it is one policy over which all contributing parties seem to have the least control. At any rate, prosperity is an unsubstantial wraith, a paper entity, little recognized when we have it, and only valued by contrast, in contradistinction to actual want, breadlines and panic.

A hopeful sign in the economic horizon is that we are beginning to think about prosperity in times of prosperity. We are not waiting until the wolf is on the threshold, before we take steps to outwit the hungry beast. We are sitting down in the midst of plenty, and saying, "Now how did we get this way?"

Paul Mazur is a New York banker. He has written a book, which he calls "American Prosperity." It has been published very recently by the Viking Press, New York. Mr. Mazur must have begun his study months ago—indeed long before the highly-touted prosperity of the United States began to show signs of decay.

The outstanding feature of this work is that it marks a reaction against mass production as the be-all, end-all of American prosperity. It measures the limitations of the new technology, and reveals the seeds of destruction already within the industrial fabric.

There are minor distinctions worth noting. This book hardly reveals this particular banker as a Babbitt. Mr. Mazur writes well. He has a certain justice of mind which prevents him from falling into the too-ready habit of the banking class to praise American business indiscriminately. On the whole, it is a learned book, revealing certain facts about American business that only an "insider" can know well.

It undertakes to answer—in the terms of a financier—the question "Where is America going?" though it purports to look no farther than ten years hence. It gives a more realistic picture of business as is, than perhaps any other recent book has and it can be read by labor with profit. Labor can see pretty clearly the kind of industrial world to which it must adapt itself in the next ten years.

Here is the picture:

"Low prices have made goods available to the masses. Advertising has stimulated desire. Emulation, augmented by every known method of distribution, has imposed upon each family the buying standards of its neighbors. Obsolescence, through the development of the style factor, has created new sales markets for tomorrow out of the very market that industry had satisfied yesterday. Instalment buying increased the purchasing power of the American public; high unit prices lost their terror when time payment divided the initial price into sugar-coated pills of partial payments, each of which seemed small and easy to take, but all of which, if totalled would have represented the bitter sum of the original price.

"In the existence, side by side, of these two powerful forces—high-pressure distribution and mass low-cost production—there are elements of real conflict. In that conflict exist problems of significance which industry and commerce will be called upon in the near future to solve. Undoubtedly, the factors which serve Supply best are not entirely harmonious with those which serve Demand best. And in the interest of business in general some compromises seem entirely certain."

Would Reform Distribution

It is the study of this high-pressure distribution, to which Mr. Mazur devotes a good part of his time. He feels that it is the new part of the problem, which demands

He predicts the following effects upon the distributing end of business:

"If the questions, which are Time's to answer, are rearranged as they apply to the retailer and manufacturer, it appears that for the retailers the following possibilities are open:

"First: Control or ownership of their own manufacturing sources of goods.

"Second: Consolidation into groups for increased strength and power.

"Third: Increased effort to win consumer loyalty, thereby replacing national brands by store brands.

"If retailers are to control their own sources of merchandise, it is necessary first that they band themselves into some form of consolidated activity. There has been some indication of consolidated activity among retailers, but its development is neither rapid nor free from obstacles. Even, however, if such consolidation were inevitable in the future, this alone would not carry with it the certainty that retailers would or should control their own production resources."

From labor's standpoint certain profitable deductions can be made from this book.

First, mass production is not an unmitigated blessing even for the consumer and the financier, as it has not been for the worker.

Second, labor may see the anti-trust laws removed or greatly modified—laws which have seriously hampered labor—in order to make room for trade associations, and greater mergers.

Third, the consumer is destined to play a new role of greater importance, but whether this means powerful consumer organizations is a question.

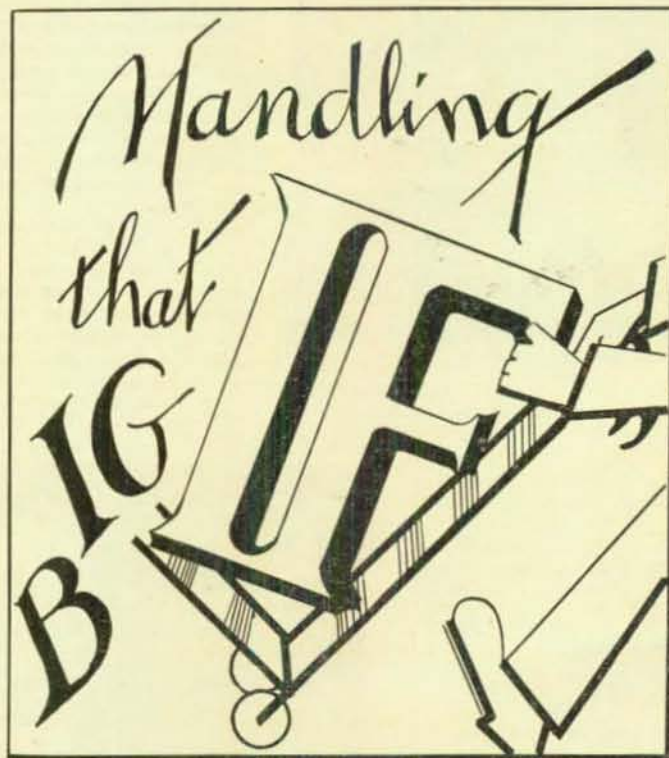
Fourth, bigger and bigger corporations are in the offing, with power for greater good, and a devastating power to crush opposition, create a leisure class, and standardize human conduct and thinking.

Fifth, investments abroad of surplus earnings will sometime soon fall short of interest on loans, and this condition will unbalance trade, with serious effects on American business at home, perhaps with prolonged depressions.

Mr. Mazur has written a book, notable for slight mention of labor and labor problems. If this book is a mirror of a progressive banker's mind, then labor must continue to solve its own problems in its own way—self-reliantly. To Mr. Mazur, it never seems to occur, that labor can exert an important force upon the destinies of industry and the course of business—and that it no doubt will.

SENSE FROM CONGRESS

"To say that a larger navy is necessary to combat Communism or Socialism is silly. The only way to combat radicalism and bolshevism is by making the conditions in this country such that the people can live in happiness and peace."—Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York.



the closest scrutiny, and is the part where readjustments must be made.

He summarizes thus:

"In the registry of births the genealogy of merchandising would present strange cards of parental qualifications:

"Father: Mass Production

"Good Qualities: economy of production, high wages for workers, low prices.

"Foibles: standardization, continuity of production, large and increasing sales volume.

"Weaknesses: inventory accumulation, necessity of adjustment to high-cost distribution.

"Mother: High-Cost Distribution

"Good Qualities: creation of sales volume, greater and better sales markets, loyalty of the consumer.

"Foibles: obsolescence, lack of continuity in sales, extravagance.

"Weaknesses: inventory risks, expense of maintenance, incompatibility with mass production.

"In such a reading there are more grounds for divorce than bases for domestic felicity."

Unemployment Stirs Interest in Five Day Week

WHILE economists of international standing are predicting the inevitable arrival of the shorter work week and shorter work day, employers in the building trades and elsewhere are trying to hold the tide back with a broom.

The explanation for this opposition to the five day week most usually given is that opposing employers are thinking in terms of seasonal and cyclical unemployment, job famines caused by yearly and tri-yearly rise and fall of business, and not in terms of technological unemployment. Technological unemployment refers to wide-spread displacement of men by machines and new mechanical methods.

A conservative estimate places the number of workers enjoying the five-day week at 150,000. The painters' union reports through its official journal that 207 cities now recognize the 40-hour week as the basic unit for the painters' trade. The United Garment Workers of America announced in April that Michaels-Stern and Company, Rochester, have recognized the five-day week. The "American Contractor" in reporting on its study of the spread of the five-day week fails to agree with the Painters' Union's record.

In view of the opposition of the "American Contractor" to the five-day plan, it is interesting to quote a summary of its findings.

An analysis of the report discloses that the painters are working for five-day week in the following cities: Denver, Colo.; Boston, Mass.; Long Island, N. Y.; Hammond, Ind.; Baltimore, Md.; New York City, N. Y.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Miami, Fla.; Portland, Ore.; St. Louis, Mo.; five-day week June 1, Schenectady, N. Y.; Scranton, Pa.; Utica, N. Y., and Seattle, Wash.

The plasterers and lathers have the five-day week in the following cities: Denver, Colo.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Detroit, Mich.; Long Island, N. Y.; Baltimore, Md.; New York City, N. Y.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Boston, Mass.; Dayton, Ohio; Hammond, Ind.; Miami, Fla.; Portland, Ore.; Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Seattle, Wash.

The carpenters have the five-day week in Denver, Colo.; Baltimore, Md.; Atlantic City, N. J., and St. Louis, Mo., May 1.

Bricklayers have the five-day week in Denver, Colo.; Vancouver, B. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Miami, Fla.; Portland, Ore.; Seattle from May to August, inclusive, and are demanding it in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Plumbers have the five-day week in Detroit, Mich.; Vancouver, B. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Miami, Fla.; Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

Electricians have the five-day week in Miami, Fla.; Portland, Ore.; Schenectady, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo., and Seattle, Wash.

Cement finishers have the five-day week in St. Louis, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.; Atlantic City, N. J., and Seattle, Wash.

Elevator constructors have the five-day week in St. Louis, Mo.

Cities where a five-day

week is being worked by practically all trades are: Miami, Fla.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

The usual stock arguments are presented against the idea. It will mean an increase in wages; it will mean too much leisure for the workers; it will mean more overtime. The "American Contractor" also asserts that employers believe that the five-day week will not cure unemployment. It must be said that this is only partially true. The short work week can not stave off depressions, and lessen unemployment caused by depressions, but it can, by spacing jobs, alleviate the displacement of men by time-saving devices in industry.

President Green of the American Federation of Labor, has spoken and written widely on the subject of the five-day week. His remarks before the New York Building Congress reach the point:

"People have always been slow to accept new theories or new concepts. There has been a manifest disposition to cling to the old because of the risk and uncertainty involved in a change to something new. This characteristic of human nature has been apparent in all political, social and economic reforms and in their acceptance by the public.

"It can be safely said that no reform, however meritorious and however beneficial to the human race, has ever been established without meeting with bitter opposition and without the most earnest and heroic work on the part of those who sponsored and advocated it.

"The average person is cautious and conservative. His acts are influenced by his fear for his own welfare. He weighs carefully in his mind the effect which would follow any change from the existing order and he applies the effect of such change to his material, social and economic welfare.

"This trait of character has been especially noticeable in the discussion which has

taken place regarding the suggestion of the American Federation of Labor that industry prepare to adopt the five-day week. * * *

"The advocacy of the five-day work week, on the part of the American Federation of Labor, is based upon two fundamental reasons. One is economic and the other is humanitarian. The workers are convinced that the shorter work week is practical, economically sound, and necessary to the further social and spiritual progress of the great masses of the people. The advocates of the shorter work week are thoroughly conscious of the fact that the economic readjustments involved in the institution of the shorter work week cannot be made until industry and those associated with it are ready and prepared to accept it. Any premature attempt to impose such a vital change might defeat its purpose."

Reserve for Depressions

One of the first moves in behalf of legislation aiming to encourage stabilization of building and construction activities has been made by Senator Jones of Washington. He has introduced in the United States Senate a bill, S-2475, "to create a prosperity reserve and to stabilize industry and employment by the expansion of public works during periods of unemployment and industrial depression."

This bill proposes to authorize the appropriation of substantial sums to be used as emergency funds for the expansion of construction and building projects when the country is threatened with a slump in these activities.

The sum of \$75,000,000 is proposed for the reserve fund for roads, \$50,000,000 would be held for river and harbor work, \$10,400,000 would be set aside for flood control works, and \$15,000,000 would be placed in this special fund for building activities.

These appropriations would not be made and the money would not be used except in seasons when depression threatened. The limitation on their use is indicated in Section 2 of Jones bill which reads:

"No appropriation shall be made pursuant to the authorization contained in this act until such time as the President finds and communicates to the Congress that the volume, based upon value of contracts awarded for construction work in the United States, has fallen 20 per centum for a three-month period below the average of the corresponding three-month periods of 1926 and 1927."—*American Contractor*.

Every end brings a new beginning:

New dreams to dream, new worlds for winning;
Brings husks for eating, loves for losing;
Re-offers heaven and hell for choosing.

—Edwin Markham.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.—M. A. Kelty.

The Drift of Business

What goes up in March, comes down on electrical workers in May or June. That does not sound like an economic principle, but its homely compass records a truth. The building construction of March begins to tell two, three, sometimes six months, in electrical construction.

Looked at in the large, March construction was good—but it fell 5 per cent short of March, 1927, according to the announced figures of F. W. Dodge Corporation. What is more satisfying is the announcement that January, February, March, 1928, formed the best quarter in the history of American construction. The exact increase over the first quarter of 1927 was 6 per cent.

On the other hand, when one examines the figures for March, this year, in detail he is not surprised at reports of unemployment filtering in. For instance, the Northwest falls short by 47 per cent of equalling this year's construction of March, 1927. The Southeast fell 31 per cent short. Only Pittsburgh and the Midwest show material gains.

Yet in view of that fact, that construction for the first quarter of 1928 climbed, business may be said to be ailing, not actually sick.

The *Annalist* in its quarterly review rates the textile and soft coal industry as very dull, and finds steel, freight loadings and automobiles holding their own.

The most discouraging aspect of this business drift is that there are few encouraging signs for 1929.

Remedies for Machine Production Now Discussed

EXTRAORDINARY interest in the question of unemployment created by machinery is being manifested by industrial, financial and labor leaders, and by economists all over the country.

Economists of nation-wide reputation have co-operated with ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL in proposing solutions for the condition brought about by mechanization as discussed in the March number of this publication. The importance of the problem is stressed by Stuart Chase in his communication when he describes it as "the greatest economic problem of this age." It has developed that Mr. Chase is undertaking the special study of the problem, and the Workers' Education Bureau also announces an inquiry directed toward special objectives. These objectives are "Into what new industries or occupations have displaced men drifted? To what extent have they been compelled to acquire new skills? What effect has this shifting from old to new industries had upon the organization of wage earners, their terms of employment and conditions of work?"

Members of the Electrical Workers organization have manifested keen interest in this problem, and many have written to this JOURNAL stressing various aspects of the question.

Remedies proposed by economists include

- National economic planning
- Reduction in hours of labor
- Payment of an efficiency wage
- Maintenance and strengthening of immigration restrictions
- Elimination of child labor
- Creation of new tastes and standards
- Strengthening of purchasing power of consumers
- Establishment of more accurate employment statistics
- Establishment of reliable public employment bureaus
- International cooperation.

It should be noted that certain employer organizations have begun a movement to minimize the seriousness of the present problem.

The following letters among many others, have been received:

From Dr. Lorwin
INSTITUTE OF ECONOMICS
26 Jackson Place,
Washington, D. C.

April 12, 1928.

Many thanks for the copy of the March ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL which you were good enough to send me, and which I have read with much interest. The array of facts which you have brought together illustrating the trend towards mass production and towards the replacement of human skill by mechanical power, is very impressive indeed. Your statement of the serious problems for labor and for the community in general which arise out of this tendency is both clear and stimulating.

In your statement you say that the solution for these problems is not yet apparent. While this is undoubtedly so, an approach to the solution lies in the very method which you so well illustrate in your JOURNAL. Organized labor would do much to advance the solution by concentrating more continuously upon these problems and by assuming more definitely the responsibility of working out large social policies to meet them.

As a result of my own studies, I feel that our mechanical inventive genius is likely

to lead us into an impasse unless we learn to control it for large human purposes; and that the tendencies which you describe in your JOURNAL are not peculiar to America, but are world-wide in character. It is my conviction, therefore, that an answer to the problem lies in: (1) conscious national social planning; and, (2) international economic operation.

Congratulating you on the March issue of your JOURNAL, and hoping that other labor papers may follow your lead, I am

Very truly yours,
(Sgd.) LEWIS L. LORWIN.

From Evans Clark
NEW YORK TIMES
Times Square, New York.

March 27, 1928.

Thank you for sending me the March issue of the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL. I have read over the articles on machine production and congratulate you on assembling such interesting and valuable material.

Would it not be possible for your office to make an extended survey of the effect of increasing mechanical efficiency on the employment of your own members. If such an investigation were carefully made I am sure that it would attract nation wide atten-

tion. At least I can assure you that the Times would be interested in any such study.

Very truly yours,
(Sgd.) EVANS CLARK.

From Edwin E. Witte
WISCONSIN FREE LIBRARY COMMISSION
Clarence B. Lester, Secretary,
Madison, Wis.

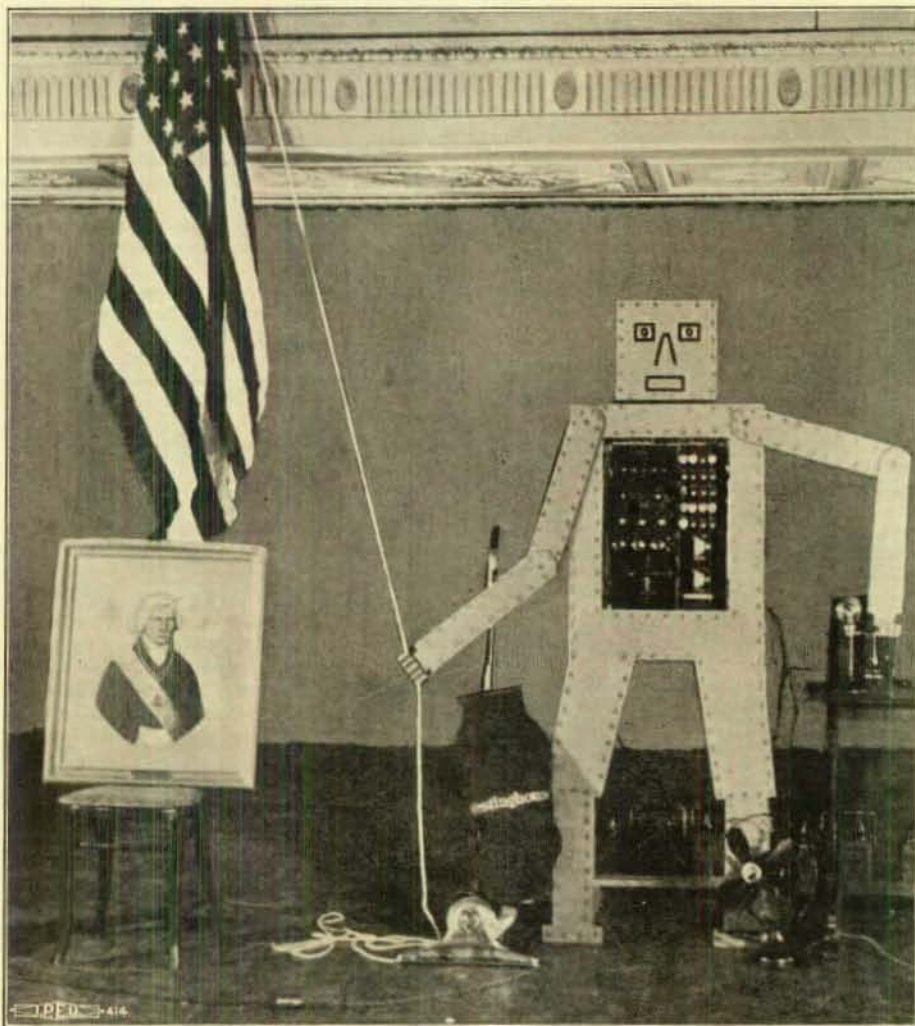
March 30, 1928.

Re: Machine Production.

I have read with much interest the articles on "Machine Over-Shadowing Men" in the March number of the JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS AND OPERATORS, which I received yesterday and upon which you asked me to comment under date of March 15th. Your treatment of this subject is not only most timely, but the views expressed in these articles upon the problems which this country now faces as a result of the much heralded increase in output.

Theoretically, improvements in processes of production ought to benefit alike employers, employees and consumers. That this does not result automatically, however, is demonstrated by the present industrial situation

(Continued on page 276)



THE MECHANICAL MAN INVENTED BY R. J. WENSLEY, OF THE WESTINGHOUSE LABORATORIES, WHICH OBEYS ALL SORTS OF COMMANDS IN RESPONSE TO SPOKEN SIGNALS AND TONES BLOWN ON A PITCH-PIPE, UNVEILS A PAINTING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AT A CLUB IN NEW YORK CITY IN RESPONSE TO HIS MASTER'S COMMAND.

Miners' Suffering Likened to Dire Catastrophe

By A. E. SUFFERN, Author "Coal Miners' Struggle for Industrial Status"

THE miners in the industrial war zone about Pittsburgh, Pa., are in a terrible plight. The announcement that several hundred thousand flood sufferers were in need brought a nationwide response for relief. Of course, their disaster was the result of nature's ways. But man-made ways may be quite as disastrous, particularly to the non-combatants of industrial warfare. And these non-combatants are not merely the women and children of the strikers. In communities where coal is the dominant industry they include business and professional men and the workers in other industries.

A visit to the barracks which have been erected for strikers and their families brings home the devastating effects of the decisions of generals leading opposing industrial armies. The competitive struggle in industry seems quite analogous to the competitive struggle of nations. The psychology of a group of industrialists which is determined to dominate competitively may not be far removed from that of war lords bent upon conquest. The sanity which ordinarily is directed by the purpose to use the organized relations of men for constructive ends may be absent in both cases.

The deteriorating and deadening effects of herding large families in mere shacks of two or four rooms arouse revulsion in every decent person's mind. Undernourished and shivering children and women struggling to make a semblance of home under conditions which are unnecessary impels the observer to look for those who are responsible.

Before he looks for them his attention is struck by strutting armed men—a private army. But to whom do they belong and why are they there? To whom are they responsible? They are appointed by the state but they take orders from and are paid by the employers. Under such circumstances is it likely that they keep order impartially? Is it possible that at least now and then they provoke trouble in order to justify their jobs? Unless a police force has the sense of being public servants there is no groundwork upon which to build an equitable system of keeping order.

A former governor of the State of Pennsylvania has said that "the fundamental power of the state is to do justice. That power underlies every other. It is the power which gives the commonwealth its reason and its right to live." And "the power to do justice is the duty to do justice . . . Justice is as much in the interest of the decent employer as it is of the decent employees, and injustice in the long run is fully as dangerous to the side that is unduly favored as it is to the side that is unfairly oppressed."

This statement of principle applies not only to the administration of the police, but to the administration of justice by the courts. In comparison to the importance of conforming to these principles the charges and countercharges by the operators and the union regarding violence are inconsequential.

Too Many Mines

According to conservative estimates there are as the result of the strike in Central and Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and Northern West Virginia about 80,000 idle men having 320,000 dependents or a total of 400,000. The union claims there are 600,000 altogether. In general the situa-

Dr. Suffern is a national authority on coal. He has repeatedly won recognition for his books discussing that industry. It is significant then, when he finds "the purpose of the union has been to extend basic standard in wages, hours and working conditions throughout the industry, and compel the operators to compete above a level which would permit the workers to have a fair standard of living."

tion is as devastating upon the work and life of these people as any war. But the matters already referred to are mere surface conditions. The question is, what lies behind them?

Those who explain the situation have two words with which they conjure—"overdevelopment" and "competition." What do they mean by overdevelopment? The statistics on production tells the tale. Thus far consumers have never demanded more than 579,000,000 tons of soft coal. If the mines were to work 280 days, it is estimated that they could produce 885,000,000 tons. For over thirty years the mines have averaged about 215 days per year. In 1923, one of the best industrial years since the war, the mines operated 179 days and produced a little over 563,000,000 tons. The years 1924, 1925 and 1927 have been comparatively unprosperous for the soft coal industry.

But such results raise the question, How do they come about? Obviously private ownership of coal resources permits any holder of coal lands to open a mine any time he wishes. He has entire freedom to exploit the resources no matter how wastefully. Engineers claim that in some instances as high as 50 per cent of the coal is left in the ground. The owner has made his investment and wishes to earn something on it. If prices are low and expenses are relatively high he takes out the coal

which can be mined cheaply and leaves the remainder.

The demand for coal during the war greatly augmented productive capacity. As a result competition for a share of the existing market is keener than ever. Prices for coal f. o. b. at the mines range at present from \$1.25 to \$1.85 per ton. The railroads, utility companies, and industrial concerns, the chief buyers of soft coal, are reaping the benefits. The producers of coal are disorganized and the buyers through the National Association of Purchasing Agents are relatively well organized and able to play off one producer against another.

Railroads Play Clever Game

The railroads consume about 28 per cent of the early production of soft coal. For their own use they want it as cheaply as they can get it, but when they transport it they want as high freight rates as they can obtain. When the Interstate Commerce Commission fixed their rates in the Reduced Rates Case in 1922, the railroads included, as a part of their expenses of operation, a higher price than the commission would allow. But the commission allowed \$2.50 per ton f. o. b. the mines which was higher than the average spot prices at the time. It is also much higher than present spot prices. These facts make both the operators and the union disgruntled with the policy of the railroads in beating down the price to \$1.60 or less, because the operators are making little or no return on their investment and they reduce wages as far as they can and still hold their working forces.

Since the war the emphasis on fuel economy and the competition of other fuels has lessened the demand for soft coal considerably. The investors in mines seek to broaden their markets and sell as much soft coal as possible. They are aided in this by freight rates which are relatively less on long hauls than on short hauls. This has been particularly beneficial to the southern coal fields in West Virginia, Virginia and Kentucky.

The railroads which penetrate the southern coal fields own coal lands and mining companies and are interested in the increase of production, and the general development of those regions. Naturally they desire to develop an increasing volume of coal traffic be-

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BREAD LINES IN PENNSYLVANIA SOFT COAL TYRANNY ZONE

Baltimore Conference Seeks Action on Jobless

THE quiet, well-formulated work of the education department of the Baltimore Federation of Labor during the last two years culminated in a successful Conference on Unemployment. This conference, held at Johns Hopkins University, April 14 and 15, brought business men, railroad executives, officials of the chamber of commerce, U. S. government officials, municipal leaders, employment experts, nationally known economists, labor leaders and rank and file unionists into frank discussion of unemployment. The conference received cordial support from the Baltimore press, and for the first time sessions of labor's out-of-work meetings were broadcast, this time over WFBR.

It is too early to measure the full force of this particular conference. It was held

step will have been taken toward making the problem of municipal authorities easier." Too often conferences fail to eventuate into action. This one has reached a practical stage.

Application of Theory to Practice

In the cool consideration of its problems, its securing the co-operation of nationally known economists, in the co-operation of the public press, and Johns Hopkins University, and in the immediate application of theory to practice, the Baltimore Labor Conference was unique.

To appreciate its full significance, the Baltimore Conference must be seen against the background of the national movement, organized by the Workers' Education Bureau. Out-of-work conferences have been held recently in Passaic, Philadelphia, Bos-

ton, Springfield, New York City, Reading, as well as Baltimore. Through the bureau, similar conferences are projected for Denver, Kansas City and Chicago, Spencer Miller, Jr., director, told the Baltimore unionists. The bureau is wisely linking its educational work with immediate and pressing practical problems.

Solutions for unemployment presented at the Baltimore Conference are definite. Nearly all the speakers agreed upon certain measures that would aid.

Proposed Solutions

1. Construction of public works by municipality, state and nation. This was urged by Prof. Sumner H. Slichter, of Cornell University, and was indorsed by Prof. Irving Fisher, Yale; Theodore G. Risley, Acting



JOHN P. FREY

Secretary Metal Trades Department, American Federation of Labor, who gave a brilliant analysis of Labor's social theory of wages.

at a time when unemployment was acute. Baltimore has suffered more than most American cities, and the nerves of unionists, long contending alone against the invisible menace of business depression, were on edge as they went into the meeting. It is a tribute to their discipline and fortitude that Baltimore unionists faced the more abstract phases of the problem with the unruffled disinterestedness of scientists. This does not mean that they did not feel keenly that a certain injustice had been done them by persons of authority. The statement was made by a non-unionist that the city of Baltimore has ready and available \$13,000,000 for public schools and the Prettyboy Dam, and that this sum was lying idle. This brought forth a plan to form a committee in co-operation with the Baltimore Association of Commerce, to confer with municipal authorities in order to ascertain whether or not this money could be released at once. Speaking editorially of this proposal, the influential Baltimore Sun declared, "The conference at Homewood indicates that there is no lack of trained students of the unemployment problem in Baltimore and if success crowns the effort to form a local advisory committee representing various viewpoints and interests, a long

LABOR LEADERSHIP

It is a real community service which organized labor in Baltimore has rendered by arranging the Conference on Unemployment which will be held at Homewood next Saturday and Sunday. The place of the conference, the Civil Engineering Building at the Hopkins, is indicative of the interest in the undertaking in scholastic circles. There will be representatives of local employers, of the municipal government, of charitable agencies and of the Federal Department of Labor to lend scope and balance to the discussions. And among those listed as speakers at the conference dinner Saturday night are two economists of international reputation, Dr. Irving Fisher, of Yale, and Dr. John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin.

The discussions, therefore, will bring together highly trained minds and, what is equally important, strongly divergent opinions on the causes and possible solutions of one of the gravest problems of industrial civilization. Organized labor is frequently criticized as prejudiced in its viewpoint. Yet here is a conference organized and arranged by trade unionists in which "Industry's Solution of Unemployment" will be heard before that advanced as "Labor's Solution." And at the sessions Dr. J. Knox Insley, whose recent survey tends to minimize the numbers locally out of work, will speak before the president of the Baltimore Federation of Labor, who has made astounding estimates of the number of unemployed in the city.

A conference of this sort should be productive, if not of any cut-and-dried solution, at least of a better general understanding of the problem and the approaches possible through co-operative action. Its initiation is a definite indication of the larger part which organized labor is coming to play in the lives of American communities. And it is not mere accident that the trade unionist chosen as chairman of the conference committee, Mr. William Ross, is a graduate of Brookwood Labor College, the New York institution which aims to train working men and women for leadership in the employees' side of industrial life.—*Baltimore Sun*.



BROTHER E. D. BIERETZ

L. U. 28, I. B. E. W., Secretary of Baltimore Building Trades Council, whose address was a feature of the conference.

Secretary of Labor to the U. S., and various other speakers.

2. Unemployment insurance. This measure was described by Dr. Fisher, as "an absolute necessity of civilization."

3. The six-hour day and five-day week. This measure is inevitable said Professor Slichter, Professor Fisher and Acting Secretary Risley.

4. "Ever lessening hours of work and ever increasing wages." This was labor's contribution to the conference. It was urged by E. D. Bieretz, secretary of the Baltimore Building Trades Conference, and John P. Frey, secretary of the Metal Trades Department, American Federation of Labor.

There was difference of opinion as to the extent of unemployment. Judge Risley, solicitor of the U. S. Department of Labor, was inclined to believe that the peak has been passed. He declared that more favorable reports have been received by the Department of Labor recently. He appeared inclined to believe the slump was seasonable, and accepted the official figures of the federal bureau—1,875,000 unemployment—as accurate. Professor Slichter stressed the fact that unemployment is of three types: seasonal; cyclical; technological; and he as-

serted that we have evidence of all three types at present. He appeared inclined to place unemployment figures at a much higher figure. Seasonal unemployment refers to the ordinary yearly slack and go of business such as is apparent in the building trades. Cyclical refers to unemployment dependent upon the business cycle, or cycles, due to the ebb and flow of business over the usual three to five to seven year periods. Technological refers to displacement of men by machinery.

Professor Slichter, E. D. Bieretz and George J. Clautice, secretary Baltimore Association of Commerce, presented figures showing man displacement by labor-saving machines which were conclusive. Their point of view is in line with the position taken by the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL throughout the past 18 months. Professor Slichter contended that technological unemployment is disguised so long as prosperity obtains. When cyclical unemployment sets in, then it becomes apparent that through productive efficiency industry is eliminating jobs faster than creating new ones. E. D. Bieretz said apropos of this tendency in its effects on the building trades:

"Thirty years ago a carpenter was a carpenter. Today he does not get a chance to be. Not that he isn't just as skilful as he once was, but because he is what the machine industry has made him. Thirty years ago a carpenter was expected to walk into a house and build a staircase. Now it is a rare instance if he does. Stairs are built in a mill. Sash, trim and doors are made in mills and the carpenter merely assembles them.

"Bricklaying has fallen off. Oh, to be sure, unscrupulous employers have used this fact as propaganda asserting that the bricklayer was limiting output. They do not tell the public that today's bricklayer is actually producing more than he did 20 years ago. Thirty years ago the bricklayer laid five fill-in bricks for every face brick. Today every brick the bricklayer lays is a face brick.

"Thirty years ago the steam fitter installed two-way hot-water heating systems. Today he finds his work cut in half by one-way systems.

"Thirty years ago the electrical worker was drilling holes and laying conduit; today he finds his opportunity decreased 60 per cent by the type of construction."

John P. Frey won attention by his brilliant analysis of labor's theory of a social wage. He stressed the fact that business depends upon the purchasing power of the consumer, and that an effective way to increase purchasing power is through the wage.

The conference uncovered much solid research information, which unhappily cannot be recorded in this brief report. It was well attended; about 200 persons was the average of each of the four sessions. Dr. Broadus Mitchell, professor of political economy, Johns Hopkins University, publicly welcomed the delegates to the university and was applauded when he pointed out the need of finding a fundamental remedy for unemployment. The conference was distinguished by the presence of many young workers, and by the intelligent questions pressed by them and others during the discussion periods.

The scope and character of the meeting can be realized by this roster of speakers and organizations represented:

Dr. J. Knox Insley, Maryland Commissioner of Labor Statistics;

Mrs. Anna D. Ward, Family Welfare Association of Baltimore;

Frank C. Bandel, Building Trades Council;

Albert J. Ahern, Plumbers;

A. T. McNamara, Machinists;

J. E. Poulton, Railroad Shopmen;

Henry F. Broening, president, Baltimore Federation of Labor;

Dr. Broadus Mitchell, Johns Hopkins University;

Hon. Theodore G. Risley, solicitor, United States Department of Labor;

C. W. Galloway, vice president, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad;

Felix Morley, staff, Baltimore Sun;

Professor Irving Fisher, Yale University;



H. F. BROENING

President Baltimore Federation of Labor, who presided over the conference.

Professor Sumner H. Slichter, Cornell University and the Institute of Economics;

A. J. Muir, supervisor industrial service department, Baltimore General Electric;

H. G. Perring, former supervising engineer of Baltimore;

George J. Clautice, secretary, Baltimore Association of Commerce;

Edward D. Bieretz, secretary, Baltimore Building Trades Council;

John P. Frey, secretary, Metal Trades De-



WILLIAM ROSS

Young Boilermaker in Mount Clare Shops who directed the conference.

partment, American Federation of Labor; Spencer Miller, Jr., secretary, Workers' Education Bureau of America.

Baltimore unionists report a stimulation of their whole movement by the conference.

Linked Broadcasting to Solve Radio Congestion

One chance of relief from the present overcrowded situation by the radio broadcasting stations in the United States was indicated by Mr. O. H. Caldwell, member of the Federal Radio Commission for the Eastern District, at a meeting of the New York Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 14, 1927. The plan is to have a number of the broadcasting stations use the same radio wave for the same program. There is a growing tendency for broadcasting stations to operate in "chains," a number of stations being connected by long-distance telephone wire so that all broadcast simultaneously a program coming from the same studio. On one recent occasion as many as 87 stations in all parts of the country were thus linked together. Such linked stations now use different wavelengths, so that the ether over the United States is apt to be clogged with the self-same program material. One wavelength would be enough, for then anyone who wanted that program could tune in on that wavelength and receive any one of the stations in the chain broadcasting it. The chief difficulty in arranging this is the technical one of keeping all of the stations exactly on the same wavelength. A very tiny variation would spoil the result, as the stations would then interfere with each other. The problem is not unlike that of an orchestra leader, who must see to it that all the musicians under his baton are playing in exactly the same key. Mr. Caldwell believes, however, that this technical difficulty will soon be solved.

Human Courage of Different Type

That human courage is of four distinct types, one of which is being eliminated rapidly by education and by industrial life, was the theory proposed in a recent address in London, by Dr. C. M. Wilson of St. Mary's Hospital. Basing his conclusions on soldiers during the war as well as on men and women in civil life, Dr. Wilson defined his four types of bravery. First are the persons who actually feel no fear. This type, Dr. Wilson believes, is slowly vanishing from the world. Second are the persons who feel fear but do not show it. Third are those who feel fear and show it, but face the danger and carry out their appointed tasks in spite of it. Fourth are the persons who are so upset by fear that they cannot face the danger at all. Persons of the fourth type are sometimes so badly frightened that they transpose themselves temporarily into the second type and become unthinkably reckless. The third type of person, who feels fear but does not allow it to control him, is coming to be, Dr. Wilson believes, the only type of brave man. From the literature of earlier periods in the world's history it seems probable that bravery was once mostly of the first type, displayed by persons who actually felt no fear. Why this type of unthinking bravery is giving way so rapidly to a type characterized by full feeling of fear but by its control, is an interesting problem in human evolution.

Progressive Senators Report to Voters at Polls

THE Northwest, with its ranches, mines, farms and magnificent trade centers, has been likened unto a great industrial empire. But it is more than that. It is a great democratic republic. It has supplied the United States with more progressive representatives than any other single section of the nation. Beginning with the Wisconsin Idea, so ably presented by the elder La Follette, running through Minne-

sota and North Dakota, as agrarian democracy, Northwest progressivism reaches to Minnesota and Washington as a form of aggressive and fearless championing of common rights and interests.

This year will see five senators who have ably and loyally championed labor's cause for six years in the U. S. Senate, go before the voters of their respective states for nomination and election. Their campaigns this year will be complicated by two con-

ditions: first, this is presidential year, and national issues have a habit of getting entangled with state issues; second, misleading and deceiving tactics are being employed by their opponents.

The senators involved are: Senator Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin; Senator Henrik Shipstead, Minnesota; Senator Lynn J. Frazier, North Dakota; Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Montana; Senator C. C. Dill, Washington.

The date of the primaries in which these men will go before the voters are:

Wisconsin—first Tuesday in September—September 4, 1928.

Minnesota—third Monday in June—June 18, 1928.

North Dakota—last Wednesday in June—June 27, 1928.

Montana—third Tuesday in July—July 17, 1928.

Washington—second Tuesday in September—September 11, 1928.

Strong, heavily financed campaigns have already begun to move against these five

respective states. In all the states there is a farm issue, and all the men have met that important question successfully. Shipstead has been a friend of the farmer, and a spokesman for them for many years—a long time before he went to the Senate.

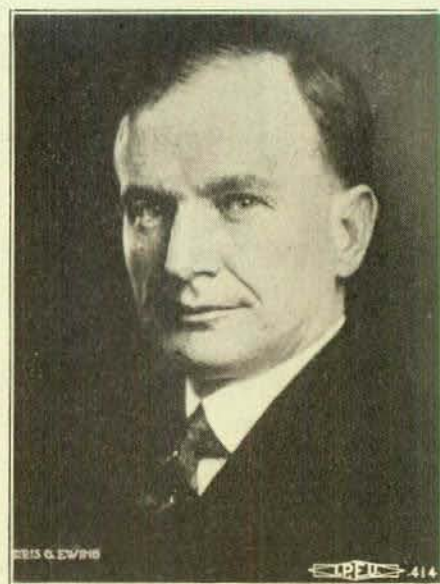
The tactics of labor's foes in the five Northwest states are the tactics of Napoleon, "Divide and then conquer." The tactics of labor in the five states will be "Unite and



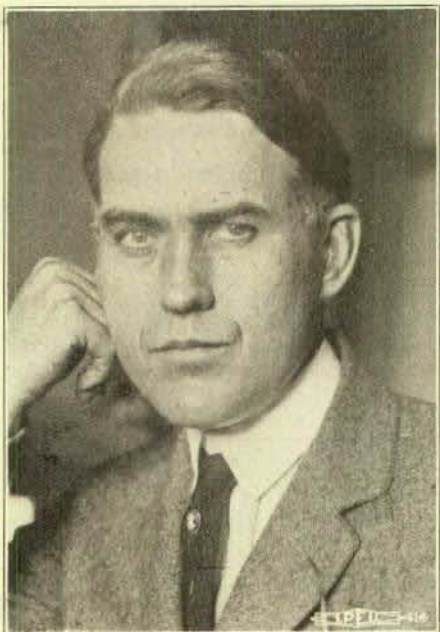
SENATOR LA FOLLETTE
Wisconsin



SENATOR FRAZIER
North Dakota



SENATOR WHEELER
Montana



SENATOR SHIPSTEAD
Minnesota



SENATOR DILL
Washington

men in their five states. In some instances, it is known that these campaigns are being directed from Washington. In all cases, the same tactics are being used. The plan of their opponents is to subsidize venal sheets, who have records for loud and vehement outcry against some abuses, and to have these sheets cry down these progressives, as standpatters, double-crossers, time-servers and other futilities.

No one, for example, at all familiar with national politics can doubt the effectiveness, honesty, loyalty of Senator Wheeler. He has been a good public servant all the time and in all ways. He has fought labor's battles. But already, a so-called labor paper in Butte has begun its campaign of vilification to prove that Wheeler is a tool of selfish interests. In Minnesota similar outcries are being made against Senator Shipstead. One ruse in Minnesota is to conduct a whispering campaign. "Shipstead has forgotten the workers. He has been seduced by high society"—so runs the poisoned rumor.

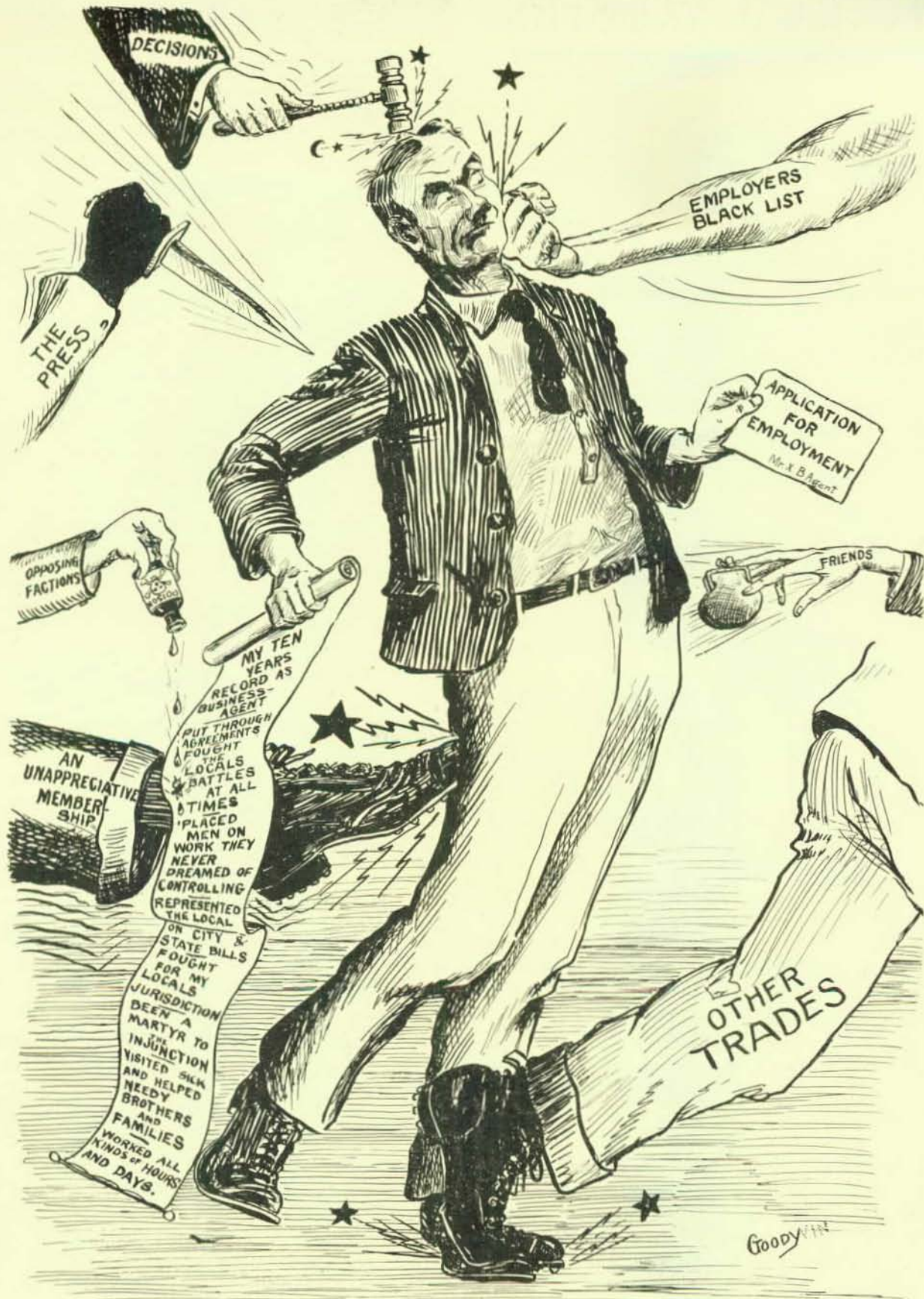
Shipstead is very popular in Minnesota—as are all the other four senators in their

win." Ears will be closed to lies. Rumors will be stifled by facts. The records of these five men in Washington will stand the closest scrutiny. They have been 100 per cent for labor and the public.

The American Federation of Labor has warned the voters of Minnesota against the attack on Shipstead.

The Association of Railway Union Executives has set its official indorsement upon the five progressive Senators. It would be a loss if any one of them failed to return to the Senate.

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT



This is the parable of the good Business Agent told in black and white. Too often, unions are like republics, they forget. They are ungrateful. They fail to use the discerning eye to see all the difficulties that infest his official path. Goody does not want us to forget our faithful servants. Above all else he does not want us to place our big foot uncomfortably and unjustly on the unbumpered rear end of our business agent.

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Truth About Unemployment

An executive in a great corporation, employing thousands of men, publicly asked, "If this railroad installed the six-hour day, who would pay the subsequent 25 per cent loss in production?" "The American Contractor," organ of employers in the construction industry, is taking the same line of argument in conducting a campaign against the five-day week. It declares that the men have the temerity to want the same pay for 40 hours that they now get for 44. When a plan for spacing public construction, in such a way as to offset depressions and thereby lessening unemployment, is proposed, opponents ask, "How are we going to finance this proposal?" This objection is made despite the fact that millions—yes, billions—have been returned to big corporations by the government in tax rebates.

We might as well be frank. Unemployment is a crude and irrational way of deflating the workers. It is a rule-of-thumb method of forcing the worker to assume more than his share of the losses of industry.

Take the soft coal industry. Huge profits have been made in that industry; no one will deny this fact. And when huge profits were being taken the miners did not share proportionately in that prosperity. The minute that the red began to show on the coal ledgers, the operators began to hedge, to violate contracts, reduce wages, and to force hundreds of thousands of men into an involuntary state of unemployment. "You shall take the losses," these coal operators declared. And the miners are taking the losses not only to the extent of millions in wages, but in suffering, disease and death.

Today America is operating upon a conception of industry about like this: the investor furnishes the capital; the management furnishes the operating technique; and labor furnishes the operating skill and power, with no voice in management. It would seem, under this social contract, that losses should be assumed by those who take the profits, and that management should be held responsible for the technique to stave off the losses. It is unjust for the investor to refuse to take the loss. And it is stupid for management to solve its technical problems by shifting its shortcomings to labor's broad shoulders.

America stands first today in productive technique. It stands first today in inventive genius, and organization talent. It has appropriated the scientific method for all phases of industry save for those that touch most intimately and vitally

the human element. It is time that this productive technique, inventive genius, organization talent, and scientific method be harnessed to abolish some of these recurring problems, chief of which is unemployment.

Daughters of American Devolution

Those of us who thought the Daughters of the American Revolution was merely an organization of Mayflower worshippers, now know different. It is a tight, compact, rich, ever-busy machine for dissemination of propaganda. William Allen White asserts it is related to the Ku Klux Klan. There is evidence that it is the womanly arm of the "Key Men of America," a high-powered snooping organization. It has placed friends of labor on its blacklist, and certain A. F. of L. unions. It knows no more, and cares so little about democracy that its name is a misnomer. It appears to do the bidding of the armour-plate and gunpowder trusts.

The Daughters of the American Revolution holds its national meeting in its own expensive building in Washington. It makes this meeting an occasion for much dancing, and much whooping it up for shallow patriotism. It moves hand in hand with social Washington. Speaking of social Washington, let us interpolate at this point, a paragraph from the Wall Street Journal. Now no one will accuse the Wall Street Journal of being unpatriotic, extreme or flighty. This is what it says:

"The naval lobby is all social Washington. I have met many naval officers and they are all not merely gentlemen but good fellows and good company. A commission is not granted unless to one who is fit to enter into society, and the consequence is that all social Washington knows the naval officers and likes them. Being such favorites, they can make things very pleasant for new Congressmen and their wives and at no considerable expense. All the rest follows. If anybody proposes to cut down a fleet which is partly obsolete, or a personnel which is redundant, he comes up against an impervious wall of opposition. He hears no argument any more than he hears a real argument in defense of the United States Shipping Board."

This we know, if the present personnel of the Daughters of American Revolution could be transported back to 1776, they would be whooping it up for George III, and reaction.

C. and O. Decision

Business operates on goodwill. Goodwill in turn is created by confidence. Now confidence can not be built in a day. When once destroyed it is harder to rebuild than an edifice of stone. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the arbitration board, chosen to hear the wage case of the federated shop craft employees on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, held at Richmond, decided the important matter not on its merits but on what appears to be a technicality. And the decision was tantamount to a denial of the just claim of the employees. And the decision had all the earmarks of a refusal on the part of the arbitration board to analyze the workers' claims, and to meet the clearly documented arguments of the workers with facts, figures and principles. Such a decision cannot inspire confidence in the arbitration board, either by the workers or the public, and must tend to loosen somewhat the effectiveness of the railroad act.

Company Union Pretences It's amusing but it's true, certain friends of company unionism are making wild and unsubstantiated claims for their hybrid product. One is that company unionism originated union co-operative management. A second is that company unionism contributed the theory of high wages to industry. A third is that company unionism furnishes the ideal form for industrial organization. Now all these claims are so much thin air. They are bubbles blown to obscure the truth. There is no basis in fact for any one or all the claims. The American labor movement is the author and sponsor of union co-operative management, saving wage theory and industrial democracy.

Two things should be remembered in connection with this ridiculous and ponderous piece of propaganda. The present advocates of company unionism were only yesterday opposing any form of organization for workers. And imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. It is more. It is covert admission of the validity—in this case—of organized labor's form and methods.

Concrete Measures It is seldom that measures discussed eventuate quickly into concrete legislative proposals. Gratifying it is, therefore, that two proposals for the relief of unemployment have been framed into bills and introduced into the present session of Congress. Senator Wagner, of New York, is sponsor of both bills. One (S 4158) is designed to amend the Department of Labor act, and to appropriate the sum of \$100,000 a year, to provide for a fuller, more accurate collection of data on unemployment. Co-operation between state, municipal and federal bureaus is provided. This is in line with a past proposal of the American Statistical Association, reported in this publication in April. The other (S. 4157) is designed to provide "for the establishment of a national employment system and for co-operation with the states in the promotion of such system and to regulate the expenditure of moneys that shall be appropriated." This measure which would aid materially in readjusting the unemployed displaced by machinery is also backed by sound opinion.

Both measures would strengthen the work and force of the United States Department of Labor.

One Way Out Machines—time saved. Machines—increased efficiency. Machines—higher profits. Machines—increased efficiency—time saved—fewer jobs—fewer men needed. This is the well-known formula of today's industry. Yet the same scientifically planned methods that resulted in machines and efficiency can be applied to the problems produced by them. The management of the Canadian National Railways believes that it has a simple solution to offset the evils of efficiency. An announcement by John Roberts, Superintendent of Shop Methods grants one week off with pay every year to every shopman embraced in the union management co-operation program. If 4,000 men are affected this means that 4,000 weeks of time are turned into profitable leisure for the producers in the industry. It means that the men are not penalized for the efficiency they help to make possible, and it is likely that such

compensation will create added incentives for more efficiency, which doubtless will eventuate in two weeks off with pay in due time. The plan of the Canadian National appears to be constructive and well worth watching.

A. F. of L. Membership Loss Opponents of organized labor have repeatedly used the supposed shrinkage in the total membership figures of the American Federation of Labor as evidence that labor is losing moral ground, as well as economic strength. Even friends of labor have been exercised by this phenomenon, and have criticized the movement for alleged failure to widen the scope of union activity. These critics have not taken into consideration all the facts.

The most important fact about modern production is the elimination of man power. E. D. Bieretz, secretary of the Building Trades Council of Baltimore, a trained electrician, long on the job, told the Baltimore Unemployment Conference, that electrical workers find their opportunity limited 60 per cent in the last 30 years. It is likely that his estimate is too low, considering new forms of construction and money-saving, and time-saving devices, the opportunity of carpenters, painters and all other skilled workers has been greatly lowered. This shrinkage of jobs, and increase of productivity, has been most marked since 1920. Of course, if workers are rapidly replaced in industry by machines, they are not organizable material. In other words, there are fewer workers to organize in industry today—eligible union stuff.

We will not venture to estimate how great this displacement has been, but we are convinced it is an important factor bearing on union membership. We guess that if there were accurate figures available total membership in the American Federation of Labor would actually be higher today when man displacement is considered than at any other time in its history. Surely union labor is enjoying higher prestige.

Governments' Chance Modern industry is facing a revision of economic theory. The old conception of inevitable economic laws, and the automatic control of business, is passing—slowly, 'tis true, but passing. Prof. Sumner H. Slichter told the Baltimore Unemployment Conference that the old conception of prices had to be revised. Prices were once conceived as the barometer of business. They represented the sensitive pivot upon which the economic structure turned. Falling prices meant disaster. Rising prices meant prosperity. Prices regulated supply and demand, and supply and demand regulated everything under the sun—much to the disadvantage of labor. Now it is different. Prices are increasingly more stable. Vertical trusts and super combinations tend to establish equilibrium of price levels. Falling prices may arrive coincident with prosperity. Have arrived with rising wages and prosperity. The old economic theory is splintered by facts.

Yet it must not be supposed that economists are altogether comfortable under this situation. Whereas prices exercised a certain kind of control, now the good economic ship is without pilot. Little or no adequate control is exercised over major economic problems.

The drift appears to be toward modernization of government to meet the new economic order.



WOMAN'S WORK



Katchen Goes Out to Lunch—A Story for Mothers and Children

By PENNELL CROSBY

KATCHEN woke up in the middle of the night. She was so hungry she could not sleep, and she was cold, too, although she had all her clothes on, for the March wind blew dismally through the cracks of the big barracks. She might have got up and warmed herself by the iron stove which still glowed with its banked fires, but Marie was sleeping so soundly, it would be a pity to disturb her! Katchen crawled closer to her small sister, under the ragged quilt, and thought of all the beautiful things to eat that she could remember having tasted in her ten short years of life.

There would be no breakfast, she was certain. The food allowance for the week was used up and mamma would save what was left of bread, bacon and potatoes for the noon meal. Even then there would not be enough, and the younger children would fret, and cry, "More, mamma, more!" and perhaps bang on the table with their tin spoons; and father's eyes would smoulder under his black brows as he pushed back his chair and strode out of the house.

Katchen could not forget these grim realities even by dreaming of the roast goose, stuffed with chestnuts, that they had had one Christmas, though she lingered lovingly over the picture of Anton, small and chubby, his mouth all shining with grease as he chewed the fat drumstick. And then they had all wished on the wishbone, wished so hard that it seemed it must come true, for work—work for father—work every day. For even the youngest ones knew that was the most important thing in the world to wish for.

It was no good thinking of that happy day. Katchen was almost weeping as she remembered the brave goose, his bones picked clean so long ago.

There had been other gala days—the wedding of Julie Smerkovich at Brownsburg was one, and she, Katchen, had been favored by her parents and taken to that wedding, while all the others had had to stay at home. This was a special reward for faithful attendance at the dish pan. Of the bride herself, Katchen could remember only the gleaming gold beads and embroidered silk dress, but of the wedding feast she recalled every detail, from the thick bean soup with its cargo of cabbage and ham, to the foam-light, frosted sweetness of the wedding cake, trying to snuggle onto a plate that was already crowded with a heaping mound of ice cream. And every adult Smerkovich, even the bride herself, was constantly hovering around urging one to sample this dainty, to taste some of that, and to point out, with frank pride, that this was exceptionally fine, or that that had the real old-country flavor. Katchen had never seen so much to eat, all at once, as there had been at Julie Smerkovich's wedding; it seemed that all the good things of the earth had been piled up on that long plank table, and in spite of the cordial efforts of hosts and hostesses, there had been much, much left over. All that Katchen could do,

and she had been sick for two days afterwards, had hardly seemed to make an impression on that mountain of eatables.

Brownsburg, it seemed clearly indicated, was an earthly paradise, and the Smerkoviches among those blessed by the saints. For why, Katchen reasoned, would they be so eager to have everyone stuff himself to the brim if there were not always plenty? Even in the days when father was working, her thrifty mother watched that nothing was wasted, and the lavish display of food at Brownsburg meant only one thing to Katchen—an inexhaustible supply.

And then a thought occurred to Katchen,



Katchen would never have dared to knock twice.

so novel, so daring, that at first she hurried it out of her mind in fright. But it crept back again and tormented her until it became an obsession. Why not go to Brownsburg? Such friendly people, how glad they had been to see everyone enjoying themselves! They had actually seemed hurt to find someone who was not hungry. Katchen thought, with becoming modesty, that her own frightful appetite might even be a source of joy to these kind folk.

"One meal, just one good dinner," she whispered to herself. "Enough to eat, lots, more than enough—just once!" and perhaps she could hide away a few morsels to bring home, when they were not looking, although this was a sin against hospitality. But against the more enormous sin of going to Brownsburg, that did not seem so great.

Oh, there were many sins involved. No one was allowed to go far from home, it wasn't safe, and mamma would be angry. And somehow Katchen understood that a father's pride is such that he does not want even his friends to know when he cannot make money for his family. But wheedling little devils, cunningly shaped like thick slices of juicy meat, steaming mounds of vegetables, and all manner of pickles, rolls, buns, preserves, jellies and pastries, tempted Katchen beyond resistance.

Early in the morning, before anyone was stirring, Katchen put on her shoes and tiptoed out. With a little old shawl hugged closely around her head and shoulders, day-break found her plodding along the roadside toward Brownsburg. The going was rough, the mud had frozen in the ruts and there were puddles, covered with a thin sheeting of ice, that had to be avoided.

A man in a battered flivver overtook her and invited her to ride. Katchen was panic-stricken for a moment. "Are you a policeman?" she stammered. "I should say not!" the stranger laughed. There were kindly wrinkles around his eyes. Katchen gratefully climbed into the car.

"Where are you going, little lady?" the man inquired, as they rattled down the road. Katchen replied gravely that she was going to Brownsburg to visit the Smerkoviches. But more than that she would not reveal. "Well, I'm not going that far, but I'll take you part way and maybe you can pick up another lift," he declared.

When the flivver reached its destination, Katchen walked on for awhile. Cars passed smugly by, heedless of the ragged little girl in her shawl. The mud melted, became mud once more, and the water leaked right through the hole in one worn-out shoe. But Katchen trudged on. Then a delivery truck stopped, took her aboard, and delivered her right at the outskirts of Brownsburg. Of course there were a good many halts along the road while the man delivered his parcels, and it was nearly noon when she reached the town. Delightful odors floated out of kitchen windows to her small nose, but Katchen was not going to stop at doors and beg; no, she was going to the Smerkoviches' house.

She inquired her way from the passers by. Some of them actually never seemed to have heard of the hospitable family, and others replied vaguely that it would be such and such a direction. And finally she came in sight of the big, shabby house.

Katchen's courage began to fail her. What would they say? Perhaps they would not remember her, or would think it was wrong to come without an invitation! She hesitated on the sidewalk, and then pushed open the picket gate. The front door looked so cold and forbidding that she crept fearfully around to the back. She would never have dared knock again, but the door was opened at once, and a woman said, pleasantly,

"What is it, little girl?"

"Mrs. Smerkovich?" Katchen gasped, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why, they're not here any more; they've moved away. Didn't you know?"

Katchen's head shook dumbly. She could not speak.

The woman stepped back, as though to close the door, but something in the child's face must have cried out to her.

"What was it you wanted to see her about, something important?"

"Why, why—I—just thought I'd come over to lunch!" Katchen gulped. It was a terrible thing to admit. But she hadn't said she was hungry, though her mouth was watering so with the scent of fresh cookies from the kitchen, she had to swallow quite often. A nondescript, dirty little girl, in an old brown shawl and muddy shoes, she stood there with her lips trembling.

Suddenly the woman's hand reached out and she pulled Katchen, shoes and all, into the warm, big kitchen, with its red geraniums on the window sill and red checked oilcloth on the table.

"Well, won't you have lunch with us, then?" she smiled. So, after all, it *was* an invitation.

When the little girl's shawl had been hung on a hook and she had washed her hands and face at the shiny white sink, she was invited to a place at the table, just like a regular guest, she thought happily. There were three other children, home from school for their mid-day meal.

"What's your name, dear?" the woman asked.

"Katrina, but they call me Katchen."

"Well, Katchen, this is my big boy, Mike, who's such a bother to his mother, and Stella, my good little helper, and Buddy." They all smiled and chattered a great deal, and wanted to know where she came from, but the arrival of plates of soup cut short the questions.

The soup was a meat broth with the most interesting little letters floating around in it. If she had not been so hungry Katchen would have stopped to spell out words, but the letters, it transpired, were good to eat. In spite of her efforts not to appear eager, she had finished her bowlful before the others were half through, and Stella filled it again.

"I wish you'd all eat like Katchen does," the children's mother remarked. "Mike, you're just dawdling over your soup."

"Well, maybe she likes it!" Mike retorted.

"Oh, yes, it is the most lovely soup!" Katchen murmured, between spoonfuls. She smiled shyly, and the lady beamed.

When the bowls were taken away Katchen thought the meal would be over; but no, Stella and her mother brought eggs, scrambled delightfully with bits of crisp bacon, carrots sliced like golden coins, tender green spinach, and fresh bread and butter.

"Mamma," Buddy suggested tactfully, "We've got company—can't we have marmalade?" So marmalade came, too. It was a feast as fine as the Smerkovitch wedding. Everyone was so good, so kind! Katchen would have been perfectly happy if it hadn't been for the thought of the rest of them, eating their skimpy meal of boiled potatoes at home in the barracks.

Katchen was twice commended for setting Buddy a good example by the industrious way she ate up her spinach.

There was even dessert, oatmeal rocks with raisins in them, warm from the oven, spiced and sweet, with a second glass of milk. By that time Katchen hardly minded the questions the children could not hold back any longer.

"I'm from the miners' barracks that we

(Continued on page 275)

Maytime



*A spring night-movie-set
a frock like moonbeams—
catching silver sparkles
in a soft drapery*

*Printed flannel makes
a unique sports frock (above)
When trimmed with a
two-tone band of ribbon*

*The popular printed frock, worn
with a brief jacket of navy flannel,
makes a suit that is both yet
very feminine*

*Photos
by
Herbert*

Save the Children First!

B. C. Forbes, the financial writer, seems to be leading a campaign, through his newspaper column, against anybody employing married women—for wages, at least. If they want to work for nothing at home, of course that would be all right. Mr. Forbes insinuates that married women generally enter business or industry for personal spending money motivated by a selfish desire for fine clothes and luxuries.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only a very small proportion of women workers are earning a "luxury wage" and the vast majority are working some ten hours a day for \$12 or \$15 a week and carrying on their household duties besides in the early morning and evening hours. As Miss Mary Anderson, chief of the U. S. Women's Bureau, said in a recent speech, very few

women would choose to carry two jobs for the pleasure of it. Surveys made by Miss Anderson have shown conclusively that it is stark necessity that sends the married woman out of her home into industry.

If Mr. Forbes really wants to relieve unemployment by barring a certain class from holding jobs, why doesn't he use his influence with his big business friends to bar every child under the age of eighteen, from factory, mill, workshop and office? The lowest wage level of all is set by unscrupulous employers of child labor. Taking the children out of industry would certainly have a healthy effect on employment—and it might raise the wages of their fathers so that their mothers would be able to stay at home, too, which they would undoubtedly do, if given the choice. Save the children first, Mr. Forbes, and union labor will stand with you for once!

Vacuum Tube Principle Being Used Widely

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineer, University of Wisconsin

WHEN a new device or principle is discovered seldom, if ever, are its future applications foreseen. This fact has been illustrated many times in the preceding articles. The fact is that practically no investigator making a new discovery in the field of electricity has had the slightest notion of the practical applications of his discovery. Oersted certainly had no vision of the modern powerful motor when he discovered

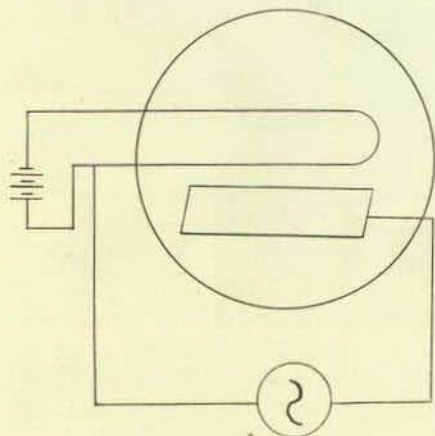


FIGURE 1

ered a magnetic compass was deflected by a current carrying wire.

The early investigators in the discharge of electricity through gases and then through vacua did not vision the modern 1000 kilowatt vacuum tube by which alternating current is converted into direct current at high efficiency and without the intervention of rotating machinery. Neither did they vision the use of the two-element vacuum tube as a detector of radio telegraph messages, and its application to radiotelephony was not present, even in their dreams. Let us, therefore, examine the characteristics of the vacuum tubes discussed in the preceding article and see how these are applied in an analysis of the operation or functioning of these tubes. The simplest and at the same time one of

voltage, plate-current characteristic shows that the current never becomes negative. If an alternating voltage be connected between the plate and filament as shown in Fig. 1 one loop of the cycle will be suppressed. Such a device to rectify voltages of 150,000 to 200,000 volts has been built. Commercially these high voltage vacuum tube rectifiers are known by the trade name "Kenotron." Undoubtedly many readers of the JOURNAL have at least seen the device. When both loops of the alternating current wave are to be rectified two kenotrons are connected as shown in Fig. 2.

There are several fields of application of this device but the need for high voltage direct current is the outstanding requirement of each application. Low voltage direct-current is common and easily obtained, but until the invention of the vacuum tube it was impossible to obtain conveniently direct voltages much above 20,000 volts. A possible application is that of high voltage direct-current power transmission. In Europe much energy is transmitted by direct current by means of the Thury system. In this system the generators as well as the motors are connected in series. In this country high voltage direct-current power transmission of power is practically unknown. It is entirely feasible to transmit power at 75,000 to 100,000 volts by the application of the vacuum tube rectifier.

Another application of this device is in the conversion of alternating current for

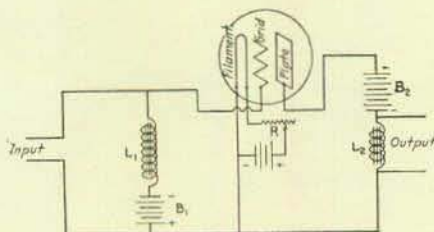


FIGURE 3

street-railway and other traction systems. Such service requires comparatively large currents at comparatively low voltages, and hence tubes are not as yet available for such service.

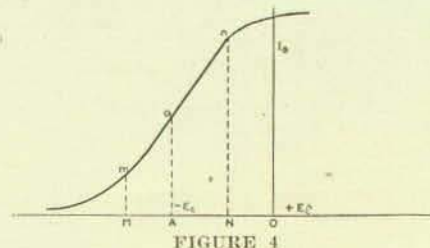
Variety of Applications

The three-element filament, grid and plate-tube has many more applications. Only the general principles of such applications will be discussed here. Particular applications will be mentioned in subsequent articles.

The outstanding application is that known as amplifier. The term amplify means to make larger or to increase. The term amplifier when applied to a vacuum tube means that the power or voltage input into the tube is increased and the output is greater than the input. Its function in this capacity is more in the nature of a relay than as an augmenting device. The energy supplied to the tube merely sets free energy from a local source. The tube itself contributes nothing to this energy, it merely acts as a trigger for releasing the local energy. To understand how this is done will be made clear by an examination of Fig. 6 of the April issue of the JOURNAL. The characteristic curves there given show that the plate current varies greatly with slight changes in the grid potential. The plate current is produced by a local battery or some other elec-

trical source of power. This current is, however, controlled by small variations in the potential of the grid. The supply of energy to the grid is usually very small and this small input of energy controls a much greater output of energy. It is this characteristic of the vacuum tube that has given it the name amplifier.

One connection of a vacuum tube for amplification in a radio receiving circuit is shown in Fig. 3. The two terminals marked input are connected to the antenna or other source of fluctuating electromotive force. The battery B1 has a function which needs explanation.



The curves of Fig. 5 of the preceding issue of the JOURNAL show that a current flows in the plate-filament circuit only when the plate is positive.

Curve b of Fig. 6 also shows that when the plate potential is high a negative voltage of 16 volts must be applied to the grid to reduce the plate current to zero. A positive voltage applied to the grid will have very little effect on the plate current. Remembering that when the tube is functioning as an amplifier it does so by controlling the plate current, with zero grid potential and a high plate voltage, the control is very slight. If, however, the potential of the grid is made initially negative as shown in Fig. 4, then a slight variation in the grid potential will permit considerable variation in the plate current. To be specific, if the initial potential of the grid is $-E_g$ volts, corresponding to the point a, then an increase of this potential to N increases the plate current from a to n, and a decrease of the grid potential to M will decrease the plate current from a to m. If a is on the middle of this straight

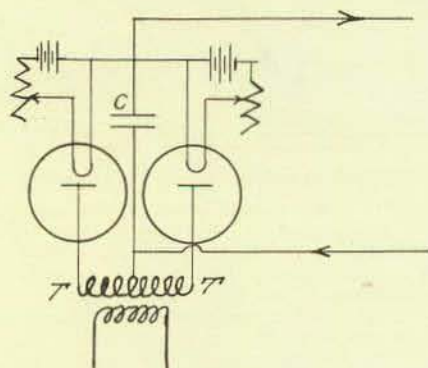


FIGURE 2

the first applications of the tube was based on its rectifying property, that is to say, on its property of permitting a stream of electrons to flow from the hot filament to the plate when the plate is positive and of preventing the flow of electrons when the plate is negative. This operation is made clear by considering the plate-voltage, plate-current characteristic, Fig. 5 of the preceding article. An examination of this plate-

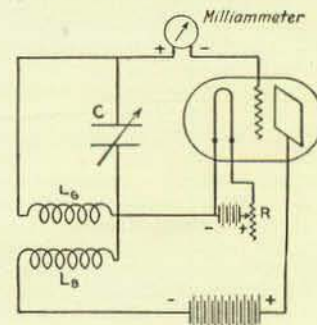


FIGURE 5

portion of the characteristic mn, then the increase and decrease of the plate current will be exactly equal and these variations will be exactly proportional to the changes in the grid potential. Or to make the matter perfectly clear, we may say that the fluctuations of the grid potential will be reproduced in form but increased in magnitude in the plate circuit. Radio signals entering

(Continued on page 276)

Behind the Scenes in the Struggle for Conditions

By ARTHUR SCHADING, Business Manager, L. U. No. 1

AS explained in previous articles since the December issue about agreements, I wish to appropriate a little space to continue my article started in April about the formation of Local No. 1, so that I can bring home to you the various reasons for the many forms of agreements.

As a continuation of the April statement ending with Class C men we begin now with Class D men.

"Class D" includes crane men whose rate is sixty-eight cents (68c) an hour. This is a long story and has an individual crane scale but the above applies to all crane men with cards. Permit men have a lesser condition.

Conditions in the crane division, due to fights with other crafts, and a shortage in the business manager's office, preventing the union from following up adequately, have left this division without the proper attention. Its only salvation is through the Metal Trades Council, but first we must get an acknowledgment from those in the metal crafts that the I. B. E. W. has jurisdiction over the crane men.

One big obstacle in the Metal Trades Council itself is the slow and uncertain manner of support it gives. Some locals belonging to the council cannot do anything until they hold some kind of international convention—at least they tell the electrical worker that. It requires too long a time to get support and until the metal trades get organized on the basis of the Building Trades Council they will never get to first base.

The following letter will be of some advantage in briefly explaining a condition that we know very little of in other localities, therefore, are unable to make any comparisons:

"Fulton Iron Works Co.
"St. Louis, March 6, 1925.

"Mr. Orville Jennings,
"International Representative, I. B. E. W.,
"St. Louis, Mo.
"Dear Sir:

"Referring to our letter of January 31st, addressed to Mr. Arthur Schading, setting forth proposed new rates for new crane operators, and wherein we stated that the present fourteen (14) men employed on that date would remain at the 68-cent rate, we wish to make the further statement that these 14 men will be given preference in cases necessitating any reduction in the operating forces.

"We further agree that we will not discharge any of the above 14 men merely to put a lower priced operator in his place, provided his work is satisfactory according to our present and usual standards.

"Whenever it is necessary to lay off any of the above mentioned 14 men, these men will be given preference over new men when the force is again increased, their rate on their replacement remaining at 68 cents per hour.

"In case it becomes necessary to discharge any of the above mentioned 14 men and he feels that he has been unjustly treated, we will permit of any investigation of the circumstances surrounding his discharge which the local board sees fit to undertake, with the assurance that the matter will be given just consideration by the company.

"Yours very truly,

"FULTON IRON WORKS COMPANY,
"E. W. BAILEY,
"Works Manager."

As you will note the above has been in effect since March 6, 1925, without a strike or sign of trouble and it holds good even to this date as far as superior wage and working conditions are concerned, and better than any other crane men in or near this locality, taking everything into consideration.

Cranemen Resist Organization

One of our hardest jobs is to convince the crane man that he should be organized. He apparently has no idea as to the benefits derived therefrom, but just to illustrate, for example, we will briefly mention just one condition. Recently we had the misfortune to lose one of the most conservative members of our crane division and in totaling up his membership in the Brotherhood we discover the following facts:

"Date of his initiation, March 14, 1918.

"Died, January 19, 1928.

"Paid into the local as dues, assessments and insurance, \$468.00.

"Insurance paid beneficiaries from benefit group and local insurance, \$2,600—almost 600 per cent profit; think of it."

This means that his beneficiaries collected almost \$6.00 for every \$1.00 put in the local besides the protection and benefits of the local, plus the better wage and working condition over the unorganized man and all the advantages of our loan system and sick benefits, and in the sick benefit he could have drawn some money which would have made his ratio on collection against what he paid much greater than \$6.00 to \$1.00.

Now then, the question arises does it pay to be a member of the Electrical Workers? Could there be or do you know of a better investment for a working man?

Cooperation Pays Dividends

I must admit that I know no better investment for a working man, but there could be a better one if all electrical workers were organized and had benefit and group insurance even in the same proportion that Local No. 1 has it.

Do you know any business that pays a greater dividend to a working man for what he produces?

Do you know of any concern that will pay a working man \$6.00 for every \$1.00 that he produces? No—anyone can answer that because the concern would go out of business. Therefore, and finally, I ask, what greater opportunity can a working man find today? Grab it—organize, crane men; join the Electrical Workers and make yourself as strong as the radio men; they know because they must use figures, and you poor, unorganized crane men don't know what it is all about with your molten metal, smoke and gas that you must swallow and for a lesser scale than common building laborers, and surely you are trained to do something and the common laborer is not.

These are all items to consider in life, but I find that the vast majority of crane men do not consider questions of this kind and it takes a great deal of patience, study and personal contact to bring them around.

I have requested them to do many things such as visiting the non-union crane men in other plants and getting in touch with them personally, but it appears that the crane man will do nothing for himself and joins any union. One day the Machinist, next day the Amalgamated Tin and Iron Workers and

the next day some other union and finally the Electrical Workers.

Defines Issues

Just two letters, I believe, will give you a brief outline of the long story that I must make real short. This first letter from J. P. Noonan, International President:

"July 13, 1927.

"Local Union No. 1, I. B. E. W.,

"St. Louis, Mo.

"Dear Sirs and Brothers:

"I am in receipt of a communication from President O'Connell of the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor that there is an active campaign going on in St. Louis to build up the membership of the local metal trades unions and to bring about a more complete affiliation of the local unions with the local metal trades council.

"He states that Locals No. 1 and No. 2 of the I. B. E. W. are not affiliated with the Metal Trades Council at St. Louis. Knowing the importance of such affiliation, I am somewhat surprised to learn this. You know without doubt that the constitution of the American Federation of Labor, as well as our own constitution, in section 2, article 14, both provide for such affiliation.

"Hoping you will take the necessary steps for such co-operation with the labor movement there, and that you will advise me to that effect at an early date, I am, with very best wishes,

"Fraternally yours,

"J. P. NOONAN,

"International President."

In following our International President and trying to comply with his orders it necessitated some explanation on our part as to who was trampling on our feet and I think the following letter will briefly outline our position:

"September 27, 1927.

"James P. Noonan, I. P.,

"Machinist Bldg.,

"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Yours of July 13th, in reference to the Metal Trades Department and their local council at St. Louis, was received.

"On August 5, 1927, I wrote you requesting to lay this matter over until September 1st. My reason for this layover was enclosed in my letter of August 5th.

"Since returning from the convention I found that I was unable to answer you immediately on September 1st as there was so much work on the desk and so many important matters confronting us that delayed me up until today, and I am therefore writing you in full as to our status with the Metal Trades Council.

"Some few years ago while a certain Mr. Fritschie was business agent for the Machinists' Local, at that time called Local No. 1 into a conference with the Metal Trades Council or that portion of the council that tried to be effective on the Commonwealth job and we were called by our International Representative, O. E. Jennings.

"This meeting above mentioned I personally attended and, if I remember correctly, O. E. Jennings was in this meeting with me and there was a matter confronting us in Granite City known as the Commonwealth Steel Co., and the subject matter before the

(Continued on page 278)

EVERYDAY SCIENCE

Falling Bodies

The first successful experimental investigations relating to falling bodies and the pendulum must be attributed to Galileo. For nearly 20 centuries the science of mechanics had remained undeveloped. Aristotle had announced that the rate at which a body falls depends upon its weight, but Galileo was first to disprove it by experiment. This he did by dropping light and heavy bodies from the leaning tower of Pisa, Italy, his native town. A one pound ball and a 100-pound shot, which were allowed to fall at the same time, were observed by a multitude of witnesses to strike the ground together. Hence the rate of fall was shown to be independent of mass.

At another time, while observing the swinging of a huge lamp in the cathedral, Galileo was astonished to find that the oscillations were made in equal periods of time no matter what the amplitude. He proceeded to test the correctness of this principle by timing the vibrations with his own pulse. Later in life he applied the pendulum in construction of an astronomical clock.

Galileo was first to construct a thermometer and first to apply the telescope, which he greatly improved, to astronomical (sky) observations. He discovered that the Milky Way consisted of innumerable stars; he first observed the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and the moving spots on the sun.

Galileo was made professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa in 1589 and filled a similar position in Padua in 1592 until 1610. He died in the year 1642.

Applications of Galileo's Experiments:

Falling Bodies: 1. Theory of flying; 2. Hoists; 3. Elevators; 4. Dirigibles; 5. Bridge Construction, etc.

Pendulum experiment: Clocks, radio, musical instruments, etc.

Thermometers: Thermometers for the home, the office, the factory, the hospital and a tremendous variety of uses of the thermometer in the industrial concerns of the world.

The thermometer as an aid to the sick patient is a blessing to mankind. It is difficult to estimate the millions of clinical thermometers used by nurses of every nation in the world.

Telescope: The telescope and applications of the telescope principle have aided astronomers to study the sky, stars, cloud and Milky Way in an efficient manner. Mechanical and civil engineers use instruments with the principle of the telescope applied. The science of modern warfare places a heavy demand upon telescope and the principle of telescopes. The transporting of land, water and air vessels makes a vigorous demand for telescopes and principles of the telescope.

Barometer: The barometer is an important laboratory instrument inasmuch as the atmospheric pressure must be known. In this respect it ranks in usefulness with the thermometer.

From readings of barometers taken simultaneously at many places of observation and telegraphed to central stations, the direction of atmospheric movements can be predicted. Thus the barometer becomes an

aid in forecasting the weather. Furthermore, a low barometer indicates decreased pressure and usually accompanies or precedes stormy weather, while a rising barometer generally denotes the approach of fair weather. If a weather map is consulted certain regions will be found marked "High" and others marked "Low." The direction of the wind at each place of observation is indicated by an arrow. The general direction of the wind is always from places of "high" toward those of "low" pressure.

Another important use of the barometer is made in measuring the difference in altitude (above sea level) of two places.

Raw Materials of Candy

Sugars: Maple, cane and beet sugars. Corn, cane, maple and sorghum syrup. Honey, invert sugars, malt sugars and molasses of all types.

Starches: Tapioca, sago, arrowroot, corn and potato. Soluble starches, thick and thin boiling starches, converted and partially converted starches.

Fruits: Sun dried, desiccated, candied, preserved with sugar, canned evaporated, and fruit concretes and juices of all kinds.

Nuts: Cocoa beans, pecans, walnuts, filberts, peanuts, almonds, pignolias, brazil nuts and coconuts.

Proteins: Gelatin, albumin and casein.

Fats: Cocoa butter, coconut butter, dairy butter, almond oil, peanut butter and many other nut oils.

Milks: Natural, evaporated, condensed and powdered.

Cream: Evaporated cream and powdered cream.

Flavors: Fruit extracts, whole fruits, synthetics, imitation and blends.

Colors: Colors which are natural in the product used, colors developed by the cooking process, added vegetable and certified colors.

Miscellaneous: Pure water which contains a minimum of mineral matter.

This presents a fairly complete list of the materials used in making and faking candy. The pure materials are used in making the better grades of candy; the substitutes are used to make much of poor and questionable grades of candy which has a heavy sale with children.

Moral: When you buy candy for your girl friend, or your children, whichever the case happens to be, pay the right price for pure candy and avoid substitutes and your digestion will be better.

Refining Copper

Copper as it comes from the ordinary smelting works contains many impurities. Such copper is refined electrolytically by casting the crude metal into huge plates which are afterwards used as anodes in large depositing vats. The solution used is copper sulphate, and the cathode is a thin plate of pure copper. When a current of electricity is sent through the solution copper is deposited on the cathode until it grows into a heavy plate. The copper anode is carried into the solution, while its impurities collect at the bottom of the vat. Copper thus refined is called electrolytic copper and is much used in all branches of the electrical industry.

The Sun as a Source of Heat

The process of radiation plays an important part in everyday life. The sun is continually sending out great quantities of radiant energy in all directions into space. A small fraction of this energy falls upon the earth's atmosphere, passing readily through it without producing any appreciable change and reaches the earth's surface. Here a large part of the energy of the ether waves is transformed into heat, is absorbed. The earth also radiates heat, but being of a low temperature, the waves emitted by it are longer. Since the presence of water vapor in the atmosphere renders it athermanous, the radiation of energy away from the earth is greatly hindered.

It is radiant energy from the sun converted into heat that evaporates water, resulting in the production of vapor and rain. Rains produce the flow of rivers and thus give rise to energy derived from waterfalls. The wood we use and the food we consume owe their value to the energy which they have stored up within them. This they derive from the sunlight and warmth in which they grow. Coal receives its energy from the plants that flourished under the solar radiation of past ages. It is this energy that we utilize in warming our houses, cooking our food, and that we convert into mechanical energy through the help of the steam engine for running factories and aiding transportation over both land and water.

Fahrenheit Thermometer

The Fahrenheit thermometer scale was introduced by a German physicist by the name of Fahrenheit in the year 1714. On this scale the freezing point is marked 32 degrees and the boiling point is 212 degrees. The space between these two points is divided into 180 equal parts, and similar divisions are laid out both above and below the boiling point and freezing point. The Fahrenheit thermometer is the household instrument in use among the English speaking people and is that employed by physicians and technicians in practice.

Comparison:

100° Centigrade = 180° Fahrenheit
1° Centigrade = 1 4/5° Fahrenheit

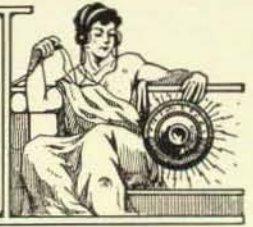
For example, 68 degrees Fahrenheit is 68-32, or 36 Fahrenheit degrees above freezing point, but 36 Fahrenheit degrees are equivalent to 36×5/9 or 20 Centigrade degrees.

The Radiometer

This interesting instrument was invented by Sir William Crookes of England in 1873. It is used to detect radiant (issuing in rays) energy. The instrument consists of a glass bulb from which the air has been almost exhausted and within which four diamond-shaped mica vanes are delicately pivoted on light cross arms. One face of each vane is coated with lampblack. When radiant energy falls upon these vanes a rotation is produced. Since the blackened faces of the vanes absorb radiant energy, they are raised to a higher temperature than the bright faces. Thus the few remaining molecules of gas in the bulb have their speed greatly quickened as they come in contact with the black surfaces and hence rebound from these faces with a strong reaction.



RADIO



BASIS OF ALL SOCKET-POWER DEVICES

By AUSTIN C. LESCARBOURA,

Mem. I. R. E.

WITH the present-day trend in radio distinctly toward current operation, the filter condenser, as an integral part of the filter circuit which is the basis of all socket-power devices, is coming in for some well merited, even if belated, attention. Further, the appearance of high-voltage rectifiers, with outputs ranging from five to six hundred volts, have forced engineers to deal with working voltages close to one thousand, and transient peaks and surges well above that figure. It has been said that filter condensers are perhaps the least understood of all radio apparatus, so it might not be out of order to take advantage of the spot-light which has been turned on them to consider briefly the important part they play, and indulge in some reflections on their longevity, or lack of it.

Mica condensers are unquestionably the best. In the small mica condensers for receiving circuits, the load handled is so infinitesimally small as compared with the enormous inherent strength of the dielectric, that they are practically immune to breakdown. But mica is both expensive and bulky, and economy has dictated the use of paper as the dielectric in condensers having voltage ratings below one thousand. However, since in the paper condenser, the applied voltage closely approximates the safe dielectric strength, it is clear that the life of this type is very definitely limited. Hence, it will be the aim of the following discussion to answer, as clearly and simply as possible, the question: "Why do paper condensers break down?"

As Good As Its Materials

It was formerly supposed that such factors as eddy currents, and brush or corona discharges, were mainly responsible. Now, however, it is generally recognized that it is the inherent goodness of the condenser, together with the use or abuse to which it is subjected, that determines just how long it will last. By "inherent goodness" we refer to quality of the three components, paper dielectric, tinfoil, and impregnating compound, and to the intelligent research and engineering skill which have determined the course of production. While it is unquestionably true that the corona discharge, for instance, will eventually destroy the insulating medium (dielectric), it is known that this process will be hastened by the presence of impurities or flaws in either tinfoil or dielectric. So it follows that it is no exaggeration to say that the life of a paper condenser is a direct function of its quality.

Regardless of the quality of a condenser, however, disintegration takes place from the start. Always there is a certain amount of leakage, or flow of current between the plates, and this singles out the weakest points of the dielectric, with the result that the weak spots are further weakened, and thus permit an increased flow, closing what may be termed a "vicious circle." Leakage causes disintegration, disintegration causes leakage, always with progressive accelera-

The drift toward socket-power devices makes this discussion by Lescarboursa unusually timely. His analysis reaches directly to definite conclusions and shows the reader how he can cut replacement charges in half.

tion, and sooner or later the condenser breaks down.

A condenser combining intelligent design with adequate components ought to last at least ten thousand hours or, to sacrifice precision but not veracity, a radio lifetime. And yet, the life of a condenser is somewhat like that of an incandescent bulb. An electric light, from which one may reasonably expect one thousand hours of continuous service, may, because of defective construction or sudden overload, blow out the very first time it is used. Similarly, a condenser may break down almost with its first usage, although this is, of course, rare.

Thus far, we have stressed the importance of superior components and construction as a factor in condenser life. There is yet another vital consideration which no engineer, however conscientious and competent he may be, can eliminate. This is the matter of overload.

No electrical device is more susceptible to the devastating effects of overload than the condenser. There are times when it is purely accidental; times when it is the result of insufficient knowledge regarding the limitations of the particular type in use; and yet other times when it is deliberate. Always, however, it is fatal.

To consider these in their order, let us take first the case where the overload is accidental. The transient peaks and surges necessarily encountered in the utilization of alternating current are incalculable, and no engineer can predict with certainty what they will be. Yet the fact remains that he must take them into account.

Punishment Is Terrific

The cases where the overload takes place as the result of insufficient knowledge, however, are most frequent. Few people appreciate the terrific strains to which these little bundles of paper and tinfoil are subjected. Condensers are constantly employed at voltages far in excess of their true working voltage, yet surprise and indignation are expressed because they refuse to stand up under the punishment. The main trouble in this connection seems to be that most of them are overrated. Because they pass a flash test which does little more than reveal short circuits, thousands of them are sent out to cope with voltages which they cannot hope to restrain. One of the most eminent condenser specialists in the United States says, in this connection: "It is one of those queer anomalies of radio that condensers safely passing the highest flash test will often break down soonest in actual practice." It is good practice to flash-test

units at no less than five times the rated working voltage, and then, after they have been assembled in blocks, test them again at two or three times that figure. In the determination of working voltage, it is much better to err on the side of safety, even though this lead to a policy of ultra-conservatism. In the last analysis, the only safe gauge of voltage rating is, as we have said above, the quality of the components and the degree of engineering skill that has gone into the production of the condenser.

Lastly, we come to the case where the overload is deliberate. The fact that overload will shorten the life of a condenser is utilized in the making of tests to determine how long units will last in actual service. It is known that a ten per cent overload will cut the life of the condenser in half, and that if the voltage be doubled, the life will be reduced to one-thirtieth of its expected span. These facts render the determination of condenser life a comparatively brief and simple matter. The units are placed on "life-racks" and overloaded by a predetermined percentage. A really good condenser will last perhaps thirty thousand hours. This, considering the fact that there are less than nine thousand hours in a year, would necessitate a life test lasting more than three years. But by utilizing the knowledge of accelerated wear and tear produced by overloading, the test, when the voltage is doubled, is cut to one thousand hours, or about forty-two days.

The person desiring long life from his condensers should always keep in mind two salient points: First, to employ only the very best units obtainable; second, to be sure that they are of a working voltage rating ample for the work to be handled. If either of these considerations be disregarded in the interests of false economy, grief, and plenty of it, will inevitably ensue.

SENSE FROM CONGRESS

"There can be no effective enforcement of any law, I do not care what it is, unless there is local public opinion back of it, and also unless there is local responsibility as well. Take off the shoulders and conscience of the American people locally this responsibility and duty to enforce law, and there will be no law enforcement. Men and women are willing to bear that responsibility, but when agencies are set up that assume that responsibility, at once the local communities are discouraged, the very force and power that make law enforceable and enforced are disheartened." — Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin.

"The constitution allows the President to use the marines in an emergency. That authority was granted purely and wholly for the purpose of meeting a sudden or precipitate attack, before Congress could be called to take action to provide for immediate defense. It was never intended by the founders of this government that any President, be he Democrat or Republican, should use the armed forces of this nation on the soil of a foreign nation for the purpose of carrying on a war." — Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama.

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

D. C. Motor Notes

Never allow the load to be entirely removed from a series wound direct current motor while operating, or to be reduced enough to cause a dangerous high speed. A series motor should not be belted, on account of the possibility of the belt running off, thus permitting the motor to race.

Never open the shunt-field circuit of a motor in operation; otherwise the motor will race and serious damage will result.

When the shunt-field circuit of a motor or generator is excited, never open it quickly unless a path for the inductive discharge is provided. The circuit can be opened slowly, if desired, the arc at the opening serving to reduce the field current gradually. Do not permit any part of the body to bridge this opening, or a serious shock will be received; better use one hand, keeping all other parts of the body clear of the circuit.

In soldering connections use an acid that will not act on the insulation or the copper, an alcoholic solution of resin is a good soldering flux. In soldering commutator connections do not allow bits of solder to drop down where they may short-circuit commutator bars. Keep the commutators and brushes clean. Never use emery cloth or emery paper on commutator brushes.

Always follow a fixed regular order in closing and opening switches, unless there are special reasons for departing from this order. A routine method will aid in avoiding mistakes. Keep all switches open when the motors are idle. Close switches carefully, keeping firm hold of the handle until completely closed.

A routine method of making inspections, replenishing lubricants, etc., will also prevent oversights and possible damage.

Oil Circuit Breakers

The following instructions apply in common to all oil circuit breakers:

1. The blocking which is usually supplied with circuit breakers should be carefully removed.

2. The contact alignment must not be disturbed in making external connections. This point may be carefully checked if the tanks are removed while making these connections.

3. The toggle mechanisms are not adjusted alike on different oil circuit breakers. Breakers that latch in the closed position, must make good contact before the toggle stop engages and the toggle adjustment must be such as to permit the breaker to trip freely as soon as the trigger is released. Other breakers must make proper contact when closed to the toggle stop.

4. Do not change the toggle stop unless its adjustment has plainly been disturbed. If re-adjustment has been necessary, the greatest care must be used.

5. Solenoid operated breakers are adjusted so that the electromagnet cores stop the lever travel. The auxiliary switch, core and toggle stop must operate in proper sequence.

6. All parts of the apparatus should be kept as clean as possible.

7. Periodic inspection should be made at intervals depending on the nature of the service, both to check mechanical adjustments and to insure renewal of arcing contacts before they are burned away sufficiently to cause arcing on the main contacts.

8. Oil should be kept at the proper level in the tank and filtered when necessary.

9. The frames of all oil circuit-breakers should be grounded in order to safeguard the lives of persons working around them.

It is generally necessary to insulate the leads of oil circuit breakers after erection because it affords a certain amount of protection to the lead against breakdown, especially if a bubble of hot gas should reach the exposed parts which might cause a short circuit or grounding.

Insulation protects the operator from accidental contact with leads when working around breakers.

It may protect against breakdowns where clearances are close. It gives considerable protection to conductors against failure due to unusual voltage disturbances on the system.

Oil circuit breakers should be easily accessible so as not to place hardship on the inspector performing his duty. In making these inspections it should be impossible for him to accidentally come in contact with live parts of adjacent sections or disconnecting switches used in isolating the breakers.

With remote control manually operated oil circuit-breakers where the total length of the rod may exceed 50 feet, the weight of the rod and the friction of standard mechanisms may offer so much resistance to the proper operation that special operating devices may be necessary. Whenever possible, all rods should be in tension while the circuit breakers are being closed and all vertical rods should be arranged so that their weights are counterbalanced.

See that the operating mechanism and the moving parts of the breaker are clean and properly lubricated before operating. Also, see that the tanks are free from dust and moisture before putting in the oil.

Current Transformers

The current transformer is a special development of the transformer principle. The object is to maintain a constant ratio between the current in the primary and secondary coils instead of a constant ratio between voltages which is the usual requirement.

Carbon Circuit Breakers

Standard forms of carbon circuit breakers are carefully adjusted in the factory. They will carry their rated current with a maximum temperature rise not exceeding 30 degrees centigrade above the temperature of the surrounding air, if the copper contacts are kept reasonably clean and free from oxide.

Before putting carbon circuit breakers in operation:

1. See that the brush contact surfaces are clean.

2. See that the brush has proper contact pressure.

3. Read the instructions which accompany the breaker.

The contact surfaces may be kept bright by cleaning with very fine sandpaper. In order to ascertain whether or not the brush is making good contact, first close the breaker, then hold a flashlight on one side of the brush contact and look through from the other. If light is evident between the brush and the stationary contact the contact needs further adjustment.

If trouble should later be encountered due to excessive heating of the breaker, it is recommended that you check:

1. To see that the nuts studs are tight.

2. To see that all clamping bolts on the copper connections are tight and the contact surface is clean.

3. Inspect the contact of the brush by feeler gauge and flashlight methods.

4. Examine the surface of the main contacts to see that they are clean and free from oxidation.

5. Check the soldered joints of the cable. It happens occasionally that the heat which has developed has melted the solder in the terminal causing part of it to run out of the joint. Any carbon circuit, if allowed to stand closed, will heat up due to oxidation. It should be opened occasionally to keep its contact surfaces clean by the wiping action of the brush on the contact brush.

When installing a switchboard on which there are carbon circuit breakers it is well to see that the arcing contacts of the breaker are at least two feet from uninsulated metal beams or other grounded parts. Asbestos lumber for insulating such grounded parts may often be used to advantage.

Electric Air Heaters

Electric air heaters are used extensively for:

- Japanning
- Drying paints and lacquers
- Core baking
- Tempering and bluing
- Cleaning metal parts
- Evaporation of water
- Bread baking
- Heating of tanks—chemical or asphalt
- Heating mica moulds
- Baking steel wire.

The largest application is that of japanning or enameling ovens. The automobile industry is the largest user of the heaters for this purpose. Applications extend from the small box type oven for baking small miscellaneous parts to the huge continuous conveyor ovens, 40 to 200 or more feet long, for finishing sheet metal parts or bodies.

Instrument Transformers

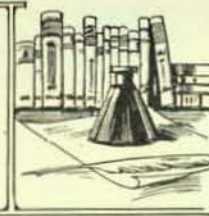
Instrument transformers are used for two reasons: First, to protect the station operators from contact with high voltage circuits and, second, to permit the use of instruments with a reasonable amount of insulation and a reasonable current carrying capacity. The function of the instrument transformers is to deliver to the instrument a current or voltage which shall be always proportional to the primary current or voltage and which shall not exceed a safe potential above ground. Generally, the secondary of a voltage transformer is designed for about 115 volts and the secondary current of 5 amperes and both the secondaries should be grounded together with the cases of the relays, instruments or meters to which they are connected.

Grillwork for Switchboards

Screening the rear of a switchboard prevents the access to the equipment by unauthorized persons. It also adds to the appearance of the installation. Screening of high voltage live parts, such as oil circuit breakers and their connections along aisles and runways is also advisable.



CORRESPONDENCE



How Brother Rose Met Death on Ill-Fated S-4

By GENE GAILLAC, L. U. No. 595

WITH the horror of the S-4 disaster still fresh in our minds and the tales of heroism of the ill-fated crew being repeatedly brought to our notice, it is well for us to remember that a member of that crew was one of our boys, Rudolph James Rose, a member in good standing of L. U. No. 595, I. B. E. W.

Brother Rose was but 22 years old at the time of his being taken from us. He was born in Idaho in April, 1905, and moved to Canada in 1916, where he resided with his parents until 1923, at which time he returned to the United States, coming to Berkeley, Calif. His purpose in coming to Berkeley was to avail himself of the facilities of the University of California to further his education. Being interested in the field of electrical works and having a fundamental desire to be right with his fellowmen, he made application to and was initiated by L. U. No. 595. Through this association, during the succeeding two years, he was enabled to continue his studies and help himself financially during vacations and spare time by following electrical work.

In 1925, Brother Rose joined the United States Navy, being sent to the Naval training station at San Diego. After preliminary training, he was attached to the Destroyer William Jones and served on it until May, 1927. Being on the east coast at that time, he was transferred to the submarine base at New London, Conn. Upon completion of his submarine training he was appointed to the S-4, where he remained as a member of the crew until the fatal collision off Provincetown, Mass., December 17, 1927.

When the bodies were finally recovered they were interred with the highest military honors and most impressive ceremonies in Arlington National Cemetery on January 16, 1928.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we think of the fatality which took from us our Brother at the very threshold of his life. Our most sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents in their time of trial. We may only hope that as time brings surcease to their sorrow that they may come to remember with pride, as we do, that when the supreme test came, Brother Rose, though but a lad, met life as a man, fulfilling the best ideals and traditions of the I. B. E. W. in meeting an emergency face to face and not being afraid. So, we say to you, Brother, "Rest In Peace."

questions which will come before the gathering is the question of licensing journeymen. A tentative act, concerning the regularity of licensing of persons, firms and corporations, engaged or about to engage in the business as contracting master electricians, supervising electricians and journeymen electricians, will be studied. When revised and indorsed by the convention it will be presented to the 1929 legislature. An appeal to every electrical worker to study this act for his individual benefit was made. The appeal



BROTHER R. J. ROSE
L. U. 595, electrician on ill-fated S-4, "killed in line of duty."

states, "He should contribute his time, energy and money to help improve the only association that he can be a stockholder of. If the future laws governing this industry should cause hardship to the electrical workers of the state, who is to blame? Use your heads."

W. F. BARRER.
Secretary-Treasurer.

L. U. NO. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO. Radio Division

Editor:

As I told you in my last letter, we expected the opening of the baseball season to create a few positions for control men, however we were not prepared for the great number of new applications which came in as a result of the opening this spring. All the stations giving a play by play account of the games decided not to take on additional men, but give the regular operating

staff opportunity to put in considerable overtime instead. The jobs on the new Pierce Petroleum trucks which re-broadcast the scores through KMOX, the "Voice of St. Louis," were filled by new men whose applications had been on file for some time. They were given however, only a temporary working permit lasting for the duration of the baseball season.

During the last month one of our good Brothers, Elemer Miller, known to the radio audience as the Truthful Story Teller, was taken ill with a bad case of the flu. His illness caused him to lose about 10 days and his place was taken by Brother Crank, working on a temporary permit. We are happy to relate that Brother Miller has fully recovered and is back with us again. Elemer has quite a reputation for telling truthful stories about his adventures during life. These stories take the form of vivid imaginative happenings which Elemer tells in such a way that almost makes one believe they are true—if one didn't know that it is impossible for one person to lift a 3,000 ton generator to the roof of the Melbourne Hotel, which is just a sample of the many marvelous feats performed by Brother Miller. Elemer tells his stories during the intermissions of the dance orchestras which Station WIL broadcasts by remote control.

Since the installation of the new public address system at Hotel Statler by the St. Louis Radio Engineering Company headed by Brothers Hoyt and O'Neil, Station KSD, one of the pioneer stations in St. Louis, broadcasts the luncheon music during the noon hour each day. This installation is controlled by Brothers Stetson and Stengel. Brother Stetson was formerly control operator at the Coronado Hotel and Brother Stengel on KMOX staff.

DELMAR W. FOWLER.

L. U. NO. 12, PUEBLO, COLO.

Editor:

I told you last month that we were facing a labor crisis and we still are. Our plumbers are still locked out and this is going into the fifth week and it has been hard on the plumbers and is tying up work for the carpenters and working back down the line to all the building crafts. All crafts affiliated with the Building Trades Council have voted to pay 25 cents per day assessment to help the plumbers.

The plumbers have organized a shop and started to work on my job yesterday. I think that was the first lot of material they received. The master plumbers prevented the journeymen from buying material from the local supply house but they were able to buy from Denver and now the local house is willing to sell their wares. Don't that sound like "restraint of trade?" No one can predict just what the outcome will be. In spite of the fact that the Allied Builders Association has said from the start that they did not want open shop, we have been sure that was

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTRICAL WORKERS' ASSOCIATION

Editor:

The Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association is scheduled to meet in Philadelphia May 8, at 1807 Spring Garden Street.

The convention will convene with the expectation of a banner year in Pennsylvania for the association and the International Brotherhood. One of the important

what they were figuring on. Another day or so may bring great changes but the press cannot wait.

Brother Cliff Noxon and District Organizer Bell of Denver paid us a visit to get first hand information on the subject of our controversy.

The work of installing electric elevators in our Labor Temple has been started and soon we will be our own elevator operators.

In this issue we have the pleasure of announcing that Brother Clyde McNeill has started a family with a fine girl. "Mac" says she does not keep him awake at night. Maybe he is a sound sleeper. But it is natural for a fond parent to brag about his first baby and I would not think much of him if he didn't.

Here's something novel, I think, in a labor situation. It may be unique, but we can't say we are proud of it. However, it refutes one of the arguments that the master plumbers have put out in this controversy about wanting to work on non-union jobs. Well, it's this: The Independent Builders Association (of rats) have adopted union tactics and will not let a man work on their jobs who will not join this organization.

Hope I will have better news next month.

WM. M. FRENCH.

L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

Local No. 18 has nothing but sympathy for the Brothers who are in this field laboring to bring knowledge and light to the benighted, for mighty are the forces of shortsighted selfishness and ignorance.

The effects that a salubrious climate and real estate have on the spirits of men are paradoxical, for surely they seem to be willing to barter their birthright of liberty and their very souls for a "place in this sun." But we do not despair, knowing that history repeats itself. We call to mind how the old Spanish padres converted the lazy, bug- and lizard-eating Indians of another day, but of this same clime, to their religion; taught them to read and write the Spanish language and to accomplish most of the simple crafts of the time.

We are much interested in the Boulder Dam project out here, and can now bemoan the fact that labor isn't a close-working political unit, and right here is an idea—why shouldn't the A. F. of L., through the different internationals, put on an intensive campaign to teach the fine art of politics and the responsibility of citizenship that every union man should assume? For surely there lies our power. When labor begins to look for things of progress and will further them in every way possible, we will be starting to solve our problems. As terrible as the St. Francis Dam disaster was, with its awful toll of human life, we can be thankful for the one fact that none of our members were among those lost.

Work is not booming here, but we have only a few men loafing, enough perhaps to care for what new work is in the offing.

We note by the letters from the scribes that we are not the only ones who are suffering from unemployment. Prospects don't look any too bright for the future; we don't seem to have as many traveling Brothers going through as in the past. That may mean that business is good in some localities. Our drive for new members continues with some success and before long it may get real good as we have some high powered representatives with us at present.

This article is contributed by an old, ex-scribe as the elected scribe has been trying to hold down his job and pan for some gold at the same time, with the result that he has

been skipping the past two or three months. Hoping this is self-explanatory, we are

J. B. SHORFLEIS,
Secretary, Pro Tem.

J. E. HORNE,
Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

We think it fitting on the 50th anniversary of the birth of electric lighting to pay tribute to the inventor, who is honored by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

His arc lamps were first installed in John Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia. The crowds gathered and stared and offered various weird explanations. It was common for writers to call arc lamps "miniature moons held captive in glass globes." The arc lamp led the march of electric lights into everyday life of America. Thomas Edison added the finishing touch to commercial lighting in 1884, by the appearance of his incandescent lamp. From that time electric service systems grew faster, spread farther and brought electrical things into the lives of millions. Out of it grew the need of capable and competent men and an international organization such as we have today—the I. B. E. W. Things now are so completely different from what they were at that time it seems impractical to compare then with now, or to think now as we thought then.

The whole world seems changed since C. F. Brush developed that first practical device, the arc lamp, in 1876. It surely was a wonder in those days! They were made to burn carbon electrodes which would last about 12 hours, with a current strength of 10 am-

peres. High voltage series system of wiring was then most economical, advantageous and practical as the earliest street lighting was being installed in overhead construction in order to keep the investment within profitable limits.

Little did we dream that our eyes should see the prodigies wrought in the familiar goings on of the everyday life about us.

The old limitations of human endeavor seem to be broken through. The everlasting conditions of time and space seem to be annulled and the people are rushing onward in a career of physical development to which no bounds can be assigned.

Our cities throng with life, plants that hum like beehives with whirling dynamos of power, in vivid flashes of electric flame, and monster turbo-generators that vibrate and make the earth tremble with the awful force evolved by dynamic science that has been subdued to man's dominion and become submissive to his will.

The world's largest station for generating electricity by steam is located here. The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company supplies 1-100th of the total horsepower of American industry. In addition to its present capacity of 500,000 horsepower, the company plans to develop the initial installation of 90,000 horsepower at the Avon plant to 400,000 horsepower, increasing the total generating horsepower of the entire system to more than 800,000 horsepower. Power production at Avon now is transferred on steel towers forming a belt line of power around Cleveland. Most of the owners, numbering about 7,800, live in and about Cleveland. Local No. 38 put the finishing touches on both plants and got them in operation. We have not all the linemen, however, but we hope to.

JOHN F. MASTERSON.

L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

April showers bring May flowers, etc. And we've had plenty of showers. Which reminds me, just the other night we were out to Brother Al Hanberg's for supper at which the main piece de resistance (what ever that means) was fried clams and more fried clams. Clams to the right of them, clams to the left of them, clams in front of them while lightning thundered. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to eat and sigh, I'll bet I ate four hundred.

Some few weeks back the Ladies' Social Club gave a dance at the P. M. D. Hall and as the floor is concrete the foot work was none too easy, till someone spread soap powder on said floor. From then on we all did the sneezing act from the Opera Fels Napthanhouser assisted by the orchestra playing "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." The Saxagroan player blew purple bubbles while the pianist tickled the Ivory 99 99/100 pure. Oh yes, we ate, too, chili con carne or as my Irish friend would say, chili killarney and everything. Did we all have a good time? Hope to sneeze we did!

Did I hear some one ask, how is work? Well when a job comes in the boys all make a grand rush for the window, one of the Brothers put his arm through the window the other day and as a consequence his card is nicked for the price of a new glass for same. Bet it gives him a pain when he finds it out.

Brother Frank Beaudry suffered the loss of his son recently. He was entered in the pole vault held at the University of Washington and tripped on the bar falling and striking on his head breaking his neck. He lived a few days and then passed on to the Great Beyond. Brother Beaudry, we offer



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International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

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our sympathies to you and your family and ask God to watch over and protect you and your loved ones. God in His Infinite wisdom beckons to us each and every one as our stay on earth comes to a close and it was His decision that your son should take his place in Heaven at this time.

Two weeks ago Brother Jimmy Thomas was elected to serve on the executive board. Jim's a square shooter and a live wire and will make a good addition to the board. More power to you Jim, and may your decisions be all in the interest of the local union as a whole.

Let me recite now a little incident which happened recently. We had the pleasure of a visit at our local meeting of a representative of the Axton Fisher Tobacco Co. He told of the intensive advertising campaign the company was putting on and also spoke at length on the merits of the Clown Cigarettes, stating they were now on entirely new blend. After which he passed out sample packs of Clowns to the members. All of which leads up to the aforementioned little incident. Not being a cigarette smoker myself I decided to find out if they were really going to go over big as he stated so I took my pack down to the shop in the morning and gave them to the sheet-metal foreman who is quite a crab as far as cigarettes are concerned. He looked at the pack and said, "I've tried them before, they're not so good." I told him to try these as they are really different now. A little later on he came over to me and said, "Say, Bill, they sure are good." So I told him about the visit of the representative to the union and told him as much about the Axton Fisher Tobacco Co. as I know. This all happened about two weeks ago and I want to say right here two others in the the shop who also claim to know cigarettes agreed they are O. K. after trying them. This is the story of one sample pack of Clown Cigarettes. Boys, a firm that advertises unionism as strong as the Axton Fisher Tobacco Co. do deserves the support of every good union man whether he smokes or not.

Well, methinks it's about time to sign off as the good wife just asked me if I ain't soon done with my broad gabbing.

W. C. L. signing off at exactly 10:51 p. m. by the town clock.

And always ready to eat.

W. C. LINDELL.

L. U. NO. 53, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

Notice that several locals still report no work or poor conditions here, but do they stop to think where is all this work going or why conditions are bad or why we are losing our membership, especially the outside members? Why are all the large power companies and telephone companies using non-union men? There must be some reason. Why have so many union men dropped their cards and gone to work on these jobs? Was it because the conditions on these jobs are good or the conditions in the Brotherhood bad?

Was glad to hear from my old friend Brother Ray Ruyle of No. 193 in the JOURNAL and he sure had a nice line to offer. I think the whole Brotherhood and the I. O. should take up that subject. Kansas City, Mo., would be a good place to start as the K. C. Power and Light Company (a no good outfit as far as the working man is concerned) has a monopoly on light and power and is charging 11 cents per kilowatt hour when the K. C. K. Municipal Light is only charging 6 cents and 2 cent rate for stoves and 1½ cents for power and

READ

The fight of the hosiery workers, by L. U. No. 127.

History of the industry, by L. U. No. 39.

The Movies and Labor—another view, by L. U. No. 96.

Vallejo goes forward, by L. U. No. 180.

Flounders are biting at Somers Point, by L. U. No. 211.

The Land of Memory, by L. U. No. 212.

Pawtucket breaks in, by L. U. No. 192.

From Gateway of the last great West, by L. U. No. 1037.

The prospect for an industry, by L. U. No. 369.

"Class Legislation by Cities," by L. U. No. 371.

Winnipeg's case, by L. U. No. 435.

The need for wise publicity, by L. U. No. 76.

Boston fights its battles, by L. U. No. 103.

Bob reports on the Convention, by L. U. No. 466.

These letters have punch, constructive suggestions, and news. Read them.

paying union men \$1.00 per hour while the K. C. Power and Light pays 82½ cents.

Brother Chas. Stapleton was passing out the cigars recently due to the fact Mabel presented him with a fine bouncing 10 pound girl. All the boys wish Charley and Mabel good luck. Brother McTumney is still getting in his five days a week (some weeks). Brother Ballard sure must have some good boarding house from the size of his jaws and stomach. He ought to give some of it to Brother DeLaney if he has to run the tree trimming gang all summer. Brother Gregg left the hospital but he left a badly burned right hand up there so I guess his pole climbing is ended. Too bad, Walter.

Several of the Brother linemen tried a comeback in the way of a ball game last Monday and they sure played a stiff game, but I guess not quite as stiff as they could have played Tuesday. Brothers Mosby, Dillon, Burgard and myself stopped everything but the ball, but the grunts really lost the game for us.

I. R. O'Neill paid us a friendly visit Tuesday, April 10, and gave me quite a panning but I am getting used to them, Mick.

JOS. CLOUGHLEY.

L. U. NO. 76, TACOMA, WASH.

Editor:

The following is not in the nature of a pat on the back but each time I receive the current number of the JOURNAL, it is hard for me to realize that it is "our" magazine and that it is surely out of the rut. Most of the official union publications are dead things and ours in the past was no better than the rest. I think nearly all electrical workers like and read the JOURNAL, now, and some of them so express themselves; but, do the majority realize what an undertaking it has been to put it at the present high level? Money, effort and brains were necessary, and something else, I know, looks out from each page—the person or persons responsible

must have had the desire to accomplish something really worth while. Otherwise, neither money, effort nor brains would have given us the resultant bright and humanly alive magazine. Let us live up to it.

The labor movement generally should be awakened to the fact that one of our great needs is publicity and dissemination of truthful news and educational articles. As to our own shortcomings we should, in most cases, have pitiless publicity. This is the cure for the cankerous, internal ailments with which we are afflicted to a more or less extent.

Brothers, if your central council owns or actually controls a newspaper, subscribe for it, write for it and help it to get news and matter that it needs. Get back of it to the full extent of your power and you and your paper will be a power in the community.

Brother Thomas E. Underwood of Spokane—if you will visit us some time, we will prove to you that we are not "all puffed up" as you put it. Come and tell us your troubles and we'll tell you ours.

R. ROY SMITH.

L. U. NO. 78 A, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Editor:

I guess it is time to write another letter to the JOURNAL and give some news about what is going on in Bloomington. I wrote a letter to the JOURNAL, which came out in the December edition, but the five JOURNALS we usually get must have been lost in the Christmas rush as we didn't receive them, so didn't get to see what the letter looked like with the rest. Our International President wrote us, congratulating us for writing to the JOURNAL and that was the only way we knew it was printed. Everything seems to be going along fine at the present time. We had one of our girls elected vice president of the Bloomington Trades and Labor Assembly in January, so that gives our local a vice president and three trustees on the executive board of the assembly.

On February 1, Local No. 78 A presented the company with their agreement to be resigned for another year and on February 16 the company signed it and it took effect on March 1. We made only one change in the agreement and that was, any operator having to work on her day off will receive time and one-half for all time worked. We always have a day off during the week when we work on Sunday and any time it was very busy the girls who were off would be called in to work, so, with the new clause in the agreement, they won't be called in as often. Our local is planning on sending 10 or more girls to the meeting of the Central States Council of Telephone Operators, to be held in Pana, Ill., the last Sunday in April. Some of the girls have cars and as it is only about 90 miles from here and hard road all the way quite a number of the girls would like to go to the meeting. We are planning to invite all the locals in the council to come to Bloomington in June and help the girls celebrate the tenth anniversary of Local No. 78 A.

The story in the JOURNAL about "Sadie, the Telephone Girl" was the most interesting telephone girl story we have read and we hope to see some more like it in the JOURNAL. After reading that story it makes one think of the good a good union organization means to a union telephone operator and what it would be like if she ever lost her organization.

I guess I have said enough for this time and will write again and let you know how our council meeting was and the rest of the news. We haven't heard from the electrical workers here in Bloomington as yet, but still have hopes.

A UNION TELEPHONE OPERATOR.

L. U. NO. 84, ATLANTA, GA.

Editor:

Conditions in general have changed very little since my last letter.

We have had several traveling Brothers through here lately; we are always glad to have them stop by and attend our meetings and give us a talk when they will. Brother Dad Hickman was one of our recent visitors.

We regretfully accepted the resignation of our president, Brother J. D. Raley, on April 5. Brother Raley is going into the electrical contracting business in Florida. He was serving his third term as president, and made as good a president as we have ever had to my knowledge. Always ready and willing to do anything he could to promote the interests of the labor movement. We hope you have luck, Johnnie.

On April 18, 19 and 20, the annual convention of the Georgia Federation of Labor was held in Macon, Ga. Five delegates from L. U. No. 84, Brothers Wade, Carver, Mann, Elder and the writer, attended. We carried our quartette, which proved to be the main feature of the entertainment program.

On Thursday, April 19, the delegates were given a barbecue—a real Georgia barbecue. Sure was fine. The delegates ate 50 pounds of pig, 80 pounds of bread, 100 pounds of Brunswick stew and 10 pounds of pickles and drank 30 cases of soft drinks, so you know we had some feed.

There were some fine speeches made. Several important legislative bills were discussed. The federation went on record pledging all support to the LaGuardia, Shipstead and Hawes bills that are pending before the House and Senate.

All officers were re-elected, and we're looking forward to some good work out of the Georgia Federation this year.

Our local was complimented very highly for its standing in educational circles, and accomplishments in organizing this section.

I am sending a copy of a poem that was read by the mayor of Macon in his welcoming address. Publish it if you have space.

Will describe the convention more in detail and with more news next time.

W. L. MARBUT.

L. U. NO. 96, WORCESTER, MASS.

Editor:

Again you hear from Worcester, Mass., "The Heart of the Commonwealth." I am living up to my promise that I would have another letter in this month.

I have been reading with interest the story in your WORKER in reference to the movie as a means for anti-labor propaganda. I am watching for the letters that you will get in future on this subject, as I feel that you will not find the majority in accord with your theory in reference to starting movies in the halls and labor temples throughout this country. This theory is not sound in my estimation. The theatre is here, and here to stay. If we try to control pictures through your method by showing them in the labor halls, we are not going to get the results which you speak of and your plan will die a natural death.

The labor movement of Worcester has realized in the movie one of the largest and most important avenues through which propaganda can be spread, therefore, about three years ago the central body joined the Moving Picture and Theater Censorship Board. This board is made up of three delegates from various organizations whose duties are to censor pictures that they feel are not fit for the public to see. The board meets once a month to discuss the pictures that are to be shown the following month. If there are any that are questionable, they

decide to hold a preview at which time the picture is either cut or rejected as a whole. Our only trouble at the present is that we do not have any way of knowing about all of the pictures that have anti-labor propaganda in them, such as the "Runaway Express."

I would suggest that the WORKER print a list of objectionable pictures every quarter in order that the cities which have this plan might keep posted.

What are the other cities doing on this? Are there any cities who are members of the board and how do they function? We feel that although you are not called upon very often to censor this type of picture, nevertheless, you are in a position to do so when the occasion arises. This is all for the movies at present, but, boys, the theatre work is too good and we need a lot of them, so let us control the pictures some other way than by just going into the show business.

I am anxious to let the members of the Brotherhood know that the Melville Shoe Company, of New York, just built a large warehouse here by non-union labor. Aberthaw Construction Company, the largest non-union general contractor in the east, did the general work and John Coughlin did the electrical work. This firm handles the Thom McAn and the John Ward stores in 385 cities in the United States. We did everything possible to have this building erected under union conditions but without success.

WILLIAM J. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 103, BOSTON, MASS.

Editor:

Our annual reunion and ball were held on May 3, at the new Spanish Gables Ball Room, Revere Beach Boulevard. Between three and four thousand persons attended. It is one of the largest labor social affairs in New England held annually and is attended by state and city officials of greater Boston in addition to those prominent in labor circles.

Special boxes lined the sides of the dance floor for the invited guests.

The feature of this ball room is its Spanish influence with its stone patio, overhanging balconies and bright hued awnings, which tend to remind one of the inviting casinos of Biarritz. The orchestra was led by Charlie Morrison and was attired in Spanish costumes. This orchestra played at Atlantic City for several seasons.

Another interesting feature of the decorations was the blue sky with twinkling stars and a number of revolving crystal spheres suspended from the ceiling upon which lights were reflected, giving a beautiful and grotesque atmosphere.

The committee of arrangements were as follows: F. L. Kelley, president; S. J. Murphy, vice president; Theo. Gould, treasurer; J. J. Regan, financial secretary; F. R. Sheehan, recording secretary; G. E. Capelle and J. J. Smith, business agents; and H. S. (Goody) Goodwin, press secretary.

The executive committee was composed of E. C. Carroll, H. H. Wilcke, R. N. Marginot, J. E. Kilroe, W. J. Sheehan, M. T. Joyce, T. J. McSweeney, H. H. Doherty, J. J. Flanagan and W. Ralph.

Business in the building line is very slack in this area and from reports of our agents and agents in nearby cities the same condition prevails throughout New England.

For several months past the building trades unions have had from 25 to 30 per cent of their members unemployed. Conditions are as bad if not worse than they were in 1921, at which time the nation-wide movement of the National Building Trades Employers Association endeavored to institute the open shop by locking out many unions, including L. U. No. 103.

Many of the newer members of this union are having their first experience of slack times. For the past six years we have gone through what might be called a boom period, but from all indications it will be several months before all of our members will be steadily employed again.

On April 1, the majority of the union building trades agreements expired, and at this time they are riding along, marking time, and it looks as if they were in doubt whether to settle up with the Building Trades Employment Association for \$1.25 per hour, for another year, or seek an increase.

I think special mention should be made here, commending the officers, executive and conference boards for their farsightedness, three years ago (1925), when they broke the connecting link that bound the electrical contractors of this city with the Building Trades Employers Association, by entering into an agreement between those engaged in the electrical industry under the rules laid down by the Council on Industrial Relations for the Electrical Construction Industry. This divorced our employers from the program of the Building Trades Association of this city and made it possible for us to deal directly with our contractors and not through any group composed of general contractors and others. Our members obtained an increase, it is needless to say.

The members of the Building Trades Employers Association granted a voluntary increase to their employees six months after our members got theirs. Don't lose sight of this fact—we deal directly with electrical employers, not a group composed of general contractors.

Last September the conference board of 103 entered into an agreement with the Greater Boston Electrical Association and the result is that, beginning July 1, 1928, journeymen electricians will receive \$1.37½ per hour, while the majority of the union building trades in this locality will still be receiving \$1.25 per hour.

Our advice to other local unions contemplating agreements with their employers is to make the agreement under the rules laid down by the Council on Industrial Relations for the Electrical Construction Industry. This plan brings employer and employee nearer together, prevents strikes and lock-outs that are detrimental to our trade.

It also settles questions and disagreements by the common sense method which is, you will all agree, the only sensible way.

GOODY.

L. U. NO. 120, LONDON, ONT., CAN.

Editor:

The other evening I started to razz the "chair" and asked why we never see our local mentioned in the WORKER, and this is the answer—they promptly elected me press secretary, so here we are.

We are doing more business at the old stand now. We have had International Vice President Brother Emil Ingles home for a couple of weeks, off and on, and he sure has made things hum; he's been working like—well you know how he works—and as a result of his great efforts, we have taken in 11 new members and have about seven more applications with other prospects. We have two shops 100 per cent. Brother Ingles has also been working on the bosses and now has some of them in a frame of mind leaning to organized labor, which will tend to make it easier to get an agreement signed by them. We are all very thankful that the International Vice President is a member of our local. Work here is starting to open up and we are all looking forward to a good year.

J. A. HOPKINS.

L. U. NO. 124, KANSAS, CITY, MO.

Editor:

How common an occurrence it is to hear a member inquire as to who are the members of the executive board and other officers of the local, and so it was suggested that the opportunity be taken at this time to inform the membership that the executive board consists of the following officials: Frank Murphy, Ralph Martin, George Conrad, George Brown and Arthur Erickson. It must be remembered that the last two mentioned are holding the June expiring terms. While mentioning this, it might be brought to mind that the success of the above board during the past six months, if known, and was itemized would be above commendation for such jobs. They and our representative, Mont Silvey, are directly responsible for the gaining of and organizing for Local No. 124 such jobs as the Blind School and the Bell Memorial Hospital, both of Kansas City, Kansas, and the South Side Theatre, now under construction. Besides, through their efforts it may be mentioned that the J. C. Nichol's constructions are close to 100 per cent fair.

Now, in order that their good work may continue without undue interruption it is to be hoped that the local will see fit to re-

elect Brother George Brown and Brother Arthur Erickson to the executive board that their organizing program may be continued.

The last reports of the executive board's success is the obtaining of the electrical work upon the large Circle Garage.

Two weeks ago this local had the pleasure of listening to our I. O. Representative, Brother O'Neil. Although his talk consisted of censure besides that of appreciation and advice, yet he held his audience during his entire talk in that quiet that only an able speaker can command.

Any district or local that has had the privilege of having Brother O'Neil assist them in their trials and troubles, we are sure, are regretful when the time for his departure arrives and besides we are sure that no one acquainted with Brother O'Neil can ever identify him with the so-often-accused hotel seat warming representatives. Brother O'Neil, we feel, belongs to Kansas City; we enjoy having him with us, we are at all times sorry to have him leave, especially at this time when his services in assisting our officers would be of such an estimable value in their organizing work. It might be mentioned that Kansas City feels that it is due us to have Brother O'Neil left in this district for an unlimited

period and that the assistance that he undoubtedly would be able to render us would be so great that our appreciation to him and to the I. O. would be expressed time and time again.

Our five-day week seems to be again months away, at least until the majority of trades have adopted the system. Now why do the electrical workers have to follow the dumb driven cattle; why cannot we be leaders in the strife?

It was nearly forgotten that many members who felt that Brother O'Neil's censure was not justifiable should know that "the correctful thing in all literary books is to remember that even the truth may need suppressing if it appears out of tangent with man's common notion of reality."

E. W. FINGER.

L. U. NO. 127, KENOSHA, WIS.

Editor:

We are having a labor situation here which should be called to the attention of organized labor everywhere. On February 15, the Allen A. Hosiery Company locked out its workers, telling them that they could only come back to an anti-union closed shop.

Up to that time, they had run a sort of open shop in the sense that union men could work in it. But the growth of the union disturbed them, and they decided against employing any union workers. The extent of the union's strength surprised the company, however, which had expected a great number of the workers to surrender.

Now after 10 weeks, the workers stand stronger than ever. The company, in desperation, has been compelled to call on professional strikebreakers from the outside. These men, many of them armed, are menacing the citizens of Kenosha.

The company, in this fight, has tried every method that is unethical in its attempt to win. It has employed a notorious labor spy, A. R. MacDonald, but after he was exposed by the union, the company declared that it had discharged him. They then turned to the Bell Detective Agency of Philadelphia, which has been supplying them with these professional strikebreakers.

The indignation of the citizens here was so great that the company was compelled to move these professionals from the boarding house where they had been housed, to the mill. They are now eating and sleeping on the fourth floor of that plant.

The company also went into the federal court at Milwaukee, and got an injunction prohibiting all picketing. This, in spite of the fact that the laws of Wisconsin allow picketing in specific cases. Twenty-six union men, including the representatives of the international union, are on trial this week in Milwaukee for alleged conspiracy to violate the injunction.

We believe that this situation at the Allen A. Hosiery Company deserves the attention of all union workers, and on that account ask you to publish this in the JOURNAL.

JOHN A. LEICKEM,
Financial Secretary.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Since this letter was received, the court has dissolved the injunction against the union.]

L. U. NO. 135, LA CROSSE, WIS.

Editor:

This is station LaT broadcasting on an undetermined wave length at a frequency of now and then, with "yours truly" as announcer. Inasmuch as it has been such a long time since Local No. 135 has had an article in this, our official sheet, I will first of all raise the curtain on the personnel of our official staff. The chair is held down by a

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTAMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR,
Washington, D. C., April 25, 1928.**TO ALL ORGANIZED LABOR:**

In all the official appeals of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor for contributions to assist the United Mine Workers who are on strike in Western and Central Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and elsewhere, you were requested to send all contributions of money to Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, and all food, clothing, shoes and supplies to William Hargest, 408 Columbia Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Organized labor and its friends were specifically directed to make contributions of money, food, clothing and supplies through these American Federation of Labor agencies only. This recommendation was based upon our knowledge of the strike situation and the understanding that money and supplies thus contributed would be distributed equitably and where it was most urgently required for the purpose of relieving human suffering and distress.

Notwithstanding these specific instructions we have been advised by representatives of various bodies of organized labor that a so-called miners' relief committee, known as the Ohio-Pennsylvania Relief Committee, has been soliciting funds among the membership of organized labor and their friends and that local unions, members of organized labor and some of the friends of organized labor have contributed to this committee. Other individuals and other agencies not associated with the American Federation of Labor have been doing likewise.

This committee has no standing with the organized labor movement or with the miners' organization. It has no authority from organized labor to solicit funds and help for the mine workers. It is a self-constituted body and we are advised it is Communistic in character. **NONE OF THE FUNDS COLLECTED BY THIS COMMITTEE HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE AGENCIES CREATED BY THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF.** For this reason we warn organized labor and its friends

against extending recognition to this committee.

There are other destructive forces whose titles and names are misleading and whose representatives are engaged in fomenting strife and creating dissension among the miners throughout the strike fields. These organizations are supported by the Communist publications and by the Communist literature. These publications denounce the officers of the United Mine Workers of America and seek to destroy the confidence of the members of the United Mine Workers of America in their chosen representatives. In this respect these organizations become allies and co-partners with the coal operators.

We warn organized labor against all these destructive influences and forces. Have nothing to do with them. Before their representatives have an opportunity to appeal to you for assistance of any kind call upon them to show credentials authorizing them to represent the American Federation of Labor.

In making your contributions to help the miners, follow the instructions contained in the appeals which the American Federation of Labor issued. Concentrate your efforts and your contributions of money and supplies by sending them to one central source for distribution. The need for help, both money and food, has increased. We appeal to you to continue to give to the extent of your ability.

Make your financial contributions to Frank Morrison, Secretary, American Federation of Labor, A. F. of L. Building, Washington, D. C., and your contributions of shoes, clothing, food and supplies to William Hargest, 408 Columbia Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In this way you will extend the help which the miners and their families need in a way that will bring to all of them the best results possible.

Yours fraternally,
WM. GREEN,President,
American Federation of Labor.
FRANK MORRISON,
Secretary,
American Federation of Labor.

man who wields the gavel with a determination well becoming the high office. We all know him as Bob. To the rest of the world he is Robert Draeger. At his right is the man who, by virtue of his own ability, has been elected to keep an accurate account of what transpires at our meetings. Henry Affeldt is his name, but we just call him "Hank." At the other end of the long table is our very able treasurer. If I were called upon to express my personal opinion of the watch-dog of our bank account, I would say that they don't make 'em any better. Theodore E. Strauss—yes, sir, he knows just how we stand at all times. And now, as vice president we have one of the boys who can tell you all about the days "way back when," etc. James Sheridan was a wire stretcher long before some of us knew that copper wire had other uses besides being a good stock-in-trade to sell to the ragpicker.

Local No. 135 has enjoyed the distinction of having very well attended meetings of late. The boys seem to be taking a more active interest, which is as it should be. Besides the regular roster, our membership now includes four Brothers from St. Paul. Wonder how they like the change from a large city to our little "city beautiful" located in the heart of the scenic coulee region. If appearances can be relied upon I would say that they have enjoyed their sojourn here so far. Just now received word that one of the boys has returned to St. Paul, due to some kind of an ailment. Well, Duffy, we hope it will not be long before you are on your feet again. Sorry that you will have to miss that smoker.

OH. GEE. L.

L. U. NO. 145, ROCK ISLAND AND MOLINE, ILL., AND DAVENPORT, IOWA

Editor:

House cleaning time is here and most of our members are getting a work out (but not at their usual vocation) and it sure gives them something to talk about and a chance for exchanging of ideas about the best ways to clean wall paper and wash windows; but we trust we will not have a lot of idle time this year to experiment along these lines. At present most of the Brothers are working, but as no large construction is coming along for the summer and with the big jobs nearing completion it looks like we will be able to have plenty of men for what work there will be.

Nearly all the building trades have signed up a new agreement for the year at the same wage scale, and our local has just finished negotiations with our local contractors and has signed up an agreement for another year at the old scale of \$9.50. Cannot say at present as to how many of the trades will get the five-day week, but all have been doing some talking along these lines.

The members of Local 145 feel we have lost an old friend by the death of Mr. Joe Murphy of the Electrical Construction and Machine Co., and as he was an old timer in the game am sure a great many of the Brothers in various parts of the country who have worked for him will feel his loss as we do.

Speaking of education of apprentices, reminds me of an incident that happened in one of our local shops a few days ago. A lady came into the store, and as there was no one there but the apprentice he came up and asked her what she wanted and she said that she would like to get a 45 Watt all frosted round lamp and after the boy had looked all over the store and not seeing the lamp in question, he came back and said we are all out of these lamps

but we have some nice fresh fuse plugs: result—he made no sale.

Well as our city dads are talking about another bridge across the river and the barge lines are doing more business and the draw is opened more times a day and there are more autos than ever we wonder what the results will be; so will close for this time while this matter is pending.

E. L. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 163, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Editor:

I no sooner scribble a few lines of—well, whatever the fellows call it—than it is time to start again. Anyway, I seem to get away with it, so far, as I have not been injured as yet. But say, if a fellow only wrote what he thought—Oh, boy!

Work seems to be good enough so far, as we have only a few loafing. The business agent seems to hustle after work and nearly every case proves successful. Seems as though the H. H. Roth shop can land every job they figure. I am glad to say it is an old reliable, strictly union shop with a good owner at the head. Our shop, the Davis Electrical Company, is beginning to boom again and I hope to see our estimator, Mr. Bauman, get the new high school, which will be about a \$50,000 electrical contract. Plenty of competition in this town but the unfair contractors seems to be on the outside on the jobs over \$100. I guess that is enough to hurt their feelings and I hope the stroke is fatal to them.

Through the untiring efforts of Business Agent Mosley, he kept the Lazarus Department Store fair to us, except the fixtures, which was let to the F. P. Baldwin Electric Company, former fair shop but now antagonistic to labor; and, say, he would not give it up to a fair shop but when our men left the job Saturday noon he sent his men—or boys—there and worked from noon until some time before 8 a. m., Monday. Say, that isn't a blow that killed father. Personally, I would be ashamed to have to be a contractor that would have to sneak in and run out, and it must give those non-union electrical workers a kick. Well, if it did not, we have a kick ready for them, and wait. And how!

Nice weather we're having here! snowing tonight, April 21st, and cold, too.

I would like to see more members attend meetings as we usually have business over about 9 p. m. Guarantee no long winded speeches while I preside, as I still stand on the old policy—15 minutes per man.

I suppose Brother Barber will soon be blowing in from Elizabeth, N. J., even if he has to walk, for he gets homesick to see Public square. All our boys are in the fold, except Brother Baron, who is in No. 81 and Brother Dress, now in Williamsport, Pa., both running jobs for F. Brown, a local contractor. Seems our contractors will figure and land a job from here to any state. All seem to have plenty of money and good credit.

JACK PARKS.

L. U. NO. 180, VALLEJO, CALIF.

Editor:

Well, Brothers, once again I will try my hand on a letter to the WORKER. I did not write an article for the WORKER last month for a very good reason which was on account of the awful ball up in my February article, for some unaccounted for reason where Local No. 340 of Sacramento was mentioned instead of Local No. 180 of Vallejo.

At any rate let me show you the blame for the error and take me for what I meant instead of what I wrote.

I was much impressed with the comment of Brother Miller of L. U. No. 340 in regard to this error, offering no criticism but merely

mentioned it as a mistake. I trust that my apology will be accepted for the error from all the WORKER readers and especially Brother Bert Miller, business agent and press secretary for Local No. 340.

Local No. 180 is just finishing an organizing campaign. We have signed up 18 eligibles altogether and without the aid of an organizer and have several applications with sufficient money accompanying same to hold a class initiation of about 10 at our next meeting.

Brother Reeding and Brother Dinsmore have been assigned to a trip to Honolulu on the airplane-carrier, Saratoga, on her trial trip of about six weeks. We are proud to know that two of our reliable union members have been chosen for this job. The big ship will start from the bay about April 18.

I was much impressed with the article in last month's WORKER written by Brother G. L. Monsive of Local No. 60, of San Antonio, Texas. Some of the Brother's remarks may be termed as criticism by some people, but if such be the case, it was just and put in the right place. I would like to ask this Brother to write an article on our paid organizers. I believe it possible that he might jazz them up a little. I just received a letter from Brother T. C. V. with a dozen applications I had written for, wishing our local good luck in our organizing work here. Many thanks, Brother V, for the boost. Better yet we would appreciate Brother Durkin in our jurisdiction once in a while to help land some of our promises. I have the name and address, also the promises.

The odds here are great and much against us, nevertheless, organized labor here is well represented.

The annual bazaar of organized labor will be held at the Vallejo Labor Temple from May 22 to 26 inclusive for the purpose of raising funds to pay on our labor temple. We have received donations from many union manufacturers throughout the eastern states as well as California already and by the time we hold the bazaar we expect to have an abundance of union articles for sale to our visitors and at the same time produce a good advertisement for union manufacturers.

We are about half way through a crisis in Vallejo and Mare Island. Due to the winding up of the fiscal year there have been about 500 been laid off at the navy yard in the past two months and more are expected. While there may be plenty of work the appropriations are low. Although it looks very bright for a future after July 1, when the new fiscal year starts, the new submarine V-6 is stretching out longer every day and we hope a force of electricians will be put to work on this craft within the next 60 days.

We understand, through the Vallejo papers, the finishing of this great sea diver is expected to be about September, 1929.

The ways for the new cruiser are about completed and we look forward to the laying of the keel of this ship in the near future for the benefit of the working Brothers who are patiently waiting to get back on the job. I can't say the conditions in and about Vallejo would justify any Brother in coming here and expecting to get on right away. While there is considerable building planned for Vallejo this year and expected work on Mare Island there is nothing so far started to assure just what will terminate between now and the next presidential election.

There is one more mention I want to make before I pull the switch, and that is that through the indorsements Local No. 180 put through the Buildings Trades Council and the Central Trades Council, we landed a city electrician's job for Brother Andrew Low.

For the benefit of good and fair inspection we feel assured that we have won a victory for Local No. 180.

J. W. CARRICO.

L. U. NO. 181, UTICA, N. Y.

Editor:

The report of our representative on the out of work members at our last meeting seemed to me longer instead of shorter. It should be shorter this time of the year.

Our sick list shows the members are parading the sidewalks as yet, as well as Brother Thomas whom I forgot to mention last month. He is out of the hospital now after a month and a few days. He had an operation for an internal goitre at the base of the neck.

Brothers, my remarks in the February issue were not from any bitter feelings toward any International Officer or toward the world in general either. The unemployment question was before the country last August as now, and my mind is still hazy from the thoughtlessness of the welfare of all shown by the delegates and the complete indifference and disregard to the investigations, study and labors and finally the recommendations of the law committee on the salary question at the convention, also the line handed out by several of the beneficiaries was not for the good of the whole but "me" and "I."

If you think I am a knocker you should get the slant of the fellows that have been pounding the bricks these several months and have to meet here every month to be eligible to go to work. They, Brothers, are the rank and file, and are sacrificing to keep the movement.

Copied from the New York Evening Post about the alleged D. A. R. blacklist:

"It is fortunate for the members of the D. A. R. that the ancestors whose brave deeds they honor were made of sterner stuff. Fancy Samuel Adams prescribing a man because his utterances might be 'radical.' Americans of that elder day were not afraid to have issues thrashed out in public."

If it was legal for International Vice President H. H. Broach to have No. 3 make it unlawful for members to have clubs and clique meetings to discuss business of No. 3 outside of No. 3 meetings, it should likewise be legal to make it unlawful for the delegates to hold caucus meetings at a convention to discuss and pledge themselves to business of the I. B. E. W. that is to come before the convention. We should keep all cards on the table and politics out. I am for such a law and if God is willing my recommendations will be at Miami prohibiting such unprincipled doings.

Well, well, "Lew" Allen of No. 37, I am as agreeably surprised; all the boys who got to know you while you were here, I want to say hello to you, so come again "Lew." Yeah, I know, sure in the JOURNAL. Surely I will again myself. All right. So long. JOE WHIPPLE.

L. U. NO. 192, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Editor:

The WORKER never will be a success, in so far as the members of this local are concerned until this article appears in its columns.

First, I was inducted for this job and now, yielding to many reminders of my duty I write to apprise the Brothers of our existence and manifest our good will.

In January we held our annual installation, followed by a banquet at Mitchell's Restaurant. Entertainment was provided during the evening composed of (information furnished on request).

Brother Charles Gorman was elected president and I regret to write that he is now in the Government Hospital at Newport, R. I., with an infected eye. His early recovery is our concern.

The other offices are intact.

On every job—

There's a laugh or two!

Eddie, the Duke of Toledo, is back again, with a lugubrious ballad. Now, Duke, you know lots of the fellows won't see a single laugh in this, even the last line will fall as flat as a New Year's resolution. Well, let 'er ride, but for cat's sake, Duke, think up another subject. There MUST be another one—even in Toledo!

A Mother's Sacrifice

A little old gray-haired mother,
Her shoulders drooped with age;
Chilled blue from the winter's wind—
But I will repeat to you her message.

It was on a park bench by the river,
That I noticed this poor soul;
With matted gray hair quite unkempt,
And narry a garment whole.

I asked this quaint old mother,
What misfortune brought her there.
With tears she pointed to a photo
Of a youth quite young and fair.

Said she, "This is my only son,
That I haven't seen for years."
Then I thought perhaps it was a death
That caused this burst of tears.

This poor old soul had sweat and slaved
For this boy's education;
And has spent the time since praying—
Since the day of his graduation.

That's the day he started out alone,
To make himself a name.
She had learned of the gang he left with—
These stories all end the same!

She had tasted all the sour in life
That her child should have the sweet;
But now this "gang"—his company—
She is forced from her friends to retreat.

This lad I know commits no crime,
Nor did she name a committed sin;
But the gang he left with for his career,
Was just a bunch of linemen.

The lad was lost to his many friends,
And society lost another;
But even though he was a lineman,
He was still a gentleman—to his mother.

Praying for the End

A caboose, Dorothy, is a utility car attached to the rear of a freight train. By the way, Dorothy, your question recalls a little story. One warm summer day Mrs. Murphy was sweeping off her piazza when Mrs. Carr, the engineer's wife, came along carrying her latest baby, the tenth.

"Arrah, now, Mrs. Carr," cried Mrs. Murphy, "and there ye are up and around again with another little Carr."

"Yes, Norah," said the engineer's wife, "another little Carr it is, and as far as I am concerned I pray the Lord it's the caboose."—Labor Statesman.

The Inspired Composer

Visitor in a printing office—"What is your rule for punctuating?"

The Apprentice (lately promoted to the case)—"I see as long as I can hold my breath and then put in a comma; when I yawn I put in a semicolon, and when I want a chew of tobacco I make a paragraph."—Grand Rapids Labor News.

Those Resolutions

How about Those Resolutions
You made some time ago?
Are they towering above temptations,
Or buried beneath the snow?

Did you try real hard to keep them
Or in a half-hearted way
Deviate from your adopted system,
Feeling listlessly, it didn't pay?

It takes time, boys,
To get results in any line;
In separating gold from alloys
It requires a good, stiff spine.

The grandest things in life
Take perseverance to secure;
There's ever an element of strife
We must overcome or endure.

It takes a certain amount of shame,
Along with self-respect,
To show us habits that are lame
Or others, subject to neglect.

Will we rise above our weakness
Or allow it to rule us?
Will we permit meekness
To dominate us thus?

We often hear the expression
That life is one vast school,
That experience is the best teacher,
That we should should profit by that rule.

Experience is of value,
But there are other elements, too,
Such as sound judgment and will power,
That are necessary to help us through.

So, let's combine those virtues,
Both you and I,
And I think we can keep those resolutions
And not half try.

JACK HUNTER
L. U. No. 143, Chicago.

You might know this is from the Wall Street Journal:

Union at the Last

"What happened to Hooligan?"
"He drowned."
"An' couldn't he swim?"
"He did, for eight hours; he was a union man."

Strictly Private

The contractor took a friend to see a row of houses he had just erected. The friend took up his position in one house while the builder went next door.

"Can you hear me, Bill?" he remarked through the dividing wall.

"Yes," was the answering whisper.

"Can you see me?"

"No," was the reply.

"There's walls for you," replied the proud contractor.

The local is active in the many state union enterprises and is always anxious to protect labor's interests in this corner of the map. We hope to send a delegate to the next convention of the Brotherhood. All those who can't go stand up.

What I would like to see is more comment on the articles by the writers that pen for these columns. Many of the letters are deserving of mention and should be cited by us press secretaries, even when instructed by other members.

Trusting this "annual message" to the WORKER ably represents our local and also serves as Rhode Island's contribution to its readers.

NEALE O. PIERCE.

L. U. NO. 193, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

Will wonders never cease? What do you think? We have a good will committee here that is supposed to create good will between the narrow backs and the linemen and I will let you know in two or three months how many were killed or wounded. I remember one Labor Day in Kansas City, Mo., where Ben Black and I went out to a place on Tenth street with six narrow backs to have a few drinks and I told Ben we had better not go but he said we will have a good time and we sure did. You should have seen the place after the party—also the narrow backs and we didn't look so good either but next meeting night we were the best of friends, for I won about \$40 shooting craps off the same bunch, so you see that fixed me up for my own time.

Well, I sure got a lot of dope from the municipal plants around the country and I want to thank the Brother from Tacoma, as he sure did send me some good stuff. I won't mention his name here for you can't tell just how far some of the companies will go to get rid of a man. They have gone all routes to try to get me out of this country and I guess the next move will be a boat ride if they can get me to get on one, but I never did take to the water. It sure sounds funny to me, everybody says, "Let's organize!" What are you going to do, organize men to put them on the bum? That is what we did here. About 60 or 70 of them last summer. I say let's make enough jobs for what we have. It is tough to see a good card man on the bum and have to come up and ask the local to pay his dues for him so he can go and bum some more and if you look all around you will see all kinds of nonunion men working on jobs that pay nothing and no conditions. I tell you what I would like to see is a report in the WORKER every month of just how much our International Representatives have done—besides draw their salaries—and how much of their own business they take care of at our expense. The good ones I don't think would object to this and we don't care what the bad ones think. It wouldn't take up much of their time. Some of them ought to have a lot of that to spare. Next month I may have some good news for you.

ROY RUYLE.

L. U. NO. 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

Fishermen take notice: Cutie Clark blew into town the other day from Somers Point with the information that the flounders were coming out of the mud and taking the hook nicely. One angler boasted 54 fair-sized ones for a day's sport, which reminds me that it is time that Local No. 211's fishing club had a meeting and got prepared for the season. The bunch are going to show those old moss-backs that hold down the port side of the far end of the Million Dollar Pier just how to hook into the big ones. It will be a

relief to listen to some fish stories, as we're getting tired of hearing the radio bugs spill their stuff.

It is with interest that we note the efforts of the locals in Pennsylvania toward organizing a State Electrical Workers' Association. It was our good fortune to be present at one of the meetings of the New Jersey State Association, and to see the way it functions for the good of the membership was a revelation. Business representatives from all over the state were in attendance bringing their vexing problems with them and finding a solution in the experience gained by a local which had had a similar problem in another part of the state.

It was noted that questions of trade jurisdiction were brought up and methods found for a settlement without annoyance or stoppage of work, which in the end means a satisfied customer, for in localities with wage scale agreements, the disputes on the jobs seemed to be mostly between the various trades as to who the work rightfully belongs to, leaving the building owner in the middle. Some trades we might mention have business representatives that are continually on the hunt to see what they can grab off for their organization.

Local No. 211 is fortunate, for in order to do electrical work, an inspection is required and a local ordinance requires that work be done by a registered contractor.

If Rusty, of Local No. 81, should decide to visit the seashore, we would like to meet him again. I say again, as I think I met him some time ago while making inspections up Scranton way for the Underwriters' Association and he was connected with a moving picture house chain.

Brother E. Downey is installing the electrical apparatus in connection with the new Pleasantville Boulevard Bridge over the thoroughfare and expects to have it in condition in time for the coming season. At the present time, most of the traffic has to use the Absecon Boulevard Bridge which causes congestion.

While installing one of the large magnetic brakes with Brother Wasserman acting as his man "Friday," a peculiar incident happened which goes to prove that you never can tell. The brakes had been set and as Downey stepped back to give the job the "once over," he noticed his boy friend's face getting red. On inquiring what was the trouble, he said, "Quick, I-I-I've got a-a-all the load." Downey then informed him that he didn't even have his hands on it, which brought forth the reply, "I-I-I know—it's o-o-o-n my foot."

Brother E. E. Martin, a few weeks ago, invited the working agreement committee and the executive board of the local to visit him at his home in Northfield and partake of a chicken dinner. Our working agreement with the contractor's association expires April 1, and this meeting was called to talk things over and devise ways and means. That's my idea of a good way to get together. Hospitality, beautiful surroundings and a table groaning with grub. We have a lot of statues of generals around—well, they have my permission to take them down and perpetuate the memory of good cooks instead.

Working conditions continue slow. The Convention Hall job just drags along—the gang being divided in half, one half works a week, then lays off while the other half gets in a week. The building is in condition but the hold-up is caused by lack of material. I'd like to see this job get started hitting on all six as we know from past performances that Brother Eger will put a gang on and make things click.

Our present wage scale agreement which has been in force for the last two years, expires April 1 and after several meetings to

date with the contractors' association, we have been unable to reach a satisfactory agreement, so in my next letter I will let the membership know "what's what."

G. M. S.

L. U. NO. 212, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor:

I have always greatly respected the thought taken from "The Blue Bird"—that those who have gone before enjoy little "visits" from us of earth when we talk of them.

And so, in what I believe will be the Memorial Day issue of the WORKER, we dedicate this space for the departed Brother members of Local No. 212, some having passed out as martyrs to the labor movement, some heroes in the great World War, but in every case, mound after mound in the various cemeteries covers true and loyal members of the I. B. E. W.

Many of them were of the old school and were holding the distinction of being No. 212's best men when I broke in.

I served a good part of my time under Dave Netzer—the name of Netzer belongs to the old scroll that contains those of John Wright, Fred Meunch, Chas. Flemming, Geo. McLaughlin, Dubree Cameron, Joe Allender, Harry Falquet and Geo. Hester.

Then there are those whose death was recorded during the years 1915 to 1925—John Mason, Theo. Katzenstine, Thos. Higgins, H. McGregor, Eugene Allender, M. E. Carter, William Owens, Joseph Getterer, Russel Blackham, Wm. Beirhorst, Alvin Fessler, Ray Daunt, Michael Higgins, Walter Barleon, Eugene Helfrich and Wm. Ryan.

The most recent and last ones to pass out have been Thos. Howard, J. S. Brinkman, Michael Parsley, Edward Bankhart, Cyrus Ingram, Wilbur Stock, Chas. Bush, Michael Seibold.

And as the "old boys" depart from the outfit the gang that is left, rise to our feet, at our regular meeting of May 21, 1928, and with bowed heads again pay our respects to those who were pals of many and friends to all. As a local union we voice a fervent "Au revoir, and may the paths through eternity be bordered with forget-me-nots of happy memory that will bloom through the ages."

"Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,

Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here. Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;

The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve, The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and error's wretch, Man makes a Death, which Nature never made;

Then on the point of his own fancy falls; And feels a thousand Deaths in fearing one."—Young.

THE COPYIST.

L. U. NO. 238, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Editor:

Well, here we are again, still going strong with our hats in the ring, yet 238 is in a fight all the time it seems; and we have had Vice President Hull here as a referee for awhile.

In my last article we had a former president of our local who threw his shop open to deal with. Since then we have had a strike and settled it in all but one shop.

The cause was the renewal of our agreement, which came up since I last wrote the WORKER. I feel sure that this one shop, if it is able to remain in business, will come around O. K.

Things are pretty dead in Asheville just now, but 238 will still live, because in some of our members the spirit of our forefathers still lives. We have to struggle for our existence in the face of tremendous difficulties just as they did, yet these very difficulties we are now struggling over will make us just as it did our forefathers—they entered their labors and reaped, and we, too, are reaping the results from their self denial, and we, too, will have to do the same if we are to have the elements of character to display to the coming generation, just as they did for us. We are confronted with a harder task than our forefathers were, because our problems have all developed from the great city, and these affect and make the village and country, which is now in a great way affecting the moral tone of all citizens. The increase of wealth and luxury which has come from the development of our natural resources has lowered our ideals. We are losing instead of gaining the elements of character. We are losing not only mentally, but we are becoming a weaker generation physically. We are not steadfast, we lack self control and purpose. We need, let me quote again, to realize that "What we get out of life is proportional to what we put into it," and then remember that the first and biggest work and effort is "service." The consciousness that man cannot live for himself alone has come at last. We now as never before realize the significance of the parable of the Good Samaritan. We are learning who our neighbors are. We are learning that an injury to one is an injury to all, so with this thought let us struggle and realize that by doing our best, we have a big and great God who will care for all we are not able to do.

WILLIAM L. WAGNER.

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

Greetings, electrical workers, both here and afar. I suppose that most of you have forgotten the winter's cold blasts and have settled yourselves down to this beautiful summer weather, forgetting, no doubt, the many kinds of weather experienced during these last few months. We in this district are just nicely clear of the sleet storm of March 30. Thousands of poles of the various telephone and telegraph companies are still down and will be down all summer. Thousands of A. T. and T. and Postal linemen are here in this district in a mad attempt to maintain service over hundreds of miles of lines—flat. The light companies suffered but very little damage to either their primaries or high tension lines. The sleet storm was the most severe ever experienced in this locality, and the excessive weight flattened the lines as if the most terrific tornado had passed through leaving in its wake its spoils.

On Saturday morning, March 31, about 25 men were told to prepare to leave for Fremont, Ohio, where the Lake Shore Electric and the Ohio Power Companies were practically without light and power. Their appeal for assistance was answered by the Toledo Edison officials and their response was the sending of these 25 men to Fremont. The town was thrown open to us and the power company treated us all royally. The best of hotel accommodations and meals were at our disposal and they gave us good working conditions.

Approximately 12 miles of high tension

were lying flat between Fremont and Bellevue, Ohio, and that had to be rebuilt—as salvage was impossible—before interurban cars could run between those two points. Some of the boys advanced upon Bellevue at once and by continuous endurance had that town "working," by feeding from points east and south, by Monday. The rest, under the eagle eye of Hank Tansley, started at Fremont to rebuild the line into Bellevue, 12 miles away. Poles were hauled from Toledo and material was brought from every available place within a radius of 50 miles. Six days later, on the following Thursday, the lines were made hot and on Friday the first car ran over the line, blazing its new trail en route. The next day—one week from the day of our arrival—we were home again and are still trying to quiet ourselves down to the routine of home life. But the Postal Telegraph and the different telephone companies are not yet through and several of their main arteries are reported complete failures. Isn't it a blessing that storms of this kind are freaks and not a usual event?

We arrived back in Toledo in plenty of time to prepare for the stock campaign and, as usual, during the 10 days starting on April 16 we put it over with a bang.

Those of you throughout the country, who are working for the different service companies and are confronted with this stock business twice a year, know that it is no easy thing to go out from your regular character of linemen and step into the role of salesman with any success but the fact that the boys of Toledo put it over again proves that their interest along with determination inspires them to make their calls and get their prospects lined up. Some of the men here who work the hardest and make the most sales don't always sell the most stock, as in the case of "Lucky" Jack Kelly. One sale was his grand total, ending in the figure 25, while others made as high as five or six sales and sold five or six shares. If the present enthusiasm remains with the boys the next campaign will go over bigger, for with very few exceptions they worked hard to put it over and succeeded. Even Neal Turner sold one this time, with Bert Freeman coming in last with no calls, no sales, no shares.

And in June we, the members of L. U. No. 245, launch a little campaign of our own, namely, a new agreement, and few cents per hour onto our rate, and since we have put it over for them successfully for several years, surely there can't be any dispute about the company's putting it over for us. It would seem the logical thing to do, now wouldn't it? Well, boys, here's hoping for success and we'll see what the new month brings. The conditions here are satisfactory and every one seems to be satisfied, but we sure would like to see a little bit of Uncle Sam's currency added to our daily earnings.

At this writing L. U. No. 245 is in a position to boast of a pretty good old local for the simple reason that there are less men on the job here that are receiving wages that they are not contributing toward now than there have been for several years. Our list of delinquents has dwindled to practically none. Some miracle has happened. Something has given these boys light and it was not wholly due to the appeals of their fellow workers, for these appeals have been going on for months and these men who are now causing the stampede at the box office are the same laddies who always found ways and means to sidestep the issue. But whatever the reason for this sudden turning of affairs, L. U. No. 245 is glad that the men are 90 per cent white instead of the usual 75 per cent.

The real construction of 1928 has not started as yet but the outlook is excellent.

The program here involves better than \$500,000. That is encouraging at the least.

With that outlook ahead of us and with the membership increasing old L. U. No. 245 should feel pretty good about the spring of 1928. Although the weather is still unsettled and cold there is every evidence of spring. One sign is that Harold "Poggy" Martin has the old fly rod oiled up anticipating the trout season. Curley Vanell has his roller skates ready for a busy season in the down town district where he is the master of fuses and switches.

Balsizer of the transformer department is still doing the things that you least expect. He stepped right out in the stock campaign and sold 11 shares, just like that (?). Floyd Steakley is gathering up all the promising looking dogs, contemplating the fall hunting season already. Brother Ralph Charles, who by the way is the radio announcer of Maumee, Ohio, after working hours at the line game, is busy preparing his summer programs. The music obtained from that station in the past is proof of his ability. Clever boy, that Ralph! Our vice president, Arthur Cranker, also of Maumee, is very seriously considering broadcasting some of his stuff over that station this summer. His talent is shadow grafting. That should go big over the radio, says I. Gus Garling should give some of the lectures on how to handle a car in traffic, that he preaches so much about to the boys on the job. There are a lot of members here who live in Maumee and would be only too glad to help Brother Charles with his interesting programs of the air. There's Tony Steffis, who might give his story of his life with the 326th Field Artillery in the World War in France; and "Nip" Wise, a few points on fishing—he knows his stuff, Nip does. And then Brother Nelson Sasse, who has on several occasions sang from that station, will give his unseen audiences several hours of enjoyment this coming summer. When that boy sings the rest of the stations are simply silent as far as listeners are concerned. So, it's a settled fact that Maumee will have very pleasing programs throughout the season. Ralph only announces at night, but, does he broadcast in the daytime?—Well, yes, considerable, but not over the radio.

But all the talent of L. U. No. 245 does not live in Maumee, Ohio. We have Louis Shirtinger and Tony Diewald of the trouble gang, who are quite popular with their musical entertainments. Diewald has made successful musicians out of three of his daughters, who out-play and out-sing their father any time and he is some singer himself.

Harry Bryant has reported for light duty after an absence of three weeks, being called to the bedside of his brother in West Virginia who was hurt in an automobile accident. The brother is doing nicely and we hope for a speedy recovery, Harry. Fred Yacha has been transferred as skinner for that notorious gang of "Sim" Adkins, where Harold Miller, P. H. Buttermore and Carl Shultz are the "Three Musketeers," the only linemen on the gang; but three is enough, as Fred will find out after he has been there awhile. All regular fellows, good workmen, but insistent on having their fun. Charley Kane, alias King Tut, is the honorable grunt with this outfit.

EDW. E. DUKESHIRE.

L. U. NO. 259, SALEM, MASS.

Editor:

Conditions are a little brighter in Salem at this writing. Business has picked up a bit and only a few of the boys are on the unemployed list and we are hoping that they will be working before the summer is over.

Some of the boys have commented quite

favorably on the reports made by the new press secretary and of course we feel quite flattered and we also feel the necessity of keeping the reports going. Of course we are indebted to you, Mr. Editor, for finding space for us and trust we will not be too much of a bore.

There is something important that we would like to point out this month to some members of the Brotherhood. We refer directly to those members who might be termed "roamers." And this is written so that he who runs may read and profit thereby. Some time ago Local 259 was bothered a great deal by members of the Brotherhood coming into our district and soliciting employment without first notifying the union. The condition became quite acute and did not meet with much approval by the members of Local 259. When we drew up our by-laws we inserted therein a very important section. We wish to call the attention of the "roamers" to this section.

It reads as follows: "Members of other local unions shall not be permitted to seek employment from contractors in jurisdiction of this local union without first reporting to the business agent. Violators of this section shall be assessed a sum not exceeding ten dollars (\$10.00)."

It means that any member of the Brotherhood who solicits a job in this district without permission of the business agent is violating our laws and will subject himself to punishment.

Local 259 hereby notifies the "roamers" that this law is being enforced and excuses will not be acceptable. If you do not want to get into trouble get in touch with the business agent before coming into the jurisdiction of Local 259.

With the assistance of Organizer Keaveney we are still negotiating a new agreement with our employers. Full details of the results will be given out in the next letter.

The educational classes conducted by the Central Labor Union have just concluded for the fourth consecutive and successful year. The classes are held in our hall and some of our members attended these classes and reported that they were entirely satisfied with the way they were run and expressed the hope that they would be continued next year. I guess that no one will disagree with me when I say that education is necessary and that workers' education fills a much needed place in the American labor movement.

President Roy W. Canney and Financial Secretary Clark W. Shattuck have just returned from the convention of the State Association of Electrical Workers. They report a highly interesting and important convention. The State Association is doing a good piece of work and Local 259 is glad to be a part of this association.

Have just been reading the insurance advertisement that reads: "Of 100 persons, 1 leaves wealth, 2 leave comfort, 15 leave \$2,000 to \$10,000, 82 leave nothing."

Yours till I climb out of the class of 82!
EDDIE DEVERAUX.

L. U. NO. 271, WICHITA, KANS.

Editor:

To begin with, Brother Cupples was elected delegate to attend the state convention of the A. F. of L. Until the June WORKER is out there will be no report but I sincerely hope the electrical workers have accounted for themselves by electing Brother Kerns, of Hutchinson, as president of the State Federation of Labor. I wish to say at this writing that the two jobs the Kansas Gas and Electric Company had in view to begin have not started as yet, for some reason or other. The jobs are held up but there is

some consolation gotten out of advertising. There has been so much talk of linemen idle that L. U. No. 271 expected to be buried in mail, but there has been, so far, only one letter received and filed. So, I guess one cannot believe all one hears. So well, so good.

Brother Hamilton blew in on us once again. Hap Hood has returned to Wichita. While Brother Darwin picked a green one and left for parts unknown to us at present. We lost Brother Tom Campbell when a pole snapped off at the ground while he and another lineman were working above during a bad storm. L. U. No. 271 has lost one of its best, once more. It is hard to give a good man a write up. There is a great deal that can be said, but the Brothers who knew Tom well understand and his memory will be with us always.

Brothers, copy this and file it away for future reference: A person, whose name is W. T. Hildreth, and who has seen 23 years of life, has grown to be quite some man. He has reached, at this writing, five feet and 11 inches. In some way he received a hurt upon his left cheek which left a terrible scar, marring his looks somewhat. He started in the game fairly well as a helper and so far has two and one-half years' experience. This Brother pays fairly well for his jobs—namely \$2.00. He says it is very simple. He goes to different towns, cities and villages, separates from two bones, gets a permit and hangs fire long enough for a stake, then leaves for somewhere else to start out anew. I believe, if every local union to which he applies for admission for \$2.00 would assist him, when he becomes old enough to enjoy some kind of a pension, he should by then have become an electrical wizard. I believe this man should be helped on the road of education in the electrical as well as the union game, so please don't forget that his name is W. T. Hildreth and he has brown eyes. I hope I will be able to write more in my next letter but, honest, I don't know what to write that will please. Writing letters for the WORKER is like writing to one's sweetie—you're not sure whether you are right or wrong. It's an awful chance one takes.

CHAS. F. FROHNE.

L. U. NO. 281, ANDERSON, IND.

Editor:

After so many years, we think that we are entitled to a little publicity in the JOURNAL, so here goes for a little nerve-racking gossip. We are satisfied now for another year as we have our agreements signed without a hitch on either part, but at the present time what we need is a little more work, as that animal is slow in coming to the front as he should at this time of the year.

There is one thing which we wish to put before the Brothers and that is to investigate the working conditions here in this town before you spend carfare coming here, or it will be too bad for you. I will quote a letter here that the trades council is sending all over the country, as it seems the real estate board is determined to bring all the suckers here they can find, so they can run chances of selling a house now and then. Here's the letter:

"This letter is to inform all labor organizations of the labor situation that now exists here at Anderson, Ind.

"Some one has made a practice of advertising in the newspapers of various places for help, thereby bringing in hundreds of men and women seeking employment on the strength of these advertisements. At the present time over 30 per cent of the people here are out of employment. This situa-

tion is getting to be of a serious nature, so we respectfully ask that this letter be posted in some conspicuous place, and that all organized crafts and all other classes of mechanics take notice and disregard these advertisements.

"LABOR COMMITTEE."

Any Brother wanting to come here, it would pay him to find out how the work was holding out, and we would be very glad to give you any information you may desire. We know this is a very highly advertised place, according to the real estate board. Last year was a good year and we had several travelers in here. Some deposited them and some did not. But, nevertheless, we had a very prosperous year.

I have had a good many letters come to me regarding a substation being built here. There was a station built here for the Delco Remy Company, but the city light plant used their own men in building it. Now if there is any way we can be of service to any of the Brothers, we would be very much pleased to do so, but send a letter first before spending carfare or bring enough along for fare both ways.

H. C. WHITLEY.

L. U. NO. 292, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor:

In my last month's letter, I indicated some of the reasons for what to me seems to be a desirable change in organized labor's political policy. Considering this matter of more than ordinary importance and, for lack of space, being unable to say all that I wished to upon the subject at that time, I will continue the subject this month.

The idea of labor changing its political policy is one that has had the attention of and been advocated by different portions of the labor movement for many years. Yet nothing came of it—why?

There are many reasons why the labor movement has failed to respond to this agitation, most of them of minor importance. Two, however, that have been mainly responsible for this lack of results are:

First—The fact that most of those who have advocated this change of policy have plainly shown that their principal motive was the capturing of the labor movement for some particular pet political organization that they were more interested in the success of than they were in the welfare of the labor movement.

Second—The various attitudes toward politics of the members of organized labor, the inertia of conservative partisanship, resentment against what they consider an infringement of their political freedom, the great temptation to let the personal advantages to be gained through pandering to one of the old political parties outweigh the sense of loyalty to the interests of the labor movement, these and many variations of thoughts and action, among the ranks of organized labor, present such a chaotic condition that the idea of unified political action seems almost hopeless.

Yet unified political action on the part of organized labor, not only as an idea but as a fact, a reality, is absolutely imperative if organized labor is to function politically, economically or in any effective way, or is to be more than a name.

Too long has the labor movement been the jackal of the two old political parties, cringingly accepting the bones and scraps that Democratic and Republican political tricksters have thrown to it to keep it quiet and docile and from interfering with them while they were loyally serving their political masters, the big business interests, the enemies of organized labor.

It is true that at times labor has received a certain amount of consideration at the hands of certain ones of both shades of political complexion, holding various positions of political power. In very rare instances this has been due to personal fairness on the part of the individual, for, strange though it may seem, there are honest men, occasionally to be found even in the rank of the old party politicians. But more often these tokens of recognition have been mere sops to labor to keep her worshipping at the shrine of the old party politics. Or still more often they have been the price of labor's prostitution to the selfish interests of politician or party.

Labor represents a certain voting strength and, on account of this, is patted on the back and cajoled (mostly on the eve of elections) by both the old parties, but with her allegiance divided between the two, she can expect to get very little from either. Nor, would it improve labor's case any were she to give her entire fealty to one of the old parties. The negro has done that with the Republican party ever since he has had a vote, and how well have his interests been safeguarded?

Labor's influence with either of the old parties is extremely weak, for all she has is her votes. Now the securing of a sufficient quota of votes by the average old party politician is very similar to a stockjobbing deal, as put over by a financier wishing to secure control of an industry; it's a question of getting control of a majority of the voting stock just long enough to vote it, the principal means to this end being financial influence, and financial influence is the politician's chief asset in winning an election. For, while it is true that comparatively few votes are bought for cash, yet money or the things that money will secure, are chiefly depended upon in the vote getting game. Now those who supply the money and money influence are the masters, not only of the office seeker at election time, but also of the office holder after he is elected. Herein lies the point of the whole matter; who furnishes the bulk of the campaign funds of both of the old parties? Is it not the banking interests, the steel trust, the oil and mining interests, the public service corporations, in short the interests most antagonistic to organized labor?

These statements are easy of verification, if that is necessary, for it is a matter of common knowledge that the 1920 presidential campaign was a contest between steel and oil, for political control. Oil won, and how the victory was used to reimburse the donors of the campaign funds, is well exemplified by "Teapot Dome" and the other scandals exposed by the oil investigation. Furthermore, if there are any doubts as to the enmity of the big financial and industrial interests, let us cast our recollection back to the days of the steel strike and, while not forgetting the attitude of the banks toward the employers of union labor during the open shop drive, follow the long line of battles between these interests and organized labor down to the recent civil war waged by the mining companies against the United Mine Workers from Pennsylvania to Colorado, and if there is still anyone who doubts, let them (while keeping in mind the railway shopmen's strike and other railroad labor troubles) point to a single large public service corporation (with the possible exception of some of the railroad companies), that is an employer of union labor or that is not a violent advocate of the "so-called" open shop.

In face of these facts, what can organized labor hope to gain for itself from either of the old political parties, by the old policy of "support our friends and defeat our enemies?" If organized labor had its own

political party, then indeed it would have a real opportunity to support its friends, political friends that would be real friends, as they would be labor's own people. As to defeating our enemies, have we not been doing this by replacing one enemy with another? Is there any profit to labor in defeating a "Benedict Arnold" by setting up a "Judas Iscariot" in his place?

During the last 40 years neither of the old parties has made a paramount issue, in a national campaign, of any question that was of vital importance to organized labor; so I can't see that we owe our support to either of them.

W. WAPLES.

L. U. NO. 313, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Editor:

Just a few words from the boys of L. U. No. 313 to let you know that although it has been some time since you have heard from us we are still moving along. We have made some progress the past year in building up the local. We have three shops where all the boys are carrying a union card. Brother Jimmy Mead is helping us in building up the local. We have started the wheel and hope to have it spinning before long. Work is not very good at present but look for things to open in a few weeks. We have a few Brothers out of work at present. Hope to have more to say in the next issue.

O. C. WALLS.

L. U. NO. 363, SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

Editor:

This is our second letter to the JOURNAL and it sure is a tale of woe.

Things in general do not look so hot for us for the coming season. We are in hot water, so to speak.

We are having trouble with our contractors over our new agreement, which we have advanced the signing of from April first to June first. They do not want this, you can see the reason why, nor do they want to pay the wage increase.

The contractors association sent us one of their agreements to sign but it was just a copy of ours rewritten to suit their needs. Of course, we were delighted to receive it and it was placed on file.

Should advise members seeking our troubled land to write to our B. A. before buying a ticket to this land of ice, snow and trouble. Building is rather slow.

Will close hoping that our next letter will be one of good cheer and that we will be able to shout, send us men, and more men.

I. L. K.

L. U. NO. 369, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Editor:

April JOURNAL brought to light some beautiful examples best illustrative of the two extremes to which the human mind will assert itself. First, reaching the height of keen, analytical faculties always so productive of good results, constructively, everywhere—such as (for example) Brother Clark's splendid letter from Harrisburg (143) or, secondly, the unsigned letter of Fresno, Calif., (100) displaying the weak, vacillating mind of a child, without the courage of his convictions (or he would not have been ashamed to sign his name to that article). Out in the backhills of Kentucky and Tennessee school children in the grades use a "Junior Hillside Reader" and, more probably, these are the initials he thought best to identify his article. Nobody here was able to understand his theme, other

than its incessant "knocks" on my local—casting a reflection on 369, which we will not permit. Fresno (100) has very, very little to be proud of if the author of their April article is to be taken as a representative sample of the calibre of their membership. The real truth is that he did not read my article clearly and thoroughly (but passively and disinterestedly). Just like Brother Frohne of Wichita (271) did in March.

We have no "Pulp and Sulphide Workers" around Louisville, L. U. 369, and Fresno (100) would be gentlemanly in correcting this erroneous impression caused by their aimlessly distracting April article.

Talking about work: now there is some real news—who knows where there is any work? Boy, page Will Rogers!

Some weeks back I attended a wonderful lecture given by Mr. Earl Whitehorse (editor of Electrical Merchandising), New York City. He brought out a great many interesting facts and a few of these I shall relate to you. The electrical industry today (out of the 14 leading industries) is in third place (following agriculture, railroads; and followed by iron and steel) and this has been accomplished within the past 25 years; the youngest industry rapidly reaching the leading rank of American business. Yet, compare this with the fact that our mills and factories are only 43 per cent motorized; also, stores and offices only 62 per cent electrified—and but 8 per cent of the homes in this country wired, certainly does make the future (electrically) particularly attractive for us wire-jerkers. The number of homes wired in the past 10 years doubled the total as at 1918.

However, 29 per cent of the homes today are beyond reach of any power company's service—and this is a nice little "nest-egg" for the future. It also was found that 50 per cent of the fixtures today are obsolete, and 75 per cent of the house-wiring inadequate. Mr. Whitehorse greatly pleased his large audience when it came to that part of his lecture where he stressed the greatest need of the electrical industry today was more advertising, more promotion work toward selling complete equipment with the wiring job—rather than any price-cutting basis on the wiring (at the sacrifice of convenience outlets) and, later on, giving away appliances and equipment individually. Of the four leading appeals to householders in national advertising last year automobiles were first with 58.8 per cent and the great electrical industry away down with only 10 per cent. Bathroom equipment today is not bought and installed one piece at a time but the complete equipment goes in when the place is built. And electrical equipment should likewise go in completely at the same time. Mr. Whitehorse drew on many other fine examples, showing the new need arising for greater co-operation within the electrical business. Mr. Whitehorse gave favorable thought, briefly, to the great aid which organized labor could and will be in this readjustment period. Since 1924 the number of jobs annually has fallen off 30 per cent; yet, since 1920, the total number of contractors has doubled.

Things have not opened up here for us, just yet; and really might be a few months getting started.

Our city code classes (one night weekly) are about wound-up now. This was more intended to help our city officials iron out any irregularities or obsolete clauses of past editions, so that our new code this summer will be as near perfect as possible. Then next fall we will spend three months (nights) diagnosing the new city code. We have a mighty fine bunch of men in our city inspection department, and county ac-

tuorial bureau—always trying to be every help possible to us. I never saw any town more encouraging to work in than here; the finest, most cheerful and helpful bunch of fellows I ever saw anywhere. And "Kentucky" seems to be about the only answer to it.

"MIKE" ELLARD.

L. U. NO. 371, MONESSEN, PA.

Editor:

"Class Legislation By Cities.

"Smooth work on the part of certain labor unions in constantly going before city governments of various states and asking them to make this and that kind of an ordinance, has worked so successfully that many cities are unwittingly guilty of class legislation.

"A recent attempt is the introduction of an ordinance in my city requiring that all electrical work in the city be performed by qualified electricians, and to a code made up by union electricians. It now means you cannot do the work unless you belong to the union, which has among its membership the inspector and examiners for anyone doing electrical work, and if you are not a member the chances are 100-to-1 you don't get a license or your work will not pass the inspector."

This letter is signed by Chas. H. Willey, N. H. I do not know Mr. Willey but assume that he is an electrical worker, probably of the open shop brand, who would not hesitate to accept the better wages gained by the struggles of organized labor of which he is not a member. Who, I would like to know, is better fitted to establish a code for city work than qualified electricians? And where is there a governing body in any city that would trust such important work to any but qualified electricians? And who is better fitted for the positions of inspector and examiner than qualified electricians, selected from the ranks of practical workers?

Mr. Willey says, "class legislation." I wonder to what class he belongs?

Possibly if he would look into the union side of this matter he would gain some valuable knowledge. It might be helpful to him to learn that union electricians are such because they are qualified and it might interest him to know that we strive to give our employer a full and complete eight hour day in return for the better wage we receive.

Any worker who takes the stand our Mr. Willey has taken must surely be an incompetent or in the past has been employed as political grindstone turner.

Local Union No. 371, I am proud to say, is functioning as well as can be expected these dull times. And, say, any of you members who did not attend the banquet and business session of the Valley Electric League, Tuesday evening, April 10, surely missed something. The committee on arrangements left nothing to be desired unless it was a later closing time. The dissemination of information relative to red seal wiring in the home was surely worth while. Boost it, boys, it means more and better work.

H. G. A.

L. U. NO. 375, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Editor:

Just at present things are very slow and there are quite a few men out of work, so any one looking for work better stay away from here, because our new agreement goes into effect the first of May and we don't know just how things are going to break for us. The scribe has been in Allentown since last August, but it's hard telling how long he will be here, as we never know how long there is going to be work. Well, for my

friends out in California: How is everyone? I sure hope I will be with you all before the next hundred years. I am waiting for a letter from dear old "Cal" now. If this comes to the eyes of the one I mean, kindly answer soon. Well, I will not write much this time but will try to do better soon.

CHICK WHEATON.

L. U. NO. 427, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

We still have a few Brothers who are past masters at the job of street walking, looking for a place to work; as summer comes along others will be forced to join them.

Why is it that the International Office or their field men send Brothers over a hundred miles to new jobs when there are men loafing in the district where the work is?

When there is a fair sized job coming on, why don't the International Office canvass the district and list the men idle who would be interested in working on these jobs? Springfield district has just as good men as any other district and they should be given a chance to work before men from other places not in this district.

This may seem like a pretty strong letter but after you have loafed, from no cause of your own, the better part of six months and you observe men from Indiana, Illinois and Missouri coming into your district sometimes in groups of six or eight and getting work that you should be given a chance at, it gets under your collar and you take the attitude that all is not well in Denmark.

Brother Russell Saul has taken out a withdrawal card and will deposit it in the International Office. If things keep up like they have a few more Brothers will do likewise, and I don't mean maybe.

SCRIBE.

L. U. NO. 435, WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.

Editor:

In complying with the request from Roy Ruyle, of Local No. 193, Springfield, Ill., allow me to quote a few facts and figures about our city hydro. We are very proud of our public utility, although we do not like the policy adopted toward organized labor.

The increase in business for the year 1927 was 10 per cent, which also represents the average increase for central stations throughout the North American continent.

The slogan adopted by the National Societies for Electrical Development is "to increase the average consumption in the home from one kilowatt hour per day to two kilowatt hours per day." Winnipeg has already reached the remarkable figure of eight and one-fourth kilowatt hours per day per home. The nearest approach to this record is held by Toronto with three and one-half kilowatt hours per day per home.

The following table shows a comparison of rates between Winnipeg and some of the larger cities in the United States:

Location	Average for all Consumers	Average Domestic Consumers	Maximum Rate after Discount
Chicago	2.07 cents	5.27 cents	8.0 cents
Pittsburg	2.11 "	5.25 "	8.0 "
Philadelphia	2.36 "	6.74 "	8.0 "
Detroit	2.46 "	4.52 "	9.0 "
New York	4.64 "	6.72 "	7.0 "
Winnipeg	*1.01 "	1.007 "	2.5 "

* Does not include sale of energy to electric boilers for central heating utility, the rate for which is 0.1 cents per kilowatt hour.

The surplus for 1927 was \$268,226.93. The reserves are nearly seven million dollars and the total investment is only \$18,400.

The total output for the year was 358,000,000 kilowatt hours. The total number of active meters in service December 31, 1927, was 60,622.

The total number of electric ranges exceeds 15,000. This figure is for city hydro only and does not include ranges connected to the Winnipeg Electric Railway system.

I am sending a schedule of rates to Roy Ruyle and wish Springfield's municipal effort every success, although it is strange that in Winnipeg the private company gives organized labor the best deal.

At our last regular meeting we had a most welcome and interesting group of visitors. Vice President E. J. Evans from Chicago, Vice President E. Ingles, Brother L. A. McEwan from Montreal, and Brother Burke from Moncton, were the visitors. The latter two Brothers were in Winnipeg as delegates to the divisional railway conference and both gave us a few interesting remarks on the co-operative movement in the railway shops.

My advice to President Noonan and the executive board is to let the vice presidents do a little more travelling and give us more opportunity of coming into personal contact with men like Brother Evans and get from them first hand knowledge of how some of our older and larger sister locals tackle problems that we are faced with.

Brother Evans, who comes from Local No. 134, Chicago, gave us a history of the apprenticeship system in that city and I am very tempted to quote the whole works. However, an informal meeting with the contractors from both the open and closed shop sections was called and S. C. Newton, the provincial director of technical education, was invited to be present. Brother Evans again outlined the apprenticeship system and although the contractors would not commit themselves to say that such a comprehensive scheme was possible under local conditions they did express some sympathy and a committee was struck to go into the matter more fully. S. T. Newton was appointed chairman and the other members are J. H. Schumacher and F. Shipman for the contractors and J. L. McBride and C. R. Roberts for the local. We hope to be able to show Brother Evans that his fine efforts were not wasted.

At a joint meeting of Locals No. 1037 and No. 435, Brother Evans outlined the group insurance scheme and successfully answered the numerous questions shot at him. The rates per \$1,000 for L. U. No. 435 were 90 cents and for L. U. No. 1037 they were \$1.05. The difference being accounted for mainly in the much lower average age of members in Local No. 435. I was certainly greatly impressed by the lineup of tough, healthy, middle-aged men from L. U. No. 1037. I use the word "tough" in a physical and not a moral sense. The "up and down" man may have a hazardous job but it sure is a healthy one.

C. R. ROBERTS.

L. U. NO. 466, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Editor:

Well, it seems that every time this season of the month rolls around there is nothing to write about, so, like a drowning man, I throw a full Nelson and a scissors on the proverbial bale of hay, said bale of hay being the State Federation of Labor's rally, in conjunction with the Charleston Building Trades Council and the Kanawha Valley Central Labor Union, which took place April 3.

You know, I thought 'ritin' the rally was going to be a cinch, 'cause at the rally I saw Frank Snyder scratchin' on a pad with more vim and vigor than a hen on her way to China. Frank Snyder? Oh, he's the editor and owner of the State Labor Review (West Virginia), an old war horse in the traces

for labor since Noah was a midshipman, and has slung more printer's ink at the open shopper and the organized disorganizers than the gods of fury threw wind at the city of Miami last year. Well, I depended on the State Labor Review for this letter, but, like seeing the rainbow, two or more people see the rainbow at the same time, but it's not actually the same one. As Brother Snyder and I got the rally from different angles, I guess I'll have to depend on my inability and ignorance to see me through once more. I'll have to warn the gang, though, that I am a great deal worse reporter than press secretary. So you have neither entertainment nor enlightenment.

Well, now, let's see. At a joint meeting of the Charleston Building Trades Council and the Kanawha Valley Central Labor Union, presided over by Mr. Easton of—rats, that don't seem to click; too mid-Victorian as it were.

Nevertheless, we had the rally, with Brother John B. Easton, president of the West Virginia Federation of Labor, presiding. There was another bird up on the "platform" long-side of Brother Easton, but I didn't get his name, so I don't know who he was. This rally was held on the electricians' regular meeting night. Although we held our meeting earlier than usual, we were a few minutes late at the rally. This other party not putting up any argument after the time of my arrival and being a stranger to me, I did not get in on any of his biography. I suppose, though, that he was the one who had to get up and apologize for Brother Easton's being there. You know how it is at these public affairs, be they political, diplomatic or what not, the committee on affairs always appoints some one to be the goat. He has to get up and defame the master of ceremonies, give his history and past life, and no doubt tell things on a body that they wouldn't tell on themselves, then sit down for the next two or three hours with a countenance beaming on the audience like the ray of a Cheshire cat—he has had his say and can speak no more, although, to break the monotony they allow him to carry water now and then to the exhausted speakers. Oh, that's who it was—the official water boy. Why they have them, I don't know. Force of habit, I guess, like saying grace over a square meal.

Well, we got off to a flying start with Brother Easton at the wheel, and the first under the wire was one of those round roly-poly fellows, not so tall but about this wide, and he was in the throes of oratory as we arrived. This was Brother Thompson, secretary of District No. 17, United Mine Workers of America. We were just in time to hear Brother Thompson cite a few instances where operators would display their interest in their employees by their continuous laxity in making their reports of injuries to their men to the state compensation department, which is about the only salvation the crippled miners and their families may have. Accidents, quite serious ones, happen frequently back in the bowels of the earth, and if not reported by those whose duty it is (and it is supposedly compulsory by law) the man's only recourse is to file a claim, and by the time the victim is on his feet and a pair of crutches he becomes conscious of the fact that he won't be able to bring home the bacon for months, maybe years, and sometimes never. Poor Joe goes to the office for a little encouragement. "Compensation? No, we didn't make any report—oversight, I guess. You'd better file a claim." Joe spends what little money he thought he had saved to keep his claim before the department. Joe waits a long time, no compensation, then finally comes the day and a man looking for Joe, to pay the claim—Yes, Joe, the man who had an arm blown off and lost an eye. "Oh, yes,

Joe—he's not here any more! he tripped on his whiskers last week and broke his neck in the fall." Brother Thompson's point was that this negligence was generally with the nonresident or absentee owner. The earlier part of his talk was no doubt as full of interest and information as his wind-up, and he seemed to have quite a few knights of the pick and shovel in the audience. More power to you, Brother Tommy!

Next was Brother Lynn, International Representative of the Plumbers. "Yes, Ade-noid, you're right, Brother Lynn from the 'Plumbers' I. B. E. W. Put down that pipe."

Brother Lynn gave a mighty interesting talk—I wish I could remember it; but I do remember his telling of his pioneer days in Charleston way back in 1909, how he worked on the boys for months and months and finally left them fairly well organized—on the surface. But after he got away they didn't last as long as it took him to organize. Of course, they didn't have much to look forward to, as they were already getting \$3.00 a day for 10 hours, though in 1914 he finally got the joints thoroughly "wiped" and it has held to this day and the "Plumbers' I. B. E. W." is now one of our permanent pests. Brother Lynn laid stress on the five-day week and its aid toward helping to solve the unemployment problem, and that we should show our sincerity in the 44-hour week and not so much in the 48-hour pay or a greater opportunity for overtime! Water boy!

Then came Brother Collins, representative of the A. F. of L. itself. He gave a brief sketch of his recent travels in California, Detroit, Canada, Pittsburgh and West Virginia. Boys, it must be pretty soft to be one of those things they call representatives or "general" officers, going hither and yon. Can you imagine anything more thrilling or satisfying than for a good old American (U. S.) citizen making a forced landing in Canada and then be "ordered" no further across the border than Detroit or Buffalo—killing one bird with two stones, as it were. "Oh, Sahara, where art thou stung!" Brother Collins' countenance still seemed to have that exhilarating hue—sort of a blend of boyish blush and October brown—couldn't quite tell whether it was from the California sun or the northern exposure. Brother Collins also radiated vocally, dwelling a great deal on mass production as handled so efficiently in the vicinity of Detroit; how the men in the Ford shop became victims of different forms of "itis" after months of dizzy continuity, high speed repetition of a single operation in the general construction of Lady Elizabeth, which has reversed the old saying, "mind over matter" to "machinery over man." Next he brought us to the Pittsburgh field and told of the conditions there and of the loyalty of their women folk and their willingness to strike for a cause or principle when necessary, and what good strikers they were—with any object, with either hand. And another thing he very forcibly brought to light (which press secretaries quite frequently try to pound into the wayward Brother), quoting the statement of a Yale professor quite some years ago: "When the working man takes an interest in his affairs he will progress, and when he does not take an interest in his affairs he will go backward." Concentrate on those few words, fellows; size up the situation as it is, as it is about to be, or as it has been, and as you feel it ought to be, then read the quotation again, and see if you can't find the time to drop around to the tabernacle now and then.

Then up stepped Brother Bennett, at the call of the presiding elder. Yes, our own Artie from Gibsonia. Right off the reel Artie started in flailing everybody for their lack of interest and attention toward things

pertaining to union labor. He cited the condition of things in general a few years back in the city of Scranton, when labor had the situation well in hand and things were fully organized. Everyone was working, the union label was in vogue and always before you; and now, through sheer negligence and the old habit of letting George do it (and he did—slipt in the open shopper) things got into a deplorable condition, and bringing forth the union label is now as much of an effort as exposing a lump of Scranton coal. He brought out the point that we were fast coming under the spell of the luxuries of life; the movies, the automobile and the radio, and reminded us that after becoming an addict to these luxuries, we become oblivious to the source from whence they come—organized and collective bargaining. He besought us to give a little attention to our own affairs; such as a night a week to the local, consideration for affiliated craftsmen and such.

Brother Bennett spoke of the happenings in the "Siberia of America," and went on to explain that he had just come from the Pittsburgh field, but I knew that all the time 'cause I had been sitting behind him and had written my initials on his collar with white chalk. Arthur wound up his speech by cracking his whip around the heels of the miner in an attempt to chase him "back into the central bodies where you belong."

I doff my hat to Brother Bennett, the greater the audience, the greater his delivery.

While Brother Bennett was submerged in a glass of water, President Easton took advantage of the situation to bring the meeting to a close, but first illustrated the loyalty of the miners' wives. Thirty-eight families were burned out of their homes in the northern West Virginia fields. Refusing the shelter of the non-union homes, and side by side with their men folk, they rebuilt their own homes and were occupying them within a week.

This ended our mass meeting and our thanks to Brother Easton and the participating officials. We feel that all in attendance were fully repaid for the few hours they sacrificed from the fireside, the pool-room and the windy street corner—and HER house.

* * * For ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar.

But if he can hold a candle to the blood sweating wire-jerker on the rampage, he is more than Bret Harte ever gave him credit for. You know we ran an open charter for 30 days and in that time rounded up 25 or 30 applicants, which finally netted us about 15 paid-up new members.

To Brother Spalding, I believe, go first honors as an organizer, as his name seemed to be most conspicuous among the vouchers. Quite a few others brought in many applications, while still others aided with encouraging words and moral support to those about "to be or not to be." When the books were closed on the open charter and the boys began to visualize so many "rear rank privates" they began to thirst for gore. "Let's have a regular initiation!" was the cry. So the night of April 10, we let 'em have it, and the Bucket o' Blood was transformed into Hilarity Hall.

Among the things we do with our hall on nights that it would ordinarily be dark is to rent it out to different organizations and societies, and among these societies are the K. of P.'s and the D. O. K. K.'s, and they, in our hour of trial and need, tendered us the loan of their agonizing parapher-

nalía which is used to tickle the risibilities of both the initiate and the old-timer—each in a different manner. L. U. No. 466 is one great melting pot, and we have boys from all styles of secret societies. Some are K. P.'s, some K. C.'s and some are K. K.'s, and when boiled down the answer is I. B. E. W., and this gang seemed to be well versed in the art of torturing his fellow (helpless) man. What fun! How sad! to see the new-comer making his tortuous way over the Rocking Mountains to the Biting Sands of the Hop-I Desert, fleeing from the blood-thirsty savages and finally making his escape on the back of the kavoring kamel, only to fall therefrom utterly exhausted—but finally revived after drinking the bitter dregs from the Golden Mug, offered by the Vigilantes, which he blindly scoffed.

This being Local 466's first time in the role of tormentor, the boys worked themselves into the frenzy of a whirling dervish, and the slogan was "Get your man!" Refreshments and cigars were served, and only one man refused, saying he was "dizzy enough without smoking union cigars." That's what I call repartee.

In spite of such an eventful evening, we all parted the best of friends.

BOB KECK.

L. U. NO. 492, MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.

Editor:

At meetings in April for this local a briar pipe was given as a door check prize and was won by our genial secretary, Charles Hadgkiss. At the second meeting of the month several business matters were discussed and also several electrical subjects, which made the meeting more interesting.

Local 492, Brother Editor, would like to suggest that a page in the JOURNAL be set apart as an "open forum" for questions and answers on labor subjects, on electrical subjects, or on general matters of interest to the whole Brotherhood. Surely in the International Office books of reference are kept which could be looked up for answers to questions. This page I feel sure could be made very interesting and instructive, if this meets with your approval. I can assure you Local 492 will send you a sheaf of questions on all subjects.

It is good to see more letters appearing in the JOURNAL from Canadian locals these issues than for several years. Our old friend F. Love of Local 586 of Hull keeps his typewriter busy with the news of his district.

T. J. BUCHANAN.

L. U. NO. 500, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Editor:

Well, the old town of San Antonio is about back to normal again after Fiesta Week, and I think the boys have about gotten all the temporary wiring, transformers, etc., down and back in stock again. Work was sure thick for awhile.

Things are still going along fine with Local 500. All of the boys with exception of one or two are working. Brother J. H. Crane out of Local 66 came in a few days ago and has gone to work for the Public Service Company. He is the first man the company has put on for some time. Things look as though we are all going to be sure of pretty steady employment for quite a time. San Antonio is doing lots of building, cutting new streets and widening old ones. All of which means lots of work for us.

I was unable to attend the last meeting, but I think the attendance was pretty good. Once in awhile the members take a spell and come around to a meeting. Somehow

the biggest part of the members won't come out. We have a few old faithfuls however who do come out and we fight the battles for all of them. Our meeting nights are the first and third Thursdays in each month, which by the way, are the only two nights in the month our Brother Anderson can get away from home alone. Some of the men wanted to just have one meeting a month and Brother Anderson protested, saying he wouldn't have but one excuse a month then, so it was voted down.

If any of you Brothers are ever in town around meeting nights, drop down around the Labor Temple and look us over.

Well, I guess I have told about all the news so will sign off for this time.

JACK MYERS.

L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

A year ago on May 1 Local 567, aided and abetted by the influence of Charles Keaveney, signed an agreement with the contractors for two years, the wage scale clause including an increase from 90 cents to \$1.00 per hour, automatically increasing at the expiration of the first year to \$1.12½ per hour continuing effective until May 1, 1929.

In conjunction with the signing of the agreement was organized a joint welfare committee, concerning the functioning of which much has appeared in these letters.

The committee, on the whole, has been a success, barring, perhaps, perfect attendance. The wage scale of \$1 per hour has occasioned but little opposition or dissatisfaction and with a few transgressions of our treaty by both sides, some alleged, some needless and some serious, we might on the whole consider it a successful year except for scarcity of work.

Now within a week, the impending increase of 12½ cents per hour seems to present an obstacle that threatens to entirely trip the wheels of progress and the contractors feel that with the extreme scarcity of work and the non-union contractor and basket man pest cutting in on that, that they are placed at a disadvantage that does not longer warrant their continuation of electrical and construction work.

Consequently several of the contractors have delivered ultimatums to the men in their shops that they cannot profitably meet the increased wage scale on May 1, and that they are at liberty to find work to their best advantage; others will pay the wage till the six months necessary to request a change in the agreement has elapsed while others remain non-committal.

There is a scarcity of work at \$1 per hour and it doesn't need the services of an interpreter to translate the handwriting on the wall as an ominous message.

Maine at present is overflowing with millions of developed and prospective horse power, tide water and stream projects, all champing at the fetters to be liberated to lesser developed sections, commercializing a commodity that has been held in restriction by laws enacted years ago, and now the newspapers and political aspirants are all wet, with watts horsepower, capital and every whatnot but labor and wages.

Being an experienced electrical engineer our next governor should be a live wire at least.

Responding to the appeal by President William Green of the A. F. of L. to organize labor, as secretary, I was instructed to communicate with the members of the Senate and House committees enlisting their support toward the enactment into law of the Cooper-Hawes Bill relative to convict made goods. Supplementing this list, the same

appeal was sent to our own Senators and Congressmen at Washington.

Many valued and interesting replies were received, nearly all favorable, some definitely so, some indifferent. We were somewhat disappointed at the response by our Senator, Arthur Gould, who, not being on the committee, naturally was not familiar with details but later redeemed himself in masterful fashion by a second and unsolicited letter informing us the bill was on the Senate calendar and he would be pleased to be of any service.

Brother John R. Fraser, our recently acquired financial secretary, innocently or otherwise built a roaring fire under an already boiling stew and then fell into it when, in accepting a job with the city of Portland in the fire alarm department, he incurred the enmity of the contractors to the extent of a jointly signed complaint to the local that he was working in violation of our agreement and requested the local to the effect that we take proper steps to purge the situation by either vaccinating, decapitating or isolating said infected Brother.

Our attempt proved somewhat futile partly on account of the hostility of Brother Fraser but chiefly when a meeting and vote of the joint conference board resulted in a deadlock that re-referred the matter to the local where it will be disposed of after an executive board recommendation to a special meeting of the local next Monday night.

Among several creditable candidates to be initiated within the mysteries of our realm of late, there appeared via the sacred closed circuit route, one Edmund A. Soper, Beau Brummell extraordinary, son of George Soper, and the one time pride of Chester-ville, Maine. Our prediction is that he will make as good a union man as he is automotive electrician. But he can't play "pitch."

Another, blase and sophisticated, prominent man about town, at present athletic instructor at a boys club and for more than 20 years a foreman for the L. W. Cleveland Co., Edward T. Colley, for some unaccountable reason decided to cast his lot with the boys and while his attendance has been about 40 below zero his association is appreciated.

M. M. MCKENNEY.

L. U. NO. 578, HACKENSACK, N. J.

Editor:

A hard working business representative, efficient officers and a good executive board spell work and good conditions for the boys. And we have them all. What have you? Next month?

DOT AND DASH.

L. U. NO. 595, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Editor:

Another month gone and Local No. 595 still on the map. Business here is still very quiet with hopes for the future. The building trades of Alameda and San Francisco counties have started an extensive campaign for the betterment of all trades in these districts so we are asking all Brothers of any craft upon arriving in the bay district to help us all they can by reporting at headquarters before they panhandle the shops or jobs. We have no high board fence about our local and any Brother coming here will be treated right.

In my last article I spoke of hoping to see Brother Parr's name mentioned as being placed upon the old age pension and I am not disappointed, but it did not come without some "red tape" as all things of that kind call for. Brothers, keep your record and

standing always in mind and above all things clear. Get your standing from the International Office at least every five years and be on the safe side.

Now, Brothers, let me lay stress once more upon this: If you come here be fair with and help us make the bay counties strong for union labor and so better the conditions of all mankind.

E. B. ESHLEMAN.

L. U. NO. 624, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

Editor:

Oh, yes, we have a local in Benton Harbor. At our last meeting I suggested we appoint a press secretary, so that will explain my poor attempt to put our little local on the map.

We are giving our Brothers one month's dues for each new member they bring in and here's hoping some of the boys do not have to pay any dues in the near future.

We had Brother Joe Lyons, our International Vice President, with us in a little trouble on one of our jobs, and we want to thank him for straightening things out for us.

It has been a tough old winter for some of our members and for some of our neighboring locals, also. But most all of our boys are at work now and things look fairly good for the future.

Will try to do better next time.

TOM PEMBERTON.

L. U. NO. 636, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.

Editor:

We have one faithful old I. B. E. W., Brother Baker, who sure is having a real tough time of it. Bill has been out sick now for about four months, and believe me boys not many hikers on this job can afford that. However, the local got busy and were able to turn over \$92 which we hope will help Brother Baker for awhile.

Well, boys, our JOURNAL sure got a terrible blow on the button when old Bachie threw down that Waterman of his. They sure were a good pair.

There is a lay off in progress on this job. We do not know where it is going to stop so if some of the boys from this local happen to drop in on you some time before long, don't turn them down. You will find them all good union men. But, if anyone comes along and says he came from here and has no ticket just drop a line to our secretary. We would like to hear the excuse.

About the only thing you hear around town is, "Have you got your new Ford yet?"

J. BROWN.

L. U. NO. 683, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Editor:

The Axton Fisher Tobacco Co. is running a fine series of ads in our local paper, "The Dispatch."

These writings agitate industrial democracy, economic independence, free speech, free press, religious liberty, the right to lawful assembly, etc. We need this kind of literature, which must surely cause our anti-union friends to think. The majority of the controlling element in our city believe in fixing things for themselves, the other fellow is not given much concern. Too many of the working element like subordination. They don't care much about constitutional rights, they would rather indulge in frivolous entertainment. In the battles that were fought for freedom, by the founders of our country, two men stood out boldly, for the rights above mentioned, from among our great founders, Thomas Jefferson

and Tom Paine. I wish I could inculcate the works of these men, in the weekly Sunday School lessons, for serious study.

Our rights are being trespassed against. If the rank and file don't concern themselves we will eventually drift backwards to yesteryear's times, then look out!

This is no idle talk, there is a concerted movement on foot to do this. A. Z. Larrison is conducting a safety campaign.

Brother Taig is getting along nicely.

Brother Burrus should be complimented for his work as treasurer.

I'm not as fanatic about the union label as I should be. I don't smoke much but I buy Clown cigarettes, once in a while; how any union man round about here, can smoke any other brand with relish is beyond me. Pardon talking about myself, just wanted to illustrate.

GEORGE G. EBNER.

L. U. NO. 696, ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor:

Local 696 has organized the baseball team for the coming season, and as to Local 96 of Worcester, Mass., we are ready to play ball as soon as the warm weather sets in. The boys of Local 696 are all hot weather players. Address all communications to Base Ball Manager, Local 696, 87 Brewer St.

Work is very slow here in Albany, but we expect it will pick up by the first of June.

In days gone by trades were handed down from father to son but today there is not the same incentive for a father to teach his boy his trade because he usually does not complete the product on which he works.

The old trades are split up and the workman is engaged on only one part of the product which is manufactured.

Is it any wonder that the young man finds it hard to choose a type of work to which he is particularly adapted? In one story of the early life of Benjamin Franklin we are told that his father took him to visit the various "joiners, bricklayers and other tradesmen to observe his inclination." Advice or assistance in choosing a trade or profession today cannot be given so easily or readily.

Six million boys of junior age are employed in the United States and Canada. Many if not most of them have entered their trade or profession ill-advised if advised at all. Chance has determined largely their vocations. Altogether too often it is a matter of looking for a job, taking the first job which is offered or being attracted by the high-paying (to the boy's way of thinking) job and reaching the limit of earning capacity early in life.

Brothers, see that your boy gets the right trade.

Local 696 is making arrangements for a clam bake to be held in August.

R. F. TELLIER.

L. U. NO. 716, HOUSTON, TEXAS

What Labor's Entry Into Politics Means to the Body Politic

Editor:

Perhaps it might be well to enter upon the discussion of labor's entry into politics by first getting a clear understanding of what is meant by "politics," for, reduced to its final analysis, life is so permeated with what might be legal tender for politics, there would ensue confusion upon confusion were it attempted to discuss the proposition under the presumption that every one understood the meaning of the expression.

Webster defines politics as "the theory or practice of managing or directing the affairs of public policy or of political parties," and this being about as succinct an exposition of its meaning as could be compressed

from a thousand viewpoints, it will be adhered to while hastily discussing the subject presented under the above caption. In America, public affairs are managed by representatives of the people, who hold position by tolerance of their fellow citizens, making every voter of the nation responsible for the sort of men occupying office, and consequently, of the sort of government enjoyed. It matters not at all whether the voter takes an active part in ward politics or any other kind of politics, or altogether refrains from exercising his right in this connection, he is responsible for a bad government if he does not strive to make it better, just as he must be credited with his proportional part of whatever general good comes to the body politic because of the selection of some good man, some efficient servant, to fill an important office.

Labor is merely a general term used to indicate the men and women who make up the great body of working people. Labor is not merely a term, however; it is a breathing, pulsating, thinking, struggling mass, without which the world would not have moved forward the shortest possible distance since the beginning of time when the Creator threw it out into space from his finger tips. Labor is a charmed circle embracing every man, woman and child who works. Organized labor is that portion of the great mass which believes in larger efficiency, wider opportunity and more equitable conditions and realizes that these can be obtained only by exchange of ideas and the concentration of effort.

Labor being part of the world, of necessity becomes a part of those subdivisions of the earth's surface we designate as nations. Being part of a nation, labor is very naturally deeply interested in whatever affects the weal or woe of that nation, and as labor thinks as well as toils, nothing that would tend to elevate or depress the national standard if ignored as having no bearing on the political problems that arise from time to time. Hence it is that labor has come to discern in each recurring election to office of those who are to become the servants of the people, an opportunity for bettering national, state or municipal conditions. As better conditions for all the people must include labor, then labor must perform its part in bringing these general improvements.

Labor's entry into politics, especially into American politics, is pregnant with intense meaning. There was a time when labor believed, as do still a few misguided citizens, that all politics are unclean, but under the light of earnest study, guided by much reading, in which the labor press has presented much light, the American worker has reached the correct conclusion that there is nothing unclean in politics unless he makes it so—that labor has a place in national politics just as it has in national progress, and today labor is acknowledging the challenge of opportunity and is cheerfully accepting its share of whatever responsibility rests upon those who designate a course of political conduct, or upon the party which is entrusted with the carrying out of some great political program.

J. T. SAUNDERS.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

L. U. 734, NORFOLK, VA.

Editor:

Well, Brothers there is not much to write about concerning labor down here except that it is enjoying its share of the country wide slump in work that has been in existence for over a year in this our grand and glorious highly cultured U. S. A. The

little political boys are at their little games so we must expect and put up with it and by some hook or crook keep ourselves and loved ones from starving to death. (Will have more to say about this next month.)

I think I said in my last article that with our good Editor's permission I would send in a list of names of the non-union men who are working alongside of us here in the Navy Yard and by his putting them in my article it possibly would cause some of them to accept the invitation, and join us, and it would acquaint the members of 734 with the fact of just who are card carriers and who are not and they could then personally extend them invitations to "get right" which I sincerely hope our members will do; so here they are.

Electricians

W. W. Mercer, H. Howlett, J. H. Coppage, H. T. Jones, J. B. Lynch, F. M. Morgan, T. C. Riddick, C. W. Sanders, B. B. Sears, H. A. Hewitt, L. C. Hawkins, J. T. Ferrell, E. W. Burroughs, C. L. Spencer, G. P. Hobday, C. A. Cuthrie, V. J. Holland, T. H. Haralson, M. T. Parker, O. J. Doughtry, N. S. Pettyjohn.

Cranemen

D. C. Felter, H. C. Bonewill, H. W. Anderson, B. F. Mann, L. V. Allen and J. T. Brown.

Helpers

E. S. Kelley, C. E. Dawley, A. B. Gunn, W. S. Hodges, M. W. De Graw and J. M. Rills.

Now you good members of 734 get busy and see what you can do with these fellows; invite them in, try to show them the error of their ways. Please you good readers get busy right away and do your best, get as many as you can.

I have one thing to say before I close, dear readers and Brothers, please put on your thinking caps and be prepared for this coming presidential election; vote as you think best. Don't vote according to the other fellow's views, or because you are a Democrat and the best man in your eyes is a Republican. Vote for the man who will do the most people the most good irrespective of party or religion; use your own mind, don't be influenced by any one's ideas but your own. We have a sad example of the policy of voting for a man just because he is this or that right here in our own Congressional District of Virginia. There are thousands of voters here (that incidentally are good union men) who will vote for a certain man for Congress just because he runs on a wet platform when they know that he is openly and avowedly the greatest enemy they have as far as labor is concerned. So Brothers, please as I say, think.

J. N. EDMONDTON.

L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

Local Union No. 1002, Brothers, is still making the grade in fine shape. And as our boys are attending meetings now, we expect to win in this attendance contest. Brother Crown is out of the hospital now. Crown thinks he will have a pretty good leg.

Brother K. J. Black has been on the shelf for a few days with sore throat. Friday, thirteenth of April, was unlucky for Brother Jim Dunkies. He got hold of too many kilowatts and fell off a switch rack. Pretty bad burns and a broken wrist. His wife says he just begins to appreciate her now, since she had to rock him to sleep several nights.

Don't forget to wear the due button, and probably the secretary would not have to

introduce Mr. Duesaredue to so many or so often. Some of us do not remember names very well. But let's not forget that dues are due on the first day of each month, and by the way, could the wife or mother find your insurance policy if you were not able to return home of your own accord?

Thy faith hath made thee whole.—Mark 5:34.

O. L. WOODALL.

L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.

Editor:

The joint smoker of 435 and 1037 came off as scheduled. The entertainment was fine, the refreshments were excellent, and the attendance as far as the membership was concerned, was as poor as the other was good. Nuff said!

Winter lingers in the lap of spring in Manitoba and no new work except a few excavations have started yet.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Brother Jimmie Parker, an old time member of the Brotherhood. He was well known throughout the prairie provinces and along the Pacific coast. No doubt many of our Brothers will remember his stout, sturdy figure, and his ready helping hand to whomever needed some help. His genial disposition and ready smile were bright on a Monday morning or Saturday night; while his suffering in the latter weeks of his life was intense he bore it with his ever cheerful smile. He died of cancer in the mouth.

We had a visit last week from Vice President Evans of Chicago, who explained the purpose of blanket insurance to a well attended meeting of the two locals. Brother Evans left a good impression behind him. Come again, Brother Evans and get better acquainted.

I think a picture of our proof reader Edith and Doris the copy reader should appear. It would be as near to television as we can get at present. And a few of our old press secretaries would not be amiss. The two young ladies mentioned need have nothing to fear, while some of the other mugs mentioned may have serious reasons for keeping their map out of public print.

If it ever quits freezing, or stops snowing, or the grass begins to turn green or the leaves come out on the trees again we may be able to send more cheerful letters from the gateway to the last great West.

IRVINE.

Elephants Out-Guess Guards

A country where elephants are a nuisance instead of a spectacle is described in the first annual report, recently issued, of the newly established Game Department of Uganda, near the sources of the River Nile in central Africa. Wild elephants are so plentiful in this region that much damage was done to cultivated fields and to the gardens of the natives. The elephants are no less fond of succulent vegetables, it seems, than are the human farmers with which the great beasts must share the country. That is why the Game Department was organized, with Captain C. R. S. Pitman, a British officer, as Warden. Efforts have been made to control the elephants without killing them, restricting the animals to regions not needed for cultivation. At first this plan was successful, Captain Pitman reports, but after a time the elephants came to understand the rules made against them and to find loopholes in the arrangements to keep them out. Like small boys raiding a watermelon field, the elephants are growing more and more skillful at avoiding the guards and slipping through into gardens which they are not supposed

to invade. An elephant is not exactly the best kind of creature to move around unseen or unheard, but Uganda is sparsely settled and the guards of the cultivated areas are necessarily few, so the animals are able to play the game of fooling them more or less successfully.

Ants Move Their Babies

That ants sometimes move their babies from the colder side of the great hotels they live in to the warmer side is believed by Professor E. A. Andrews, of Johns Hopkins University, who has been observing the habits of these remarkable insects in ant hills near Baltimore, Md. In a report issued by the Wistar Institute Bibliographic Service, Professor Andrews describes how he thrust thermometers into the sides of these great ant hotels, to determine how warm they were kept. The inside of the hill is usually warmer, he finds, than the outside air. The stove is the sun, for the honeycomb structure of the hill, traversed by the multitude of passages used by the ants, is well suited to retain the warmth of sunlight. The southern sides of the hills are usually found, as was expected, to be warmer than the northern sides. On two occasions Professor Andrews watched processions of ants, each carrying an unhatched infant insect, come out of openings on the cooler, northern side of a hill and move across to an entrance in the warmer, southern side. The probable explanation is, he concludes, that the adult ants were moving their precious infants to the warmer side of the house, just as the nurses in a children's hospital might be seen moving their human charges into the sunlight and warmth.

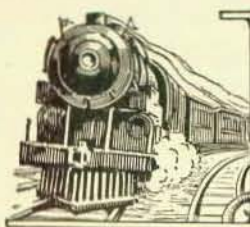
Death Claims Paid From April 1, 1928, Inc., April 30, 1928

Local	Name	Amount
134	Arnold Miracle.....	\$ 1,000.00
3	Wm. F. DeMuth.....	1,000.00
212	Chas. Bush.....	1,000.00
309	W. H. White.....	825.00
5	Thos. Sharpe.....	1,000.00
271	T. J. Campbell.....	475.00
52	Henry Kulzer.....	1,000.00
3	Morris Bandini.....	1,000.00
30	Floyd W. Moore.....	300.00
3	Wilbur Morrow.....	1,000.00
58	Jos. Kedjerski.....	1,000.00
177	Samuel A. Fore.....	475.00
581	George A. Van.....	1,000.00
552	Timothy Murphy.....	825.00
58	Arthur Cloutier.....	1,000.00
702	Chas. Rodgers.....	300.00
134	T. J. McGuire.....	1,000.00
3	J. A. Woodard.....	1,000.00
I. O.	A. M. Megonegal.....	1,000.00
130	Edw. W. Danielson.....	1,000.00
134	Jos. Less.....	1,000.00
501	Frederick Antas.....	1,000.00
3	Patrick Walshe.....	300.00
738	P. P. Hodges.....	300.00
103	Frank H. Skinner.....	1,000.00
9	A. Sander.....	1,000.00
98	John McCloskey.....	1,000.00
9	F. E. Jolly.....	1,000.00
134	M. E. Bludeau.....	1,000.00
402	Jas. Vaccaro.....	475.00
313	Frederick A. Lyon.....	1,000.00
465	D. L. Cade.....	825.00
3	T. A. Shannon.....	1,000.00
774	Otis Rooker.....	1,000.00
212	John M. Seibold.....	1,000.00
		\$ 30,100.00

Total claims paid from April 1, including April 30, 1928..... \$ 30,100.00

Total claims previously paid..... 1,277,694.44

Total claims paid..... \$1,307,794.44



The OCTOPUS

BY FRANK NORRIS



At once, however, the suspicion forced itself upon him that Mrs. Hooven—and Minna, too, for the matter of that—country-bred, ignorant of city ways, might easily come to grief in the hard, huge struggle of city life. This suspicion had swiftly hardened to a conviction, acting at last upon which Presley had followed them to San Francisco, bent upon finding and assisting them.

The house to which Presley was led by the address in his memorandum book was a cheap but fairly decent hotel near the power house of the Castro Street cable. He inquired for Mrs. Hooven.

The landlady recollected the Hoovens perfectly.

"German woman, with a little girl-baby, and an older daughter, sure. The older daughter was main pretty. Sure I remember them, but they ain't here no more. They left a week ago. I had to ask them for their room. As it was, they owed a week's room-rent. Mister, I can't afford—"

"Well, do you know where they went? Did you hear what address they had their trunk expressed to?"

"Ah, yes, their trunk," vociferated the woman, clapping her hands to her hips, her face purpling. "Their trunk, ah, sure. I got their trunk, and what are you going to do about it? I'm holding it till I get my money. What have you got to say about it? Let's hear it."

Presley turned away with a gesture of discouragement, his heart sinking. On the street corner he stood for a long time, frowning in trouble and perplexity. His suspicions had been only too well founded. So long ago as a week, the Hoovens had exhausted all their little store of money. For seven days now they had been without resources, unless, indeed, work had been found; "and what," he asked himself, "what work in God's name could they find to do here in the city?"

Seven days! He quailed at the thought of it. Seven days without money, knowing not a soul in all that swarming city. Ignorant of city life as both Minna and her mother were, would they even realize that there were institutions built and generously endowed for just such as they? He knew them to have their share of pride, the dogged sullen pride of the peasant; even if they knew of charitable organizations, would they, could they bring themselves to apply there? A poignant anxiety thrust itself sharply into Presley's heart. Where were they now? Where had they slept last night? Where breakfasted this morning? Had there even been any breakfast this morning? Had there even been any bed last night? Lost, and forgotten in the plexus of the city's life, what had befallen them? Towards what fate was the ebb tide of the streets drifting them?

Was this to be still another theme wrought out by iron hands upon the old, the world-old, world-wide keynote? How far were the consequences of that dreadful day's work at the irrigating ditch to reach?

To what length was the tentacle of the monster to extend?

Presley returned toward the central, the business quarter of the city, alternately formulating and dismissing from his mind plan after plan for the finding and aiding of Mrs. Hooven and her daughters. He reached Montgomery Street, and turned toward his club, his imagination once more reviewing all the causes and circumstances of the great battle of which for the last eighteen months he had been witness.

All at once he paused, his eye caught by a sign affixed to the wall just inside the street entrance of a huge office building, and smitten with an idea, stood for an instant motionless, upon the sidewalk, his eyes wide, his fists shut tight.

The building contained the General Office of the Pacific and Southwestern Railroad. Large though it was, it nevertheless, was not pretentious, and during his visits to the city, Presley must have passed it, unheeding, many times.

But for all that it was the stronghold of the enemy—the centre of all that vast ramifying system of arteries that drained the life-blood of the State; the nucleus of the web in which so many lives, so many fortunes, so many destinies had been enmeshed. From this place—so he told himself—had emanated that policy of extortion, oppression and injustice that little by little had shouldered the ranchers from their rights, till, their backs to the wall, exasperated and despairing they had turned and fought and died. From here had come the orders to S. Behrman, to Cyrus Ruggles and to Genslinger, the orders that had brought Dyke to a prison, that had killed Annixter, that had ruined Magnus, that had corrupted Lyman. Here was the keep of the castle, and here, behind one of those many windows, in one of those many offices, his hand upon the levers of his mighty engine, sat the master, Shelgrim himself.

Instantly, upon the realization of this fact an ungovernable desire seized upon Presley, an inordinate curiosity. Why not see, face to face, the man whose power was so vast, whose will was so resistless, whose potency for evil so limitless, the man who for so long and so hopelessly they had all been fighting. By reputation he knew him to be approachable; why should he not then approach him? Presley took his resolution in both hands. If he failed to act upon this impulse, he knew he would never act at all. His heart beating, his breath coming short, he entered the building, and in a few moments found himself seated in an ante-room, his eyes fixed with hypnotic intensity upon the frosted pane of an adjoining door, whereon in gold letters was inscribed the word, "President."

In the end, Presley had been surprised to find that Shelgrim was still in. It was already very late, after six o'clock, and the other offices in the building were in the act of closing. Many of them were already deserted. At every instant, through the open door of the ante-room, he caught a glimpse of clerks, office boys, bookkeepers,

and other employees hurrying towards the stairs and elevators, quitting business for the day. Shelgrim, it seemed, still remained at his desk, knowing no fatigue, requiring no leisure.

"What time does Mr. Shelgrim usually go home?" inquired Presley of the young man who sat ruling forms at the table in the ante-room.

"Anywhere between half-past six and seven," the other answered, adding, "Very often he comes back in the evening."

And the man was seventy years old. Presley could not repress a murmur of astonishment. Not only mentally, then, was the President of the P. and S. W. a giant. Seventy years of age and still at his post, holding there with the energy, with a concentration of purpose that would have wrecked the health and impaired the mind of many men in the prime of their manhood.

But the next instant Presley set his teeth. "It is an ogre's vitality," he said to himself. "Just so is the man-eating tiger strong. The man should have energy who has sucked the life-blood from an entire People."

A little electric bell on the wall near at hand trilled a warning. The young man who was ruling forms laid down his pen, and opening the door of the President's office, thrust in his head, then after a word exchanged with the unseen occupant of the room, he swung the door wide, saying to Presley:

"Mr. Shelgrim will see you, sir."

Presley entered a large, well lighted, but singularly barren office. A well-worn carpet was on the floor, two steel engravings hung against the wall, an extra chair or two stood near a large, plain, littered table. That was absolutely all, unless he excepted the corner washstand, on which was set a pitcher of ice water, covered with a clean, stiff napkin. A man, evidently some sort of manager's assistant, stood at the end of the table, leaning on the back of one of the chairs. Shelgrim himself sat at the table.

He was large, almost to massiveness. An iron-grey beard and a mustache that completely hid the mouth covered the lower part of his face. His eyes were a pale blue, and a little watery; here and there upon his face were moth spots. But the enormous breadth of the shoulders was what, at first, most vividly forced itself upon Presley's notice. Never had he seen a broader man; the neck, however, seemed in a manner to have settled into the shoulders, and furthermore they were humped and rounded, as if to bear great responsibilities, and great abuse.

At the moment he was wearing a silk skull-cap, pushed to one side and a little awry, a frock coat of broadcloth, with long sleeves, and a waistcoat from the lower buttons of which the cloth was worn and, upon the edges, rubbed away, showing the metal underneath. At the top this waistcoat was unbuttoned and in the shirt front disclosed were two pearl studs.

Presley, uninvited, unnoticed apparently, sat down. The assistant manager was in the

act of making a report. His voice was not lowered, and Presley heard every word that was spoken.

The report proved interesting. It concerned a bookkeeper in the office of the auditor of disbursements. It seems he was at most times thoroughly reliable, hard-working, industrious, ambitious. But at long intervals the vice of drunkenness seized upon the man and for three days rode him like a hag. Not only during the period of this intemperance, but for the few days immediately following, the man was useless, his work untrustworthy. He was a family man and earnestly strove to rid himself of his habit; he was, when sober, valuable. In consideration of these facts, he had been pardoned again and again.

"You remember, Mr. Shelgrim," observed the manager, "that you have more than once interfered in his behalf, when we were disposed to let him go. I don't think we can do anything with him, sir. He promises to reform continually, but it is the same old story. This last time we saw nothing of him for four days. Honestly, Mr. Shelgrim, I think we ought to let Tentell out. We can't afford to keep him. He is really losing us too much money. Here's the order ready now, if you care to let it go."

There was a pause. Presley all attention, listened breathlessly. The assistant manager laid before his President the typewritten order in question. The silence lengthened; in the hall outside, the wrought-iron door of the elevator cage slid to with a clash. Shelgrim did not look at the order. He turned his swivel chair about and faced the windows behind him, looking out with unseeing eyes. At last he spoke:

"Tentell has a family, wife and three children. * * * How much do we pay him?"

"One hundred and thirty."

"Let's double that, or say two hundred and fifty. Let's see how that will do."

"Why—of course—if you say so, but really, Mr. Shelgrim—"

"Well, we'll try that, anyhow."

Presley had not time to readjust his perspective to this new point of view of the president of the P. and S. W. before the assistant manager had withdrawn. Shelgrim wrote a few memoranda on his calendar pad, and signed a couple of letters before turning his attention to Presley. At last, he looked up and fixed the young man with a direct, grave glance. He did not smile. It was some time before he spoke. At last, he said:

"Well, sir."

Presley advanced and took a chair nearer at hand. Shelgrim turned and from his desk picked up and consulted Presley's card. Presley observed that he read without the use of glasses.

"You," he said, again facing about, "you are the young man who wrote the poem called 'The Toilers.'"

"Yes, sir."

"It seems to have made a great deal of talk. I've read it, and I've seen the picture in Cedarquist's house, the picture you took the idea from."

Presley, his senses never more alive, observed that, curiously enough, Shelgrim did not move his body. His arms moved, and his head, but the great bulk of the man remained immobile in its place, and as the interview proceeded and this peculiarity emphasised itself, Presley began to conceive the odd idea that Shelgrim had, as it were placed his body in the chair to rest, while his head and brain and hands went on working independently. A saucer of shelled filberts stood near his elbow, and from time to time he picked up one of these in a great thumb and forefinger and put it between his teeth.

"I've seen the picture called 'The Toilers,'"

continued Shelgrim, "and of the two, I like the picture better than the poem."

"The picture is by a master," Presley hastened to interpose.

"And for that reason," said Shelgrim, "it leaves nothing more to be said. You might just as well have kept quiet. There's only one best way to say anything. And what has made the picture of 'The Toilers' great is that the artist said in it the best that could be said on the subject."

"I had never looked at it in just that light," observed Presley. He was confused, all at sea, embarrassed. What he had expected to find in Shelgrim, he could not have exactly said. But he had been prepared to come upon an ogre, a brute, a terrible man of blood and iron, and instead had discovered a sentimentalist and an art critic. No standards of measurement in his mental equipment would apply to the actual man, and it began to dawn upon him that possibly it was not because these standards were different in kind, but that they were lamentably deficient in size. He began to see that here was the man not only great, but large; many-sided, of vast sympathies, who understood with equal intelligence, the human nature in an habitual drunkard, the ethics of a masterpiece of painting, and the financiering and operation of ten thousand miles of railroad.

"I had never looked at it in just that light," repeated Presley. "There is a great deal in what you say."

"If I am to listen," continued Shelgrim, "to that kind of talk, I prefer to listen to it first hand. I would rather listen to what the great French painter has to say than to what you have to say about what he has already said."

His speech, loud and emphatic at first, when the idea of what he had to say was fresh in his mind, lapsed and lowered itself at the end of his sentences as though he had already abandoned and lost interest in that thought, so that the concluding words were indistinct beneath the grey beard and mustache. Also at times there was the faintest suggestion of a lisp.

"I wrote that poem," hazarded Presley, "at a time when I was terribly upset. I live," he concluded, "or did live on the Los Muertos ranch in Tulare county—Magnus Derrick's ranch."

"The railroad's ranch leased to Mr. Derrick," observed Shelgrim.

Presley spread out his hands with a helpless, resigned gesture.

"And," continued the president of the P. and S. W. with grave intensity, looking at Presley keenly, "I suppose you believe I am a grand old rascal."

"I believe," answered Presley, "I am persuaded—" He hesitated, searching for his words.

"Believe this, young man," exclaimed Shelgrim, laying a thick, powerful forefinger on the table to emphasize his words, "try to believe this—to begin with—that railroads build themselves. Where there is a demand sooner or later there will be a supply. Mr. Derrick, does he grow his wheat? The wheat grows itself. What does he count for? Does he supply the force? What do I count for? Do I build the railroad? You are dealing with forces, young man, when you speak of wheat and the railroads, not with men. There is the wheat, the supply. It must be carried to feed the people. There is the demand. The wheat is one force, the railroad, another, and there is the law that governs them—supply and demand. Men have only little to do in the whole business. Complications may arise, conditions that bear hard on the individual—crush him maybe—but the wheat will be carried to feed the people as inevit-

ably as it will grow. If you want to fasten the blame of the affair at Los Muertos on any one person, you will make a mistake. Blame conditions, not men."

"But—but," faltered Presley, "you are the head, you control the road."

"You are a very young man. Control the road! Can I stop it? I can go into bankruptcy if you like. But otherwise if I run my road, as a business proposition, I can do nothing. I can not control it. It is a force born out of certain conditions, and I—no man—can stop it or control it. Can your Mr. Derrick stop the wheat growing? He can burn his crop, or he can give it away, or sell it for a cent a bushel—just as I could go into bankruptcy—but otherwise his wheat must grow. Can any one stop the wheat? Well, then no more can I stop the road."

Presley regained the street stupefied, his brain in a whirl. This new idea, this new conception dumfounded him. Somehow, he could not deny it. It rang with the clear reverberation of truth. Was no one, then, to blame for the horror at the irrigating ditch? Forces, conditions, laws of supply and demand—were these then the enemies, after all? Not enemies; there was no malevolence in nature. Colossal indifference only, a vast trend toward appointed goals. Nature was, then, a gigantic engine, a vast cyclopean power, huge, terrible, a leviathan with a heart of steel, knowing no compunction, no forgiveness no tolerance; crushing out the human atom standing in its way, with nirvanic calm, the agony of destruction sending never a jar, never the faintest tremour through all that prodigious mechanism of wheels and cogs.

He went to his club and ate his supper alone, in gloomy agitation. He was sombre, brooding, lost in a dark maze of gloomy reflections. However, just as he was rising from the table an incident occurred that for the moment roused him and sharply diverted his mind.

His table had been placed near a window and as he was sipping his after-dinner coffee, he happened to glance across the street. His eye was at once caught by the sight of a familiar figure. Was it Minna Hooven? The figure turned the street corner and was lost to sight; but it had been strangely like. On the moment, Presley had risen from the table and, clapping on his hat, had hurried into the streets, where the lamps were already beginning to shine.

But search though he would, Presley could not again come upon the young woman, in whom he fancied he had seen the daughter of the unfortunate German. At last, he gave up the hunt, and returning to his club—at this hour almost deserted—smoked a few cigarettes, vainly attempted to read from a volume of essays in the library, and at last, nervous, distraught, exhausted, retired to his bed.

But none the less, Presley had not been mistaken. The girl whom he had tried to follow had been indeed Minna Hooven.

When Minna, a week before this time, had returned to the lodging house on Castro Street, after a day's unsuccessful effort to find employment, and was told that her mother and Hilda had gone, she was struck speechless with surprise and dismay. She had never before been in any town larger than Bonneville, and now knew not which way to turn nor how to account for the disappearance of her mother and little Hilda. That the landlady was on the point of turning them out, she understood, but it had been agreed that the family should be allowed to stay yet one more day, in the hope that Minna would find work. Of this she reminded the landlady. But this latter

at once launched upon her such a torrent of vituperation, that the girl was frightened to speechless submission.

"Oh, oh," she faltered, "I know. I am sorry. I know we owe you money, but where did my mother go? I only want to find her."

"Oh, I ain't going to be bothered," shrilled the other, "How do I know?"

The truth of the matter was that Mrs. Hooven, afraid to stay in the vicinity of the house, after her eviction, and threatened with arrest by the landlady if she persisted in hanging around, had left with the woman a note scrawled on an old blotter, to be given to Minna when she returned. This the landlady had lost. To cover her confusion, she affected a vast indignation, and a turbulent, irascible demeanour.

"I ain't going to be bothered with such cattle as you," she vociferated in Minna's face. "I don't know where your folks is. Me, I only have dealings with honest people. I ain't got a word to say so long as the rent is paid. But when I'm sold out of a week's lodging, then I'm done. You get right along now. I don't know you. I ain't going to have my place get a bad name by having any South of Market Street chippies hanging around. You get along, or I'll call an officer."

Minna sought the street, her head in a whirl. It was about five o'clock. In her pocket was thirty-five cents, all she had in the world. What now?

All at once, the terror of the city, that blind, unreasoned fear that only the outcast knows, swooped upon her, and clutched her vulture-wise, by the throat.

Here first few days' experience in the matter of finding employment, had taught her just what she might expect from this new world upon which she had been thrown. What was to become of her? What was she to do, where was she to go? Unanswerable, grim questions, and now she no longer had herself to fear for. Her mother and the baby, little Hilda, both of them equally unable to look after themselves, what was to become of them, where were they gone? Lost, lost, all of them, herself as well. But she rallied herself, as she walked along. The idea of her starving, of her mother and Hilda starving, was out of all reason. Of course, it would not come to that, of course not. It was not thus that starvation came. Something would happen, of course, it would—in time. But meanwhile, how to get through this approaching night, and the next few days. That was the thing to think of just now.

The suddenness of it all was what most unnerved her. During all the nineteen years of her life, she had never known what it meant to shift for herself. Her father had always sufficed for the family; he had taken care of her, then, all of a sudden, her father had been killed, her mother snatched from her. Then all of a sudden there was no help anywhere. Then all of a sudden a terrible voice demanded of her, "Now just what can you do to keep yourself alive?" Life faced her; she looked the huge stone image squarely in the lustreless eyes.

It was nearly twilight. Minna, for the sake of avoiding observation—for it seemed to her that now a thousand prying glances followed her—assumed a matter-of-fact demeanour, and began to walk briskly toward the business quarter of the town.

She was dressed neatly enough, in a blue cloth skirt with a blue plush belt, fairly decent shoes, once her mother's, a pink shirt waist, and jacket and a straw sailor. She was, in an unusual fashion, pretty. Even her troubles had not dimmed the bright light of her pale, greenish-blue eyes, nor faded the astonishing redness of her lips, nor hollowed her strangely white face. Her blue-black

hair was trim. She carried her well-shaped, well-rounded figure erectly. Even in her distress, she observed that men looked keenly at her, and sometimes after her as she went along. But this she noted with a dim sub-conscious faculty. The real Minna, harassed, terrified, lashed with a thousand anxieties, kept murmuring under her breath:

"What shall I do, what shall I do, oh, what shall I do, now?"

After an interminable walk, she gained Kearney street, and held it till the well-lighted, well-kept neighborhood of the shopping district gave place to the vice-crowded saloons and concert halls of the Barbary Coast. She turned aside in avoidance of this, only to plunge into the purlieu of Chinatown, whence only she emerged, panic-stricken and out of breath, after a half hour of never-to-be-forgotten terrors, and at a time when it had grown quite dark.

On the corner of California and Dupont streets, she stood a long moment, pondering. "I must do something," she said to herself. "I must do something."

She was tired out by now, and the idea occurred to her to enter the Catholic church in whose shadow she stood, and sit down and rest. This she did. The evening service was just being concluded. But long after the priests and altar boys had departed from the chancel, Minna still sat in the dim, echoing interior, confronting her desperate situation as best she might.

Two or three hours later, the sexton woke her. The church was being closed; she must leave. Once more, chilled with the sharp night air, numb with long sitting in the same attitude, still oppressed with drowsiness, confused, frightened, Minna found herself on the pavement. She began to be hungry, and, at length, yielding to the demand that every moment grew more imperious, bought and eagerly devoured a five-cent bag of fruit. Then, once more she took up the round of walking.

At length in an obscure street that branched from Kearney street, near the corner of the Plaza, she came upon an illuminated sign, bearing the inscription, "Beds for the Night, 15 and 25 cents."

Fifteen cents! could she afford it? It would leave her with only that much more, that much between herself and a state of privation of which she dared not think; and, besides, the forbidding look of the building frightened her. It was dark, gloomy, dirty, a place suggestive of obscure crimes and hidden terrors. For twenty minutes or half an hour, she hesitated, walking twice and three times around the block. At last, she made up her mind. Exhaustion such as she had never known, weighed like lead upon her shoulders and dragged at her heels. She must sleep. She could not walk the streets all night. She entered the door-way under the sign, and found her way up a filthy flight of stairs. At the top a man in a blue checked "jumper" was filling a lamp behind a high desk. To him Minna applied.

"I should like," she faltered, "to have a room—a bed for the night. One of those for fifteen cents will be good enough, I think."

"Well, this place is only for men," said the man, looking up from the lamp.

"Oh," said Minna, "oh—I—I didn't know."

She looked at him stupidly, and he, with equal stupidity, returned the gaze. Thus for a long moment, they held each other's eyes.

"I—I didn't know," repeated Minna.

"Yes, it's for men," repeated the other. She slowly descended the stairs, and once more came out upon the streets.

And upon those streets that, as the hours advanced, grew more and more deserted, more and more silent, more and more op-

pressive with the sense of the bitter hardness of life towards those who have no means of living, Minna Hooven spent the first night of her struggle to keep her head above the ebb-tide of the city's sea, into which she had been plunged.

Morning came, and with it renewed hunger. At this time, she had found her way uptown again, and towards ten o'clock was sitting upon a bench in a little park full of nurse-maids and children. A group of the maids drew their baby-buggies to Minna's bench, and sat down, continuing a conversation they had already begun. Minna listened. A friend of one of the maids had suddenly thrown up her position, leaving her "madame" in what would appear to have been deserved embarrassment.

"Oh," said Minna, breaking in, and lying with sudden unthought fluency, "I am a nurse-girl. I am out of a place. Do you think I could get that one?"

The group turned and fixed her—so evidently a country girl—with a supercilious indifference.

"Well, you might try," said one of them. "Got good references?"

"References?" repeated Minna blankly. She did not know what this meant.

"Oh, Mrs. Field ain't the kind to stick about references," spoke up the other, "she's that soft. Why, anybody could work her."

"I'll go there," said Minna. "Have you the address?" It was told to her.

"Lorin," she murmured. "Is that out of town?"

"Well, it's across the Bay."

"Across the Bay?"

"Um." You're from the country, ain't you?"

"Yes. How—how do I get there? Is it far?"

"Well, you take the ferry at the foot of Market Street, and then the train on the other side. No, it ain't very far. Just ask any one down there. They'll tell you."

It was a chance; but Minna, after walking down to the ferry slips, found that the round trip would cost her twenty cents. If the journey proved fruitless, only a dime would stand between her and the end of everything. But it was a chance; the only one that had, as yet, presented itself. She made the trip.

And upon the street-railway cars, upon the ferryboats, on the locomotives and way-coaches of the local trains, she was reminded of her father's death, and of the giant power that had reduced her to her present straits, by the letters, P. and S. W. R. R. To her mind, they occurred everywhere. She seemed to see them in every direction. She fancied herself surrounded upon every hand by the long arms of the monster.

Minute after minute, her hunger gnawed at her. She could not keep her mind from it. As she sat on the boat she found herself curiously scanning the faces of the passengers, wondering how long since such a one had breakfasted, how long before this other should sit down to lunch.

When Minna descended from the train, at Lorin on the other side of the Bay, she found that the place was one of those suburban towns, not yet become fashionable, such as may be seen beyond the outskirts of any large American city. All along the line of the railroad thereabouts, houses, small villas—contractors' ventures—were scattered, the advantages of suburban lots and sites for homes being proclaimed in seven-foot letters upon mammoth billboards close to the right of way.

Without much trouble, Minna found the house to which she had been directed, a pretty little cottage, set back from the street and shaded by palms, live oaks, and

the inevitable eucalyptus. Her heart warmed at the sight of it. Oh, to find a little niche for herself here, a home, a refuge from those horrible city streets, from the rat of famine, with its relentless tooth. How she would work, how strenuously she would endeavor to please, how patient of rebuke she would be, how faithful, how conscientious. Nor were her pretensions altogether false; upon her, while at home, had devolved almost continually the care of the baby Hilda, her little sister. She knew the wants and needs of children.

Her heart beating, her breath failing, she rang the bell set squarely in the middle of the front door.

The lady of the house herself, an elderly lady, with pleasant, kindly face, opened the door. Minna stated her errand.

"But I have already engaged a girl," she said.

"Oh," murmured Minna, striving with all her might to maintain appearances. "Oh—I thought perhaps—" She turned away.

"I'm sorry," said the lady. Then she added, "Would you care to look after so many as three little children, and help around in light housework between whiles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Because my sister—she lives in North Berkeley, above here—she's looking for a girl. Have you had lots of experience? Got good references?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I'll give you the address. She lives up in North Berkeley."

She turned back into the house a moment, and returned, handing Minna a card.

"That's where she lives—careful not to blot it, child, the ink's wet yet—you had better see her."

"It it far? Could I walk there?"

"My, no; you better take the electric cars, about six blocks above here."

When Minna arrived in North Berkeley, she had no money left. By a cruel mistake, she had taken a car going in the wrong direction, and though her error was rectified easily enough, it had cost her her last five-cent piece. She was now to try her last hope. Promptly it crumbled away. Like the former, this place had been already filled, and Minna left the door of the house with the certainty that her chance had come to naught, and that now she entered into the last struggle with life—the death struggle—shorn of her last pitiful defence, her last safeguard, her last penny.

As she once more resumed her interminable walk, she realised she was weak, faint; and she knew that it was the weakness of complete exhaustion, and the faintness of approaching starvation. Was this the end coming on? Terror of death aroused her.

"I must, I must do something, oh, anything. I must have something to eat."

At this late hour, the idea of pawning her little jacket occurred to her, but now she was far away from the city and its pawnshops, and there was no getting back.

She walked on. An hour passed. She lost her sense of direction, became confused, knew not where she was going, turned corners and went up by-streets without knowing why, anything to keep moving, for she fancied that so soon as she stood still, the rat in the pit of her stomach gnawed more eagerly.

At last, she entered what seemed to be, if not a park, at least some sort of public enclosure. There were many trees; the place was beautiful; well-kept roads and walks led sinuously and invitingly underneath the shade. Through the trees upon the other side of a wide expanse of turf, brown and sear under the summer sun, she caught a glimpse of tall buildings and a flagstaff. The whole place had a vaguely public, educational

appearance, and Minna guessed from certain notices affixed to the trees, warning the public again the picking of flowers, that she had found her way into the grounds of the State University. She went on a little further. The path she was following led her, at length, into a grove of gigantic live oaks, whose lower branches all but swept the ground. Here the grass was green, the few flowers in bloom, the shade very thick. A more lovely spot she had seldom seen. Near at hand was a bench, built around the trunk of the largest live oak, and here, at length, weak from hunger, exhausted to the limits of her endurance, despairing, abandoned, Minna Hooven sat down to enquire of herself what next she could do.

But once seated, the demands of the animal—so she could believe—became more clamorous, more insistent. To eat, to rest, to be safely housed against another night, above all else, these were the things she craved; and the craving within her grew so mighty that she crissed her poor, starved hands into little fists, in an agony of desire, while the tears ran from her eyes, and the sobs rose thick from her breast and struggled and strangled in her aching throat.

But in a few moments Minna was aware that a woman, apparently of some thirty years of age, had twice passed along the walk in front of the bench where she sat, and now, as she took more notice of her, she remembered that she had seen her on the ferry-boat coming over from the city.

The woman was gowned in silk, tightly corseted, and wore a hat of rather ostentatious smartness. Minna became convinced that the person was watching her, but before she had a chance to act upon this conviction she was surprised out of all countenance by the stranger coming up to where she sat and speaking to her.

"Here is a coincidence," exclaimed the new-comer, as she sat down; "surely you are the young girl who sat opposite me on the boat. Strange I should come across you again. I've had you in mind ever since."

On this nearer view Minna observed that the woman's face bore rather more than a trace of enamel and that the atmosphere about was impregnated with sachet. She was not otherwise conspicuous, but there was a certain hardness about her mouth and a certain droop of fatigue in her eyelids which, combined with an indefinite self-confidence of manner, held Minna's attention.

"Do you know," continued the woman, "I believe you are in trouble. I thought so when I saw you on the boat, and I think so now. Are you? Are you in trouble? You're from the country, ain't you?"

Minna, glad to find a sympathizer, even in this chance acquaintance, admitted that she was in distress; that she had become separated from her mother, and that she was indeed from the country.

"I've been trying to find a situation," she hazarded in conclusion, "but I don't seem to succeed. I've never been in a city before, except Bonneville."

"Well, it is a coincidence," said the other. "I know I wasn't drawn to you for nothing. I am looking for just such a young girl as you. You see, I live alone a good deal and I've been wanting to find a nice, bright, sociable girl who will be a sort of companion to me. Understand? And there's something about you that I like. I took to you the moment I saw you on the boat. Now shall we talk this over?"

Towards the end of the week, one afternoon, as Presley was returning from his club, he came suddenly face to face with Minna upon a street corner.

"Ah," he cried, coming toward her joyfully. "Upon my word, I had almost given you up. I've been looking everywhere for you. I was

afraid you might not be getting along, and I wanted to see if there was anything I could do. How are your mother and Hilda? Where are you stopping? Have you a good place?"

"I don't know where mamma is," answered Minna. "We got separated, and I never have been able to find her again."

Meanwhile, Presley had been taking in with a quick eye the details of Minna's silk dress, with its garniture of lace, its edging of velvet, its silver belt-buckle. Her hair was arranged in a new way and on her head was a wide hat with a flare to one side, set off with a gilt buckle and a puff of bright blue plush. He glanced at her sharply.

"Well, but—but how are you getting on?" he demanded.

Minna laughed scornfully.

"I?" she cried. "Oh, I've gone to hell. It was either that or starvation."

Presley regained his room at the club, white and trembling. Worse than the worst he had feared had happened. He had not been soon enough to help. He had failed again. A superstitious fear assailed him that he was, in a manner, marked; that he was foredoomed to fail. Minna had come—had been driven to this; and he, acting too late upon his tardy resolve, had not been able to prevent it. Were the horrors, then, never to end? Was the grisly spectre of consequence to forever dance in his vision? Were the results, the far-reaching results of that battle at the irrigating ditch to cross his path forever? When would the affair be terminated, the incident closed? Where was that spot to which the tentacle of the monster could not reach?

By now, he was sick with the dread of it all. He wanted to get away, to be free from that endless misery, so that he might not see what he could no longer help. Cowardly he now knew himself to be. He thought of himself only with loathing.

Bitterly self-contemptuous that he could bring himself to a participation in such trivialities, he began to dress to keep his engagement to dine with the Cedarquists.

He arrived at the house nearly half an hour late, but before he could take off his overcoat, Mrs. Cedarquist appeared in the doorway of the drawing-room at the end of the hall. She was dressed as if to go out.

"My dear Presley," she exclaimed, her stout, overdressed body bustling toward him with a great rustle of silk. "I never was so glad. You poor, dear poet, you are thin as a ghost. You need a better dinner than I can give you, and that is just what you are to have."

"Have I blundered?" Presley hastened to exclaim. "Did not Mr. Cedarquist mention Friday evening?"

"No, no, no," she cried; "it was he who blundered. You blundering in a social amenity! Preposterous! No; Mr. Cedarquist forgot that we were dining out ourselves to-night, and when he told me he had asked you here for the same evening, I fell upon the man, my dear, I did actually, tooth and nail. But I wouldn't hear of his wiring you. I just dropped a note to our hostess, asking if I could not bring you, and when I told her who you were, she received the idea with, oh, *empressment*. So, there it is, all settled. Cedarquist and the girls are gone on ahead, and you are to take the old lady like a dear, dear poet. I believe I hear the carriage. *Allons! En voiture!*"

Once settled in the cool gloom of the coupe, odorous of leather and upholstery, Mrs. Cedarquist exclaimed.

"And I've never told you who you were to dine with; oh, a personage really. Fancy, you will be in the camp of your dearest foes. You are to dine with the Gerard people, one of the vice presidents of your *bete noir*, the P. and S. W. railroad."

Presley started, his fists clenching so abruptly as to all but split his white gloves. He was not conscious of what he said in reply, and Mrs. Cedarquist was so taken up with her own endless stream of talk that she did not observe his confusion.

"Their daughter, Honora, is going to Europe next week; her mother is to take her, and Mrs. Gerard is to have just a few people to dinner—very informal, you know—ourselves, you and, oh, I don't know, two or three others. Have you ever seen Honora? The prettiest little thing, and will she be rich? Millions, I would not dare say how many. *Tiens. Nous voici.*"

The coupe drew up to the curb, and Presley followed Mrs. Cedarquist up the steps to the massive doors of the great house. In a confused daze, he allowed one of the footmen to relieve him of his hat and coat; in a daze he rejoined Mrs. Cedarquist in a room with a glass roof, hung with pictures, the art gallery, no doubt, and in a daze heard their names announced at the entrance of another room, the doors of which were hung with thick, blue curtains.

He entered, collecting his wits for the introductions and presentations that he foresaw impended.

The room was very large, and of excessive loftiness. Flat, rectangular pillars of a rose-tinted, variegated marble, rose from the floor almost flush with the walls, finishing off at the top with gilded capitals of a Corinthian design, which supported the ceiling. The ceiling itself, instead of joining the walls at right angles, curved to meet them, a device that produced a sort of dome-like effect. This ceiling was a maze of golden involutions in very high relief, that adjusted themselves to form a massive framing for a great picture, nymphs and goddesses, white doves, golden chariots and the like, all wreathed about with clouds and garlands of roses. Between the pillars around the sides of the room were hangings of silk, the design—of a Louis Quinze type—of beautiful simplicity and faultless taste. The fireplace was a marvel. It reached from floor to ceiling; the lower parts, black marble, carved into crouching Atlases, with great muscles that upbore the superstructure. The design of this latter, of a kind of purple marble, shot through with white veinings, was in the same style as the design of the silk hangings. In its midst was a bronze escutcheon, bearing an undecipherable monogram and a Latin motto. Andirons of brass, nearly six feet high, flanked the hearthstone.

The windows of the room were heavily draped in sombre brocade and *ecru* lace, in which the initials of the family were very beautifully worked. But directly opposite the fireplace, an extra window, lighted from the adjoining conservatory, threw a wonderful, rich light into the apartment. It was a Gothic window of stained glass, very large, the centre figures being armed warriors, Parsifal and Lohengrin; the one with a banner, the other with a swan. The effect was exquisite, the window a veritable masterpiece, glowing, flaming, and burning with a hundred tints and colors—opalescent, purple, wine-red, clouded pinks, royal blues, saffrons, violets so dark as to be almost black.

Under foot, the carpet had all the softness of texture of grass; skins (one of them of an enormous polar bear) and rugs of silk velvet were spread upon the floor. A Renaissance cabinet of ebony, many feet taller than Presley's head, and inlaid with ivory and silver, occupied one corner of the room, while in its centre stood a vast table of Flemish oak, black, heavy as iron, massive. A faint odor of sandalwood pervaded the air. From the conservatory near-

by, came the splashing of a fountain. A row of electric bulbs let into the frieze of the walls between the golden capitals, and burning dimly behind hemispheres of clouded glass, threw a subdued light over the whole scene.

Mrs. Gerard came forward.

"This is Mr. Presley, of course, our new poet of whom we are all so proud. I was so afraid you would be unable to come. You have given me a real pleasure in allowing me to welcome you here."

The footman appeared at her elbow.

"Dinner is served, madame," he announced.

When Mrs. Hooven had left the boarding-house on Castro Street, she had taken up a position on a neighboring corner, to wait for Minna's reappearance. Little Hilda, at this time hardly more than six years of age, was with her, holding to her hand.

Mrs. Hooven was by no means an old woman, but hard work had aged her. She no longer had any claim to good looks. She no longer took much interest in her personal appearance. At the time of her eviction from the Castro Street boarding-house, she wore a faded black bonnet, garnished with faded artificial flowers of dirty pink. A plaid shawl was about her shoulders. But this day of misfortune had set Mrs. Hooven adrift in even worse condition than her daughter. Her purse, containing a miserable handful of dimes and nickels, was in her trunk, and her trunk was in the hands of the landlady. Minna had been allowed such reprieve as her thirty-five cents would purchase. The destitution of Mrs. Hooven and her little girl had begun from the very moment of her eviction.

While she waited for Minna, watching every street car and every approaching pedestrian, a policeman appeared, asked what she did, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, promptly moved her on.

Minna had had little assurance of facing the life struggle of the city. Mrs. Hooven had absolutely none. In her, grief, distress, the pinch of poverty, and, above all, the nameless fear of the turbulent, fierce life of the streets, had produced a numbness an embroiled, sodden, silent, speechless condition of dazed mind, and clogged, unintelligent speech. She was dumb, bewildered, stupid, animated but by a single impulse. She clung to life, and to the life of her little daughter Hilda, with the blind tenacity of purpose of a drowning cat.

Thus, when ordered to move on by the officer, she had silently obeyed, not even attempting to explain her situation. She walked away to the next street-crossing. Then, in a few moments returned, taking up her place on the corner near the boarding-house, spying upon the approaching cable cars, peeping anxiously down the length of the sidewalks.

Once more, the officer ordered her away, and once more, unprotesting she complied. But when for the third time the policeman found her on the forbidden spot, he had lost his temper. This time when Mrs. Hooven departed, he had followed her, and when, bewildered, persistent, she had attempted to turn back, he caught her by the shoulder.

"Do you want to get arrested, hey?" he demanded. "Do you want me to lock you up? Say, do you, speak up?"

The ominous words at length reached Mrs. Hooven's comprehension. Arrested! She was to be arrested. The countrywoman's fear of the jail nipped and bit eagerly at her unwilling heels. She hurried off, thinking to return to her post after the policeman should have gone away. But when, at length, turning back, she tried to find the boarding-house, she suddenly discovered that she was on an unfamiliar street. Unwittingly, no

doubt, she had turned a corner. She could not retrace her steps. She and Hilda were lost.

"Mammy, I'm tired," Hilda complained.

Her mother picked her up.

"Mammy, where're we gown, mammy?"

Where, indeed? Stupefied, Mrs. Hooven looked about her at the endless blocks of buildings, the endless procession of vehicles in the streets, the endless march of pedestrians on the sidewalks. Where was Minna; where was she and her baby to sleep that night? How was Hilda to be fed?

She could not stand still. There was no place to sit down; but one thing was left, walk.

Ah, that *via dolorosa* of the destitute, that *chemin de la croix* of the homeless. Ah, the mile after mile of granite pavement that *must* be, *must* be traversed. Walk they must. Move, they must; onward, forward, whither they cannot tell; why, they do not know. Walk, walk, walk with bleeding feet and smarting joints; walk with aching back and trembling knees; walk, though the senses grow giddy with fatigue, though the eyes droop with sleep, though every nerve, demanding rest, sets in motion its tiny alarm of pain. Death is at the end of that devious, winding maze of paths, crossed and recrossed and crossed again. There is but one goal to the *via dolorosa*; there is no escape from the central chamber of that labyrinth. Fate guides the feet of them that are set therein. Double on their steps though they may, weave in and out of the myriad corners of the city's streets, return, go forward, back, from side to side, here, there, anywhere, dodge twist, wind, the central chamber where Death sits is reached inexorably at the end.

Sometimes leading and sometimes carrying Hilda, Mrs. Hooven set off upon her objectless journey. Block after block she walked, street after street. She was afraid to stop, because of the policemen. As often as she so much as slackened her pace, she was sure to see one of these terrible figures in the distance, watching her, so it seemed to her, waiting for her to halt for the fraction of a second, in order that he might have an excuse to arrest her.

Hilda fretted incessantly.

"Mammy, where're we gown? Mammy, I'm tired." Then, at last, for the first time, that plaint that stabbed the mother's heart:

"Mammy, I'm hungry."

"Be qui-ut, den," said Mrs. Hooven. "Bretty soon we'll hev der supper."

Passers-by on the sidewalk, men and women in the great six o'clock homeward march, jostled them as they went along. With dumb, dull curiosity, she looked into one after another of the limitless stream of faces, and she fancied she saw in them every emotion but pity. The faces were gay, were anxious, were sorrowful, were mirthful, were lined with thought, or were merely flat and expressionless, but not one was turned toward her in compassion. The expressions of the faces might be various, but an underlying callousness was discoverable beneath every mask. The people seemed removed from her immeasurably; they were infinitely above her. What was she to them, she and her baby, the crippled outcasts of the human herd, the unfit, not able to survive, thrust out on the heath to perish?

To beg from these people did not yet occur to her. There was no pride, however, in the matter. She would have as readily asked alms of so many sphinxes.

She went on. Without willing it, her feet carried her in a wide circle. Soon she began to recognise the houses; she had been in that street before. Somehow, this was distasteful to her; so, striking off at right angles, she walked straight before her for over a dozen blocks. By now, it was growing darker.

The sun had set. The hands of a clock on the power-house of a cable line pointed to seven. No doubt, Minna had come long before this time, had found her mother gone, and had—just what had she done, just what could she do? Where was her daughter now? Walking the streets herself, no doubt. What was to become of Minna, pretty girl that she was, lost, houseless, and friendless in the maze of these streets? Mrs. Hooven roused from her lethargy, could not repress an exclamation of anguish. Here was misfortune indeed; here was calamity. She bestirred herself, and remembered the address of the boarding-house. She might inquire her way back thither. No doubt, by now the policeman would be gone home for the night. She looked about. She was in the district of modest residences, and a young man was coming toward her carrying a new garden hose looped around his shoulder.

"Say, Meest'r; say, please—"

The young man gave her a quick look and passed on, hitching the coil of hose over his shoulder. But a few paces distant, he slackened in his walk and fumbled in his vest pocket with his fingers. Then he came back to Mrs. Hooven and put a quarter into her hand.

Mrs. Hooven stared at the coin stupefied. The young man disappeared. He thought, then, that she was begging. It had come to that; she, independent all her life, whose husband had held five hundred acres of wheat land, had been taken for a beggar. A flush of shame shot to her face. She was about to throw the money after its giver. But at the moment, Hilda again exclaimed:

"Mammy, I'm hungry."

With a movement of infinite lassitude and resigned acceptance of the situation, Mrs. Hooven put the coin in her pocket. She had no right to be proud any longer. Hilda must have food.

That evening, she and her child had supper at a cheap restaurant in a poor quarter of the town, and passed the night on the benches of a little uptown park.

Unused to the ways of the town, ignorant as to the customs and possibilities of eating-houses, she spent the whole of her quarter upon supper for herself and Hilda, and had nothing left wherewith to buy a lodging.

The night was dreadful; Hilda sobbed herself to sleep on her mother's shoulder, waking thereafter from hour to hour, to protest, though wrapped in her mother's shawl, that she was cold, and to enquire why they did not go to bed. Drunken men snored and sprawled near at hand. Towards morning, a loafer, reeking of alcohol sat down beside her, and indulged in an incoherent soliloquy, punctuated with oaths and obscenities. It was not till far along towards daylight that she fell asleep.

She awoke to find it broad day. Hilda—mercifully—slept. Her mother's limbs were stiff and lame with cold and damp; her head throbbled. She moved to another bench which stood in the rays of the sun, and for a long two hours sat there in the thin warmth, till the moisture of the night that clung to her clothes was evaporated.

A policeman came into view. She woke Hilda, and, carrying her in her arms, took herself away.

"Mammy," began Hilda as soon as she was well awake; "Mammy, I'm hungry. I want mein breakfast."

"Sure, sure, soon now, leedle tochter."

She herself was hungry, but she had but little thought of that. How was Hilda to be fed? She remembered her experience of the previous day, when the young man with the hose had given her money. Was it so easy, then, to beg? Could charity be had

for the asking? So it seemed; but all that was left of her sturdy independence revolted at the thought. *She beg!* She held out the hand to strangers!

"Mammy, I'm hungry."

There was no other way. It must come to that in the end. Why temporise, why put off the inevitable? She sought out a frequented street where men and women were on their way to work. One after another, she let them go by, searching their faces, deterred at the very last moment by some trifling variation of expression, a firm set mouth, a serious, level eyebrow, an advancing chin. Then, twice, when she had made a choice, and brought her resolution to the point of speech, she quailed, shrinking, her ears tingling, her whole being protesting against the degradation. Every one must be looking at her. Her shame was no doubt the object of an hundred eyes.

"Mammy, I'm hungry," protested Hilda again.

She made up her mind. What, though, was she to say? In what words did beggars ask for assistance? She tried to remember how tramps who had appeared at her back door on Los Muertos had addressed her; how and with what formula certain mendicants of Bonneville had appealed to her. Then, having settled upon a phrase, she approached a whiskered gentleman with a large stomach, walking briskly in the direction of the town.

"Say, den, please hellup a boor womun."

The gentleman passed on.

"Perhaps he doand hear me," she murmured.

Two well-dressed women advanced, chattering gayly.

"Say, say, den, please hellup a boor womun."

One of the women paused, murmuring to her companion, and from her purse extracted a yellow ticket which she gave to Mrs. Hooven with voluble explanations. But Mrs. Hooven was confused, she did not understand. What could the ticket mean? The women went on their way.

The next person to whom she applied was a young girl of about eighteen, very prettily dressed.

"Say, say, den, please hellup a boor womun."

In evident embarrassment, the young girl paused and searched in her little pocketbook.

"I think I have—I think—I have just ten cents here somewhere," she murmured again and again.

In the end, she found a dime, and dropped it into Mrs. Hooven's palm.

That was the beginning. The first step once taken, the others became easy. All day long, Mrs. Hooven and Hilda followed the streets, begging, begging. Here it was a nickel, there a dime, here a nickel again. But she was not expert in the art, nor did she know where to buy food the cheapest; and the entire day's work resulted only in barely enough for two meals of bread, milk, and a wretchedly cooked stew. Tuesday night found the pair once more shelterless.

Once more, Mrs. Hooven and her baby passed the night on the park benches. But early on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Hooven found herself assailed by sharp pains and cramps in her stomach. What was the cause she could not say; but as the day went on, the pains increased, alternating with hot flushes over all her body, and a certain weakness and faintness. As the day went on, the pain and the weakness increased. When she tried to walk, she found she could do so only with the greatest difficulty. Here was fresh misfortune. To beg, she must walk. Dragging herself forward a half-block at a time, she regained the street once more. She succeeded in begging a couple of nickels,

bought a bag of apples from a vender, and, returned to the park, sank exhausted upon a bench.

Here she remained all day until evening, Hilda alternately whimpering for her bread and milk, or playing languidly in the gravel walk at her feet. In the evening, she started out again. This time, it was bitter hard. Nobody seemed inclined to give. Twice she was "moved on" by policemen. Two hours' begging elicited but a single dime. With this, she bought Hilda's bread and milk, and refusing herself to eat, returned to the bench—the only home she knew—and spent the night shivering with cold, burning with fever.

From Wednesday morning till Friday evening, with the exception of the few apples she had bought, and a quarter of a loaf of hard bread that she found in a greasy newspaper—scraps of a workman's dinner—Mrs. Hooven had nothing to eat. In her weakened condition, begging became hourly more difficult, and such little money as was given her, she resolutely spent on Hilda's bread and milk in the morning and evening.

By Friday afternoon, she was very weak, indeed. Her eyes troubled her. She could no longer see distinctly, and at times there appeared to her curious figures, huge crystal goblets of the most graceful shapes, floating and swaying in the air in front of her, almost within arm's reach. Vases of elegant forms, made of shimmering glass, bowed and courtesied toward her. Glass bulbs took graceful and varying shapes before her vision, now rounding into globes, now evolving into hour-glasses, now twisting into pretzel-shaped convolutions.

"Mammy, I'm hungry," insisted Hilda, passing her hands over her face. Mrs. Hooven started and woke. It was Friday evening. Already the street lamps were being lit.

"Come, den, leedle girl," she said, rising and taking Hilda's hand. "Come, den, we go vind subber, hey?"

She issued from the park and took a cross street, directly away from the locality where she had begged the previous days. She had had no success there of late. She would try some other quarter of the town. After a weary walk, she came out upon Van Ness Avenue, near its junction with Market Street. She turned into the avenue, and went on toward the bay, painfully traversing block after block, begging of all whom she met (for she no longer made any distinction among the passersby).

"Say, say, den, please hellup a boor womun."

"Mammy, mammy, I'm hungry."

It was Friday night, between 7 and 8 o'clock. The great deserted avenue was already dark. A sea fog was scudding overhead, and by degrees descending lower. The warmth was of the meagerest, and the street lamps, birds of fire in cages of glass fluttered and danced in the prolonged gusts of the trade wind that threshed and gusted in the city streets from off the ocean.

Presley entered the diningroom of the Gerard mansion with little Miss Gerard on his arm. The other guests had preceded them—Cedarquist with Mrs. Gerard; a pale-faced, languid young man (introduced to Presley as Julian Lambert) with Presley's cousin Beatrice, one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cedarquist; his brother Stephen, whose hair was straight as an Indian's, but of a pallid straw color, with Beatrice's sister; Gerard himself, taciturn, bearded, rotund, loud of breath, escorted Mrs. Cedarquist. Besides these, there were one or two other couples, whose names Presley did not remember.

The dining-room was superb in its appoint-

ments. On three sides of the room, to the height of some ten feet, ran a continuous picture, an oil painting, divided into long sections by narrow panels of black oak. The painting represented the personages in the *Romaunt de la Rose*, and was conceived in an atmosphere of the most delicate, most ephemeral allegory. One saw young chevaliers, blue-eyed, of elemental beauty and purity; women with crowns, gold girdles, and cloudy wimples; young girls, entrancing in their loveliness, wearing snow-white kerchiefs, their golden hair unbound and flowing, dressed in white samite, bearing armfuls of flowers; the whole procession defiling against a background of forest glades, venerable oaks, half-hidden fountains, and fields of asphodel and roses.

Otherwise the room was simple. Against the side of the wall unoccupied by the picture stood a sideboard of gigantic size, that once had adorned the banquet hall of an Italian palace of the late Renaissance. It was black with age, and against its sombre surfaces glittered an array of heavy silver dishes and heavier cut-glass bowls and goblets.

The company sat down to the first course of raw Blue Point oysters, served upon little pyramids of shaved ice, and the two butlers at once began filling the glasses of the guests with cool Haut Sauterne.

Mrs. Gerard, who was very proud of her dinners, and never able to resist the temptation of commenting upon them to her guests, leaned across to Presley and Mrs. Cedarquist, murmuring, "Mr. Presley, do you find that Sauterne too cold? I always believe it is so *bourgeois* to keep such a delicate wine as Sauterne on the ice, and to ice Bordeaux or Burgundy—oh, it is nothing short of a crime."

"This is from your own vineyard, is it not?" asked Julian Lambert. "I think I recognize the bouquet."

He strove to maintain an attitude of *fin gourmet*, unable to refrain from comment upon the courses as they succeeded one another.

Little Honora Gerard turned to Presley: "You know," she explained, "Papa has his own vineyards in southern France. He is so particular about his wines; turns up his nose at California wines. And I am to go there next summer. Ferrières is the name of the place where our vineyards are, the dearest village!"

She was a beautiful little girl of a dainty porcelain type, her coloring low in tone. She wore no jewels, but her little, undeveloped neck and shoulders, of an exquisite immaturity, rose from the tulle bodice of her first décolleté gown.

"Yes," she continued, "I'm to go to Europe for the first time. Won't it be gay? And I am to have my own *bonne*, and Mamma and I are to travel—so many places—Baden, Homburg, Spa, the Tyrol. Won't it be gay?"

Presley assented in meaningless words. He sipped his wine mechanically, looking about that marvelous room, with its subdued saffron lights, its glitter of glass and silver, its beautiful women in their elaborate toilets, its deft, correct servants; its array of tableware—cut glass, chased silver and Dresden crockery. It was wealth, in all its outward and visible forms, the signs of an opulence so great that it need never be husbanded. It was the home of a railway "magnate," a railroad king. For this, then, the farmers paid. It was for this that S. Behrman turned the screw, tightened the vise. It was for this that Dyke had been driven to out-lawry and a jail. It was for this that Lyman Derrick had been bought, the governor ruined and broken, Annixter shot down, Hooven killed.

The soup, *puree a la Derby*, was served, and at the same time, as *hors d'oeuvres*, or-

tolan patties, together with a tiny sandwich made of browned toast and thin slices of ham, sprinkled over with Parmesan cheese. The wine, so Mrs. Gerard caused it to be understood, was Xeres, of the 1815 vintage.

Mrs. Hooven crossed the avenue. It was growing late. Without knowing it, she had come to a part of the city that experienced beggars shunned. There was nobody about. Block after block of residences stretched away on either hand, lighted, full of people. But the sidewalks were deserted.

"Mammy," whimpered Hilda. "I'm tired, carry me."

Using all her strength, Mrs. Hooven picked her up and moved on aimlessly.

Then again that terrible cry, the cry of the hungry child appealing to the helpless mother:

"Mammy, I'm hungry."

"Ach, Gott, leedle girl," exclaimed Mrs. Hooven, holding her close to her shoulder, the tears starting from her eyes. "Ach, leedle tochter. Doand, doand, doand. You praik my hairt. I can't vind any subber. We got noddin' to eat, noddings, noddings."

"When do we have those bread'n milk again, Mammy?"

"Tomorrow—soon—py-and-py, Hilda. I doand know what pome oaf us now, what pome oaf my leedle babby."

She went on, holding Hilda against her shoulder with one arm as best she might, one hand steadying herself against the fence railings along the sidewalk. At last, a solitary pedestrian came into view, a young man in a top hat and overcoat, walking rapidly. Mrs. Hooven held out a quivering hand as he passed her.

"Say, say, den, Meest'r, please hellup a boor woman."

The other hurried on.

The fish course was *grenadins* of bass and small salmon, the latter stuffed, and cooked in white wine and mushroom liquor.

"I have read your poem, of course, Mr. Presley," observed Mrs. Gerard. "'The Toilers,' I mean. What a sermon you read us, you dreadful young man. I felt that I ought at once to 'sell all that I have and give to the poor.' Positively, it did stir me up. You may congratulate yourself upon making at least one convert. Just because of that poem Mrs. Cedarquist and I have started a movement to send a whole shipload of wheat to the starving people in India. Now, you horrid *reactionnaire*, are you satisfied?"

"I am very glad," murmured Presley.

"But I am afraid," observed Mrs. Cedarquist, "that we may be too late. They are dying so fast, those poor people. By the time our ship reaches India the famine may be all over."

"One need never be afraid of being 'too late' in the matter of helping the destitute," answered Presley. "Unfortunately, they are always a fixed quantity. 'The poor ye have always with you.'"

"How very clever that is," said Mrs. Gerard.

Mrs. Cedarquist tapped the table with her fan in mild applause.

"Brilliant, brilliant," she murmured, "epigrammatical."

"Honora," said Mrs. Gerard, turning to her daughter, at that moment in conversation with the languid Lambert, "Honora, *entends-tu, ma chérie, l'esprit de notre jeune Lamartine?*"

Mrs. Hooven went on, stumbling from street to street, holding Hilda to her breast. Famine gnawed incessantly at her stomach; walk though she might, turn upon her tracks up and down the streets, back to the avenue again, incessantly and relentlessly the torture dug into her vitals. She was hungry,

hungry, and if the want of food harassed and rendered her, full-grown woman that she was, what must it be in the poor, starved stomach of her little girl? Oh, for some helping hand now, oh, for one little mouthful, one little nibble! Food, food, all her wrecked body clamoured for nourishment; anything to numb those gnawing teeth—an abandoned loaf, hard, mouldered; a half-eaten fruit, yes, even the refuse of the gutter, even the garbage of the ash heap. On she went, peering into dark corners, into the areaways, anywhere, everywhere, watching the silent prowling of cats, the intent roving of stray dogs. But she was growing weaker; the pains and cramps in her stomach returned. Hilda's weight bore her to the pavement. More than once a great giddiness, a certain wheeling faintness all but overcame her. Hilda, however, was asleep. To wake her would only mean to revive her to the consciousness of hunger; yet how to carry her further? Mrs. Hooven began to fear that she would fall with her child in her arms. The terror of a collapse upon those cold pavements glistening with fog-damp roused her; she must make an effort to get through the night. She rallied all her strength, and pausing a moment to shift the weight of her baby to the other arm, once more set off through the night. A little while later she found on the edge of the sidewalk the peeling of a banana. It had been trodden upon and it was muddy, but joyfully she caught it up.

"Hilda," she cried, "wake oop, leedle girl. Shee, loog den, dere's somedings to eat. Look den, hey? Dat's goot, ain't it? Zum bunaner."

But it could not be eaten. Decayed, dirty, all but rotting, the stomach turned from the refuse, nauseated.

"No, no," cried Hilda, "that's not good. I can't eat it. Oh, Mammy, please gif me those bread'n milk."

By now the guests of Mrs. Gerard had come to the entrées—Londonderry pheasants, escallops of duck, and *rissolettes a la pompadour*. The wine was Château Latour.

All around the table conversations were going forward gayly. The good wines had broken up the slight restraint of the early part of the evening and a spirit of good humor and good fellowship prevailed. Young Lambert and Mr. Gerard were deep in reminiscences of certain mutual duck-shooting expeditions. Mrs. Gerard and Mrs. Cedarquist discussed a novel—a strange mingling of psychology, degeneracy, and analysis of erotic conditions—which had just been translated from the Italian. Stephen Lambert and Beatrice disputed over the merits of a Scotch collie just given to the young lady. The scene was gay, the electric bulbs sparkled, the wine flashing back the light. The entire table was a vague glow of white napery, delicate china, and glass as brilliant as crystal. Behind the guests the serving men came and went, filling the glasses continually, changing the covers, serving the entrées, managing the dinner without interruption, confusion, or the slightest unnecessary noise.

But Presley could find no enjoyment in the occasion. From that picture of feasting, that scene of luxury, that atmosphere of decorous, well-bred refinement, his thoughts went back to Los Muertos and Quien Sabe and the irrigating ditch at Hooven's. He saw them fall, one by one, Harran, Annixter, Osterman, Broderson, Hooven. The clink of the wine glasses was drowned in the explosion of revolvers. The railroad might indeed be a force only, which no man could control and for which no man was responsible, but his friends had been killed, but years of extortion and oppression had wrung money from all the San Joaquin, money that

had made possible this very scene in which he found himself. Because Magnus had been beggared, Gerard had become railroad king; because the farmers of the valley were poor, these men were rich.

The fancy grew big in his mind, distorted, caricatured, terrible. Because the farmers had been killed at the irrigation ditch, these others, Gerard and his family, fed full. They fattened on the blood of the people, on the blood of the men who had been killed at the ditch. It was a half-ludicrous, half-horrible "dog eat dog," an unspeakable cannibalism. Harran, Annixter, and Hooven were being devoured there under his eyes. These dainty women, his cousin Beatrice and little Miss Gerard, frail, delicate; all these fine ladies with their small fingers and slender necks, suddenly were transfigured in his tortured mind into harpies tearing human flesh. His head swam with the horror of it, the terror of it. Yes, the people would turn some day, and turning, rend those who now preyed upon them. It would be "dog eat dog" again, with positions reversed, and he saw for one instant of time that splendid house sacked to its foundations, the tables overturned, the pictures torn, the hangings blazing, and Liberty, the red-handed Man in the Street, grimed with powder smoke, foul with the gutter, rush yelling, torch in hand, through every door.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Hooven fell.

Luckily she was leading Hilda by the hand at the time and the little girl was not hurt. In vain had Mrs. Hooven, hour after hour, walked the streets. After a while she no longer made any attempt to beg; nobody was stirring, nor did she even try to hunt for food with the stray dogs and cats. She had made up her mind to return to the park in order to sit upon the benches there, but she had mistaken the direction, and following up Sacramento Street, had come out at length, not upon the park, but upon a great vacant lot at the very top of the Clay Street hill. The ground was unfenced and rose above her to form the cap of the hill, all overgrown with bushes and a few stunted live oaks. It was in trying to cross this piece of ground that she fell. She got upon her feet again.

"Ach, Mammy, did you hurt yourself?" asked Hilda.

"No, no."

"Is that house where we get those bread'n milk?"

Hilda pointed to a single rambling building just visible in the night, that stood isolated upon the summit of the hill in a grove of trees.

"No, no, dere aindt no braid end miluk, leedle tochter." Hilda once more began to sob.

"Ach, Mammy, please, please, I want it. I'm hungry."

The jangled nerves snapped at last under the tension, and Mrs. Hooven, suddenly shaking Hilda roughly, cried out:

"Stop stop. Doand say ut egen, you. My Gott, you kill me yet."

But quick upon this came the reaction. The mother caught her little girl to her, sinking down upon her knees, putting her arms around her, holding her close.

"No, no, gry all so mudge es you want. Say dot you are hongry. Say ut egen, say ut all de dime, ofer end ofer egen. Say ut, poor, starfing, leedle babby. Oh, mein poor, leedle tochter. My Gott, oh, I go crazy bretty soon, I guess. I can't hellup you. I can't ged you noddings to eat, noddings, noddings. Hilda, we gowun to die togedder. Put der arms roundt me, soh, tighd, leedle babby. We gowun to die, we gowun to vind Popper. We aindt gowun to be hongry eny more."

"Var we go now?" demanded Hilda.

"No places. Mommer's soh tiredt. We stop heir, leedle while, end rest."

Underneath a large bush that afforded a little shelter from the wind, Mrs. Hooven lay down, taking Hilda in her arms and wrapping her shawl about her. The infinite, vast night expanded gigantic all around them. At this elevation they were far above the city. It was still. Close overhead whirled the chariots of the fog, galloping landward, smothering lights, blurring outlines. Soon all sight of the town was shut out; even the solitary house on the hilltop vanished. There was nothing left but grey, wheeling fog, and the mother and child, alone, shivering in a little strip of damp ground, an island drifting aimlessly in empty space.

Hilda's fingers touched a leaf from the bush and instinctively closed it and carried it to her mouth.

"Mammy," she said, "I'm eating those leaf. Is those good?"

Her mother did not reply.

"You going to sleep, Mammy?" inquired Hilda, touching her face.

Mrs. Hooven roused herself a little.

"Hey? Vat you say? Asleep? Yais, I guess I was asleep."

Her voice trailed unintelligibly to silence again. She was not, however, asleep. Her eyes were open. A grateful numbness had begun to creep over her, a pleasing semi-insensibility. She no longer felt the pain and cramps of her stomach, even the hunger was ceasing to bite.

"These stuffed artichokes are delicious, Mrs. Gerard," murmured young Lambert, wiping his lips with a corner of his napkin. "Pardon me for mentioning it, but your dinner must be my excuse."

"And this asparagus—since Mr. Lambert has set the bad example," observed Mrs. Cedarquist, "so delicate, such an exquisite flavor. How do you manage?"

"We get all our asparagus from the southern part of the state, from one particular ranch," explained Mrs. Gerard. "We order it by wire and get it only 24 hours after cutting. My husband sees to it that it is put on a special train. It stops at this ranch just to take on our asparagus. Extravagant, isn't it, but I simply cannot eat asparagus that has been cut more than a day."

"Nor I," exclaimed Julian Lambert, who posed as an epicure. "I can tell to an hour just how long asparagus has been picked."

"Fancy eating ordinary market asparagus," said Mrs. Gerard, "that has been fingered by Heaven knows how many hands."

"Mammy, mammy, wake up," cried Hilda, trying to push open Mrs. Hooven's eyelids, at last closed. "Mammy, don't. You're just trying to frighten me."

Feebly Hilda shook her by the shoulder. At last Mrs. Hooven's lips stirred. Putting her head down, Hilda distinguished the whispered words:

"I'm sick. Go to schleep. . . . Sick. . . . Noddings to eat."

The dessert was a wonderful preparation of alternate layers of biscuit glaces, ice cream, and candied chestnuts.

"Delicious, is it not?" observed Julian Lambert, partly to himself, partly to Miss Cedarquist. "This *Moscovite fouette*—upon my word, I have never tasted its equal."

"And you should know, shouldn't you?" returned the young lady.

"Mammy, mammy, wake up," cried Hilda. "Don't sleep so. I'm frightened."

Repeatedly she shook her; repeatedly she tried to raise the inert eyelids with the point of her finger. But her mother no longer stirred. The gaunt, lean body, with its bony face and sunken eye-sockets, lay back, prone

upon the ground, the feet upturned and showing the ragged, worn soles of the shoes, the forehead and grey hair beaded with fog, the poor, faded bonnet awry, the poor, faded dress soiled and torn.

Hilda drew close to her mother, kissing her face, twining her arms around her neck. For a long time, she lay that way, alternately sobbing and sleeping. Then, after a long time, there was a stir. She woke from a doze to find a police officer and two or three other men bending over her. Some one carried a lantern. Terrified, smitten dumb, she was unable to answer the questions put to her. Then a woman, evidently a mistress of the house on the top of the hill, arrived and took Hilda in her arms and cried over her.

"I'll take the little girl," she said to the police officer. "But the mother, can you save her? Is she too far gone?"

"I've sent for a doctor," replied the other.

Just before the ladies left the table, young Lambert raised his glass of Madeira. Turning towards the wife of the railroad king, he said:

"My best compliments for a delightful dinner."

The doctor, who had been bending over Mrs. Hooven, rose.

"It's no use," he said; "she has been dead some time—exhaustion and starvation."

IX

On Division Number Three of the Los Muertos ranch the wheat had already been cut, and S. Behrman on a certain morning in the first week of August drove across the open expanse of stubble toward the southwest, his eyes searching the horizon for the feather of smoke that would mark the location of the steam harvester. However, he saw nothing. The stubble extended onward apparently to the very margin of the world.

At length, S. Behrman halted his buggy and brought out his field glasses from beneath the seat. He stood up in his place and, adjusting the lenses, swept the prospect to the south and west. It was the same as though the sea of land were, in reality, the ocean, and he, lost in an open boat, were scanning the waste through his glasses, looking for the smoke of a steamer, hull down, below the horizon. "Wonder," he muttered, "if they're working on Four this morning?"

At length, he murmured an "Ah" of satisfaction. Far to the south in the white sheen of sky, immediately over the horizon, he made out a faint smudge—the harvester beyond doubt.

Thither S. Behrman turned his horse's head. It was all of an hour's drive over the uneven ground and through the crackling stubble, but at length he reached the harvester. He found, however, that it had been halted. The sack sewers, together with the header-man, were stretched on the ground in the shade of the machine, while the engineer and separator-man were pottering about a portion of the works.

"What's the matter, Billy?" demanded S. Behrman reining up.

The engineer turned about.

"The grain is heavy in here. We thought we'd better increase the speed of the cup-carrier, and pulled up to put in a smaller sprocket."

S. Behrman nodded to say that was all right, and added a question.

"How is she going?"

"Anywheres from twenty-five to thirty sacks to the acre right along here; nothing the matter with that I guess."

(To be continued)

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MINERS' SUFFERING LIKENED TO DIRE CATASTROPHE

(Continued from page 235)

cause that is the chief source of revenue for some of them. Thus they are glad to have independent coal companies furnish an increasing volume of production.

Labor costs form the major percentage of the production costs of soft coal. The railroads penetrating the southern fields are interested in a labor policy which holds down the wages of the miners. This enables the railroads to get more cheaply the coal which they consume. Low wages establish production costs which help the mines they own to get business. A low labor cost also aids the independent companies in their competition with northern fields and increases the volume of traffic of the railroads.

The coal companies of the southern fields, furthermore, have established a regime of labor relations which protects them against the union and keeps wages low. The richness of their resources, the ease with which they are penetrated, the quality of their coal, relatively low freight rates, the use of machinery, and large scale operations are all factors which help to lower costs. But as an additional advantage they maintain a regime of individual bargaining which enables them to undercut the wages and prices of the union fields—Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania.

Hard Bargains Driven

Generally the non-union fields do not allow the miners to have checkweighmen. This makes it possible within limits to defraud the miners on the weights of their coal. The limits are set by the rise of sufficient discontent to cause workers to quit. But these limits are very elastic, because workers vary greatly in the amount of exploitation they will stand before they quit.

The absence of a definite scale for "dead-work" (taking down rock and slate) enables the operators to drive hard bargains with the miners. They can take what the foremen offer them or quit. For a good deal of the work, they may be lucky if they get anything at all, depending upon the policy of the particular company in dealing with its men. The operators have company stores which can easily be made a further source of exploitation, if the miners have no alternative trading places.

The operators refuse to deal with the union and they maintain armed guards to keep union organizers from persuading their employees to join the union. Each employee is compelled to sign an agreement (yellow dog contract) that he will not join the union while in the employment of the company. This gives the company a basis of legal action against the union if its organizers persuade employees to join the union.

Judges Run Wild

The courts, at the request of the companies, have granted injunctions against the union prohibiting it from persuading non-union miners to break their agreements. The union is regarded by the courts as engaged in a conspiracy to restrain interstate commerce, although the courts grant that the union has the right to seek to improve wages, hours and working conditions by collective bargaining. The injunctions not only limit the union in the exercise of its right to free speech, free press, and lawful assemblage, but some of the injunctions have gone so far as to prohibit the union from supplying striking miners with money or merchandise and from singing songs on church lots while non-union miners are going to and from their work. Disobedience makes the union members in contempt of court and

subject to punishment without trial by jury.

In short all of these factors which go to make up the regime of individual bargaining are for the purpose of enabling the non-union operators to hold down their labor costs and to compete more effectively with the union fields in the north. The purpose of the union has been to extend basic standards of wages, hours and working conditions throughout the industry and compel the operators to compete above a level which would permit the workers to have a fair standard of living.

But the union has been unsuccessful in this and the operators in the union fields say they cannot stand the strain of the competition of the non-union fields. They insist that the union must agree to a wage scale "continuously competitive" with the wages in Kentucky and West Virginia. This would allow the non-union fields to fix basic wages. The union claims that it is useless to agree to reductions in wages because the non-union fields always undercut the union scale. Furthermore the union says it should not be asked to lower the standard of living of its members to facilitate ruthless competition. It advises the operators to sell their coal at a profit or not at all.

In reply the operators say that they want their share of the existing market and that if they do not meet the demand for coal the non-union operators will, because their production is rapidly expanding. As it is, the non-union operators have been taking their markets from them and the union will have to work for lower wages or have no work at all.

On the other hand the union advocates a plan of cooperation which it claims will enable the union operators to resist the "conspiracy" of the railroads and non-union fields to depress the price of coal and break up the system of collective bargaining. The union suggests that the operators should agree to a continuing joint committee to devise ways to bring financial stability and profit to the industry, to promote a sales policy which would eliminate sales below cost of production, to bring about a favorable adjustment in freight rates, to lessen the human hazards of the industry, to sponsor legislation to facilitate these ends, and to bring about an efficiency in management which would reduce unit costs per ton but enable the workers to have good wages.

Since the expiration of the "Jacksonville Agreement," which was in force from April 1, 1924, to March 31, 1927, no general agreement has been reached on a basic wage scale. However, Wyoming and other far western states, Michigan, Iowa, and some of the southwestern states have continued to work under the old scale. Illinois and Indiana agreed October 1, 1927, to pay the scale until April 1, 1928. A joint commission was established to study the claims and needs of both sides and to recommend an adjustment for the consideration of a joint conference on February 7, 1928. This conference has failed to agree as yet upon any constructive measures. If no agreement is reached a cessation of work may be expected.

How Employers Keep Agreements

Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania (the other members of the Central Competitive Field) as well as Central Pennsylvania, since April 1, 1927, have been busily engaged in establishing a non-union regime. Some companies in Western Pennsylvania repudiated the Jacksonville Agreement as early as April, 1925. This brought a protest from the union. It pointed to the fact that "trade unionists from time immemorial have been lectured by statesmen, employers, economists, and moralists upon the virtue

of carrying out the obligations of industrial agreements. The United Mine Workers in the 37 years of its existence has never repudiated an agreement (in the Central Competitive Field) once entered into, and yet our organization sought in vain for a friendly public opinion to inflict moral chastisement upon great corporations who thus violated the basic and cardinal relations."

The repudiation of the agreement by large companies made it all the more difficult for the other signers to live up to it and drove the smaller companies particularly to similar action to meet competition. Moreover, the union was greatly incensed by repudiation because the Jacksonville Agreement had received the encouragement and sanction of certain members of President Coolidge's cabinet and had been praised by them for its stabilizing effects on the industry.

Even those who oppose the union and its policies cannot escape the fact that thousands of non-combatant women and children are suffering and in real need of relief which should command widespread public attention.

Some of the striking miners have been out of work for over two years. Many of them have had no work since April, 1927. The doles of the union amount to only \$1 or \$2 per adult per week and 40 to 50 cents per week for each child. The union distributes its relief in the form of supplies and varies the relief in accordance with greatest need.

The Pittsburgh charitable organizations and churches have united their efforts to raise funds and distribute supplies to meet real destitution. The churches have a fund called the Clergymen's Fund for Miners' Relief and it is administered by trained social workers who carry on a careful investigation of relative needs and distribute food and clothing. A budget has been established which is regarded as necessary to provide a bare subsistence. It varies from \$1.49 per week for children under 2 years to \$2.95 per week for adults. The Pittsburgh business men have a relief committee which has established six relief centers under the supervision of social workers. This is decidedly an innovation for Pittsburgh.

But the extent of the need for relief in Central and Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Northern West Virginia marks it out as a national problem. The localities can hardly be expected to meet the needs of the sufferers because many of them are themselves hard hit by the depression in the soft coal industry. In many cases alternative employment for the strikers is not available. Many of them do not have money enough to move to other localities to find work if it were available. With the general increase in unemployment, it is not likely that they could find work in many sections of the country if they did move. If the strikers were willing to work at the present wage scale, it is not likely that many could obtain work. They have been largely displaced and the companies claim they have enough employees to produce all the coal they can sell. Thus the situation is such as to command from a humanitarian standpoint the attention not only of local relief agencies but of others whose activities are national in scope. Regardless of what comes as a result of the congressional investigation, the necessity of providing adequate relief is a pressing problem.

"Everyone in this country is a foreigner or the descendent of foreigners. The only true and original Americans in our country are the Indians, whom we have made prisoners in the land of their fathers."—*Representative William I. Sirovich of New York.*

IN MEMORIAM

Charles S. Griggs, L. U. No. 52

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst our worthy Brother, Charles S. Griggs, to his final resting place; and

Whereas we, as members of L. U. No. 52, I. B. E. W., deeply mourn his loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we humbly bow our heads in submission to His will, we mourn no less the taking away of our associate, and our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his bereaved wife and family, and we commend them to the care of Him who doeth all things well; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of L. U. No. 52, I. B. E. W., a copy be sent to the family of our late Brother and a copy be sent to the International Office to be published in the official Journal, and that our charter be draped in mourning for 30 days in memory of our late Brother, Charles S. Griggs.

ALBERT E. BELL,
Recording Secretary.

James Parker, L. U. No. 1037

Whereas the Almighty Ruler in His wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved Brother, James Parker, let us, therefore, bow our heads in sorrow, and

Resolved, That a letter of condolence be sent to the partner who has so long shared his joys and his sorrows, that our charter be draped for 30 days, a copy of this resolution be sent to our official Journal that all may know of the passing of one of God's noblemen, and a copy be spread on our minutes.

ED. BONNETT,
JOHN DAVENPORT,
Committee.

R. G. IRVINE,
Press Secretary.

Edward Curtis, L. U. No. 20

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Brother, Edward Curtis; and

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 20, I. B. E. W., deeply regret the sad death that took our Brother, Edward Curtis, a dutiful and loyal member of Local Union No. 20, I. B. E. W.; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, in brotherly love, pay tribute to his memory by expressing our sorrow at his loss, and extend to his family our deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in memory of our esteemed Brother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of Local Union No. 20, a copy be sent to the family of our late Brother, a copy be sent to the International Office to be published in the official Journal.

J. J. SINNOTT,
Recording Secretary.

John "Michael" Seibold, L. U. No. 212

"Death is the Liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the Physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the Comforter of him whom time cannot console."—Colton.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earthly abode and from our midst our well-beloved Brother, John "Michael" Seibold, and

Whereas Brother Seibold passed away April 9, 1928, at the age of 46 years; and

Whereas he was initiated into L. U. No. 212, I. B. E. W., November 16, 1911; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of L. U. No. 212 express our most sincere sympathy to his widow, relatives and friends; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days in due respect to his memory and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved wife, a copy be forwarded to our International Office to be published in our official Journal and a copy be filed by our local secretary.

H. FITZPATRICK, President.
A. LIEBENROOD,
W. MITTENDORF,
E. SIMONTON,
Committee.

Charles A. Bush, L. U. No. 212

"Death—

"To die—to sleep—

"No more; and by a sleep, to say we end

"The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

"That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation

"Devoutly to be wish'd."—Shakespeare.

Whereas we, the members of Local Union No. 212, I. B. E. W., have been called upon to pay our last tribute of respect to our beloved Brother, Charles A. Bush, who on March 23, 1928, at the age of 48 years, answered the summons of the Almighty God, and

Whereas Brother Bush was initiated into Local Union No. 212, April 11, 1917; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 212 do hereby express our unfeigned sorrow and regrets over this separation, and we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing widow, a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal and a copy be filed by our local secretary.

H. FITZPATRICK, President.
A. LIEBENROOD,
W. MITTENDORF,
E. SIMONTON,
Committee.

Timothy Murphy, L. U. No. 65

It is with deepest sorrow that we, members of Local Union No. 65, I. B. E. W., pay our last tribute of respect to Brother Timothy Murphy, whom our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom, has called from his friends and loved ones; and therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to his relatives and friends; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved relatives and a copy embodied in the minutes of Local Union No. 65 and another copy forwarded to the Editor of the International Journal for publication, and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days.

JOHNNY HARRINGTON,
JOHN MCCARTHY,
IRVIN NAN KERVIS,
Resolution Committee.

William M. Wiley, L. U. No. 514

Whereas our Divine Maker in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst on March 28, 1928, our beloved Brother William M. Wiley; and

Whereas Local Union No. 514, I. B. E. W., has suffered the loss of a true and loyal Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family in their hour of sorrow; and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days, a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy sent to the bereaved family, and a copy sent to our Journal for publication.

D. H. O'CONNOR,
J. J. O'MALLEY,
I. J. WINTERHALT,
Committee.

Raleigh Farthing, L. U. No. 702

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God to call from our midst our worthy and loyal Brother, Raleigh Farthing; and

Whereas Local Union No. 702 has lost a true and earnest worker; therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 702 hereby expresses its great appreciation of the worth of our Brother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication and a copy spread on our minutes; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in tribute to his memory.

H. JOHNSON,
A. BOATMAN,
E. E. SCOTT,
Committee.

D. L. Cade, L. U. No. 465

Be it Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 465, of San Diego, Calif., deeply regret the sudden death of a true and loyal worker, Brother D. L. Cade. His many friends and fellow workers sincerely mourn the sudden and untimely calling of this Brother from their ranks.

It is with heartfelt sympathy that we extend our condolences to his widow and family, and we sincerely trust that they will be strengthened in their hour of sorrow, through the knowledge of this sympathy.

That in respect to his memory, our charter be draped for a period of 30 days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow, a copy to the Journal for publication and a copy be spread on our minutes.

C. A. DE TIENNE,
W. C. ELLIOTT,
A. KESSLER,
A. HYDER,
Committee.

Charles Rodgers, L. U. No. 702

Whereas we, the members of Local Union No. 702, of West Frankfort, Ill., deeply regret the sad accident that occurred and took from our midst Brother Charles Rodgers, a dutiful and faithful member of this local union; and

Whereas though we question not the divine calling we sincerely mourn the loss of a true and faithful Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of this local union extend their most sincere sympathy to the family in this, their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days and a copy of this resolution be sent to the family and a copy to our official Journal for publication.

R. L. BRIDGFORD,
R. B. SMITH,
JAMES EUTSLER,
Committee.

Dan Colwell, L. U. No. 9

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call from our midst our esteemed Brother, Dan Colwell; and

Whereas in the death of Brother Colwell, Local No. 9, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, has lost one of its loyal and devoted members; be it therefore

Resolved, That Local No. 9 hereby expresses its appreciation of the great worth to our Brotherhood of the devotion of Brother Colwell to its principles and registers its keen loss in his passing; and be it further

Resolved, That Local No. 9 expresses its condolence to his family in their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother Colwell and a copy be sent to the official Journal of our Brotherhood for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local No. 9 be draped for a period of 30 days in memory of our late Brother.

RALPH BREHMAN,
DAN MANNING,
HARRY SLATER,
Committee.

W. G. White, L. U. No. 309

Whereas Local Union No. 309 has suffered the loss of one of its valued members, Brother W. G. White, who passed away Saturday, March 24, 1928. It is with deep regret we mourn the loss of this true and loyal Brother, and we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolences to the family of our Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That the charter of this local union be draped for a period of 30 days in memory of this Brother and a copy of this resolution be sent to the family, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication and the same be spread upon the minutes of Local Union No. 309.

COMMITTEE.

Fred Jolly, L. U. No. 9

Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst our worthy Brother, Fred Jolly; and

Whereas in the death of Brother Jolly, Local Union No. 9, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has lost one of its true and devoted members; be it therefore

Resolved, That Local Union No. 9 recognizes its great loss in the passing of Brother Jolly and hereby expresses its appreciation of his service to the cause of our Brotherhood; and be it further

Resolved, That Local Union No. 9 tenders its sympathy to the family of our good Brother in their great time of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother Jolly and a copy be sent to the official Journal of our Brotherhood for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local Union No. 9 be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in memory of our late Brother.

MIKE WHITE,
A. H. GRANT,
HARRY SLATER,
Committee.

John L. Collins, L. U. No. 9

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our good Brother, John L. Collins; and

Whereas in the death of Brother Collins, Local Union No. 9, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, has lost one of its oldest and best members, therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 9 acknowledges its great loss in the death of Brother Collins and expresses its appreciation for his devotion to the principles of true unionism; and be it further

Resolved, That Local No. 9 expresses its sympathy to the family of our good and kind Brother in the hour of their great bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Brother Collins and a copy be sent to the official Journal of our Brotherhood for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local Union No. 9 be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in memory of our late Brother.

WILLIAM PARKER,
DAN MANNING,
HARRY SLATER,
Committee.

Eugene Tobey, L. U. No. 208

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved Brother, Eugene Tobey, of L. U. No. 208, I. B. E. W., who died April 4, 1928, at the Norwalk Hospital; therefore be it

Resolved, That we join in heartfelt sympathy with his loved ones. His congenial manner and kindly acts will long be remembered by those of us who were so fortunate to know him well; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and a copy be sent to the official Journal, also a copy be spread on the minutes and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days.

ROBERT J. FINCH,
E. G. WESTBY,
P. E. RADMAN,
Committee.

John Westphal, L. U. No. 28

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst Brother John Westphal; and

Whereas we, the members of Local Union No. 28, have lost a loyal member, a true Brother and faithful friend; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 28 extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt condolences; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family, a copy be spread upon our minutes and a copy be forwarded to our official Journal for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in his memory.

ALBERT J. GETTMAN,
W. C. JONES,
Committee.

George W. Van, L. U. No. 581

It is with sincere regret that we, the members of L. U. No. 581, I. B. E. W., pay our last tribute of respect to Brother George W. Van, whom our Heavenly Father has taken from our midst; and therefore be it

Resolved, That we, members of L. U. No. 581, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his brother and friends; and therefore be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved brother of the Brother, and a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

THOMAS R. PIERSON.

NOTICES

Brothers, keep away from Montreal, Can. The working conditions are very bad. We are having a very bad time to organize ourselves and wish the traveling members to keep away from this city.

Fraternally yours,

PAUL THOUIN,

Vice President.

Local Union 568, I. B. E. W.

Montreal, Can.

This is to advise the members of the Brotherhood that several members have made application to the Washington office of the Panama Canal for employment, and have received the reply that there are no vacancies for electrical workers at the Panama Canal, and that it is impracticable to anticipate when there will be vacancies.

To all local unions:

Any local in the Brotherhood finding a man coming into their territory from Toronto, Can., without a card is advised to notify our financial secretary before taking him in.

J. BROWN,
Press Secretary.

WOMAN'S WORK

(Continued from page 243)

had go and live in when they chased us out of our house," she explained. "My father's an awful good man and he works hard and brings all his money home to mamma, but he's a union man and nobody could work, of course, when the union goes out on strike. My father has been looking all around, every day he goes out and looks for some other job, but all he knows how to be is a miner and I guess there aren't any jobs anyway and of course he couldn't go back to the mine." She was very clear about that.

"Why not?" Mike demanded.

"That wouldn't be fair," Katchen replied. "When everybody else can stand it, to make the strike a success, he couldn't be a quitter, could he?"

"Doesn't the union do anything for you?" the children's mother asked.

"Oh, yes, they do the best they can, but nobody knows how long the strike will last, so they can't give us all the money at once. We'd never complain about the union," said Katchen, proudly.

"But Katchen, you were hungry!" Buddy accused her.

"Well, maybe just a little," she confessed. She looked up appealingly. "You see, the Smerkovichs had such a lot to eat, I thought probably they had more than they wanted—"

"That's just the way it is with us," said the mother, heartily, "I positively have to beg these children to eat, sometimes. It's fine to have a good appetite, Katchen, and don't you be ashamed of it. I suppose your brothers and sisters have good appetites, too?"

"Yes'm," Katchen admitted, wishing that every one of them might have been sitting around that bright oilcloth covered table.

"How's Katchen going to get back home?" demanded the practical Stella.

"Oh, that is a problem!" sighed the mother.

"Say," volunteered Mike, "Mr. Hobbs goes over there right often. I'll call up and find out if he's going today," and he went out into the hall to telephone. Stella was whispering unobtrusively to her mother. Then she turned to Katchen. "Come on up to my room, I've got something for you!" First it was shoes, grown too short for

Stella and scuffy about the toes but with good thick soles underneath, but as Katchen's stockings were revealed Stella rushed for a fresh pair and at last Katchen, clothed anew from underwear to a warm winter coat, admired herself in the small mirror. With a heart full to overflowing she threw her arms around the older girl.

"Oh, Stella, I love you!" she choked.

"You don't know what a comfort a girl is," Stella replied. "I always wanted a little sister. Come down and show mother."

Mother, it seemed, thought it quite all right for Stella to give away her things. "You've solved another of my household problems, honey. Stella outgrows her clothes so fast we really ought to have another little girl to wear them out. Now, Mr. Hobbs is going to take you back home and you'll have to start pretty soon. I've packed a little lunch for you," and she thrust a basket into Katchen's astonished hands. It was heavy.

"You know, Katchen," the mother confided, quite as one grown up to another. "We all knew the miners were having a bad time of it over there, but we just didn't realize it. They never seemed like people, till you came. My husband's a union man; he contributed to the miners' strike fund, but we didn't strain ourselves, we still have more than enough to eat and more clothes than we need to wear. There are lots of families like us, here and in other towns. We've been lucky, our unions haven't been attacked the way the miners have been, we don't know what real need is or what miracles of loyalty keep the miners and their families sticking to the union. I think it would be fine if every family like ours could have a miner's child come over for lunch."

Katchen's eyes sparkled. "Wouldn't it?" she agreed.

"Well, the children can't go all around like that, but we could send it to them—the money, that is. There's very few of us who couldn't spare a meal or two for a child that needed it. If we could only understand, Katchen, we'd stick with you, just as you stick with the union. The miners union is in the front line trenches fighting the battle that all of us will have to fight if they lose, and we ought to throw all our strength to them, so they won't lose."

Buddy sidled over to his mother.

"Mamma, I want to give Katchen my pig," he whispered.

It was a beautiful pig, of cream colored china, with brown spots and it rattled slightly as he handed it to Katchen. "Just turn it upside down," he suggested. And out through a slit in the pig's back hopped a bright copper penny. Buddy retrieved it and put it back in the pig.

"Oh!" Katchen gasped. "Would it keep on like that forever?"

"Well, no, but there's nearly a dollar in it."

"I guess I won't go to the movies this week," said Mike gruffly, and he slipped a quarter into the pig. And mother was pushing in dimes, nickels and quarters, till the pig's china sides seemed to bulge with fatness.

"Now you must run on or you'll be late to school," she admonished, "And I see Mr. Hobbs' car waiting for Katchen."

They all rushed out like a whirlwind, but in a moment the kitchen door opened and an anxious little face looked back in.

"I had a lovely lunch," said Katchen. "Thank you for the invitation. I wish they could all get one, all the miners' kids."

"I wish they could, too," said the mother.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

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When you could see a good movie show for a nickel?

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REMEDIES FOR MACHINE PRODUCTION NOW DISCUSSED

(Continued from page 234)

Increased production is worse than useless. It results in increased consumption. At least equally as important as greater efficiency is the raising of the standard of living and the strengthening of the purchasing power of consumers.

There are many measures which will help in attaining these objectives, which alone can make the machine a blessing to all mankind. Among these are the reduction in hours of labor, the payment of an efficiency wage, the maintenance and strengthening of immigration restrictions, the elimination of child labor and the creation of new tastes and standards through more widespread, popular education.

These measures will be won only by a strong trade unionism, acting upon both the employers and the government. In standing for these measures, organized labor is fighting the battle of society, to make the machine the servant of man, rather than the master.

Again, expressing my view that your discussion of this problem is most timely, and, I believe, sound.

Very truly yours,

LEGISLATIVE REFERENCE LIBRARY,
By (Sgd.) EDWIN E. WITTE,
Chief.

From Stuart Chase
STUART CHASE
Certified Public Accountant
2 West 43rd St.,
New York.

March 26, 1928.

I have read the March copy of the *ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL* with the greatest interest and attention. I congratulate the *JOURNAL* on its frank and timely approach to what seems to be the greatest economic problem of our age.

I am contemplating a special study myself and with your permission, I should like to keep in touch with you, so that we may exchange data from time to time.

Sincerely yours,

SC:RF (Sgd.) STUART CHASE.

From John H. Gray
1323 Jackson Street, N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

March 23, 1928.

I thank you for the marked copy of the *JOURNAL OF THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS* for March, 1928. I have read all of it with great interest. I am glad you are raising the question of the machine and unemployment. To remedy the evil many things must be done in many directions, but one important thing is to establish an agency to determine and report at frequent intervals. When this is undertaken it will probably be found that permanent employment offices under national auspices and covering the whole country are an essential for determining the amount of unemployment and for mitigating if not curing the great evil.

Good luck,

(Sgd.) JOHN H. GRAY.

From Ethelbert Stewart
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
Bureau of Labor Statistics,
Washington.

March 23, 1928.

I have your letter of March 15, transmitting a copy of the March issue of the *ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL*, containing a discussion of American machine production.

I was very glad to see this copy of the *JOURNAL* and the articles to which you refer are exceedingly interesting to me. As you

know, the Bureau of Labor Statistics is working along this line and accumulating rapidly a similar collection of facts. Just what constructive remedies can be developed from this information we are not at this time in a position to very definitely state.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) ETHELBERT STEWART,
Commissioner of Labor Statistics.

From Lionel D. Edie
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
The School of Commerce and Administration
March 22, 1928.

I have read the March copy of your *JOURNAL* with much interest. Although I think you are inclined to load too much blame upon mechanical efficiency in explaining the present unemployment, nevertheless I would agree in assigning much importance to it. I think you underrate some purely financial factors in the present low ebb of the cycle; particularly, I think, you neglect the slump in commodity prices which occurred in the period beginning with 1925. As soon as the next advance in commodity prices occurs, I think you will find that the wave of unemployment will substantially disappear. The problem, however, of adjusting our whole economic system to progress in economic efficiency is one which requires more attention than it has ever been given. Certainly we all would like to see our full efficiency possibilities realized. Probably one of the most important conditioning factors is the manner in which our whole price and money system operates. I would say that our technical efficiency is regulated in its operation by the workings of the pecuniary part of the system. In stressing the monetary aspect of things, I am not ignoring the consequence for labor, but am, in fact, stressing the mechanism which has as a consequence the good or ill of labor. This is, of course, a large question and you would not wish me to go into further detail in a letter. The main thing which I have accomplished is to place the emphasis at the proper point.

Very truly yours,

LDE:W (Sgd.) LIONEL D. EDIE.

From W. F. Ogden
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Department of Sociology and Anthropology
March 22, 1928.

I wish to thank you for the March issue of the *JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS*, which you were so kind as to send me. It is an extraordinarily interesting account of the role of machinery in modern civilization, a subject which I am very much interested in.

Cordially yours,

(Sgd.) W. F. OGDEN.

"It seems to me when a question of progress comes before us we are always confronted with the bugaboo of constitutionality. It is a favorite cry for the lawyers to bring forth. There has never been a single progressive step made in the forward march of humanity that some one has not brought up the cry of constitutionality."—*Representative Grant M. Hudson of Michigan.*

VACUUM TUBE PRINCIPLE BEING USED WIDELY

(Continued from page 244)

at the input end are thus reproduced with fidelity and without distortion at the output end. The function of battery B₁, commonly called C battery, is to fix the potential of the grid at the middle of the straight portion of the plate filament current.

Magnify Small Sounds

The amplifying function of the vacuum tube is extremely important not only in

radiotelephony and telegraphy, but in wire communication systems of all sorts, in some recent makes of phonographs, in the transmission of pictures by radio, or in short in any application where a weak electromotive force is to be amplified. It has been used in amplifying the murmurs of the heart and in studying the standing waves in the rotors of steam turbines.

Another most useful application of the vacuum tube is likewise based on the peculiar shape of the plate-filament current characteristic.

When used in this new manner it is called an oscillator. Before explaining the action of the vacuum tube as an oscillator, a mechanical analogy will first be given. Consider the operation of the ordinary reciprocating steam engine. The piston mechanism and the valve operating mechanism are so coupled together that the admitting and ex-

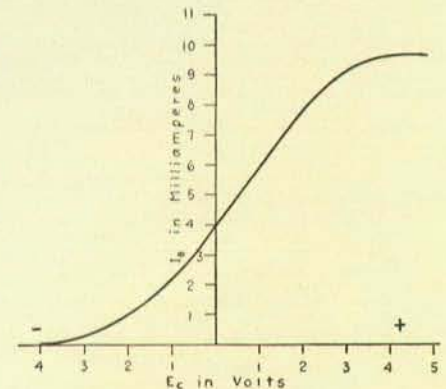


FIGURE 6

hausting of the steam into the cylinder is controlled by the valves through the eccentric on the fly wheel shaft. A very small amount of the energy supplied to the piston is used to operate the valve mechanism which synchronized with the motion of the piston controls its supply of energy and continuous reciprocating motion—oscillation—results.

In an analogous manner the plate circuit and the grid circuit of the vacuum tube may be coupled together in such a way that part of the energy in the plate circuit is supplied to the grid and this in turn controls the rate and frequency of the energy in the plate circuit.

The details of the process will undoubtedly be better understood if an electric oscillatory circuit, commonly called the fly-wheel circuit, is first explained.

Everyone knows that the frequency of a violin string or of a piano string is determined by the mass and tension of the wires. Two strings of the same length and stretched to the same tension will have different frequencies if their masses are different. The string with the heavier mass will have the lower frequency. Again if the strings have the same mass and length but are stretched to different tensions, the one being under the higher tension will have the higher frequency. This relation between frequency, tension and mass may be put into a mathematical form thus,

$$f = k \sqrt{\frac{T}{M}}$$

or in plain language, the frequency is proportional to the square root of the tension divided by the mass. Anyone wishing to do so can perform a simple experiment to show that the above equation correctly expresses the facts. All stringed musical instruments operate and are tuned in accordance with this fundamental principle.

But what has that to do with an oscilla-

tory electric circuit? Quite a little. The principles of one are essentially the principles of the other. An electric circuit also has two properties which have much the same effect on the flow of an electric current in the circuit as tension and mass have upon the motion of a piano or violin string. These two properties are elastance and inductance. Every electric circuit contains these two elements but not in the same ratio, no more than all strings possess the same mass and are subjected to the same tension. These two properties, inductance, which corresponds to mass; and elastance, which corresponds to tension, determine the frequency with which an electric current will oscillate in an electric circuit. The inductance has a tendency to retard or to delay the current while elastance tends to accelerate the current. When properly proportioned the action of one just neutralizes the action of the other and the circuit acts with respect to an alternating current as though neither were present. These two properties of an electric circuit accumulate energy in two forms, electric and magnetic. The amount of electric energy stored in any particular circuit is determined by the voltage applied and the capacitance, reciprocal of elastance, present; and the amount stored in the magnetic field is determined by the magnitude of the electric current flowing and the inductance of the circuit. In any given circuit these two energies have a fixed ratio. Usually they are equal, but they are not present at the same time. The oscillations in the circuit are the transformation of this energy from one form to the other form. At one instant of time the energy is in an electric form in the charge on the condenser. When the condenser discharges a current of electricity flows in the circuit and the energy is converted into the magnetic form and vice versa. If no energy were lost or dissipated, the energy would continue to oscillate, or change from one form to the other, but if the circuit be left to itself this is not possible, so some additional energy must be supplied to compensate for that lost.

To secure constant interchange of energy from the magnetic to the electric form a vacuum tube is connected as shown in Fig. 6. The grid circuit is connected to the plate circuit by the electromagnet action of the two coils Lg and Lb. To understand how electric oscillations are produced, assume the filament to be heated and a steady stream of electrons to be flowing in the plate-filament circuit. Let Fig. 6 represent this current. Now suppose the plate-filament current to change slightly in intensity. This slight fluctuation of the plate current will induce, by transformer action, a voltage in coil Lg. As this coil is connected to the grid of the tube, the potential of the grid will be changed and this potential change will produce a like change in the plate current. This increase in plate current will again raise the grid potential and in turn be followed by an increase in plate-current, etc. At first this may appear like lifting one's self by his boot straps, but a close examination of the current curve in Fig. 6 will show that this increase is not continuous, or indefinite. In this experimental curve, the maximum current is reached before the grid voltage has reached 3.5 volts. An increase in plate-potential above 3.5 volts produces no further increase in the plate current. The moment the influence of the grid potential ceases to increase the plate current, the grid voltage drops to zero and the plate current decreases in value. This decrease in plate-current by inductive action decreases the grid potential which in turn reduces the plate-current. This process continues until any further decrease in grid potential has

no effect on the plate-current when it begins to increase and the cycle of operations is repeated.

Like Flash of Eye

While it has taken some time to write this description of the interaction of plate current and grid potential, and while it takes the reader some time to peruse these few words, the cycle of operation is usually extremely small. The time of one cycle and thus the frequency or number of cycles per second is determined by the magnitude of the inductance and capacitance in the circuit. Primarily the capacitance C and inductance Lg although the other like properties of the associated circuits will have some effect. By varying either Lg or C almost any desired frequency can be secured.

This oscillatory characteristic of the vacuum tube is of great practical importance. It is the basis of the operation of all broadcasting stations and when we hear over radio that a station is operating on 700 kilocycles by authority of the Federal Radio Commission, we must understand that the fundamental frequency of the power tubes in that station is 700,000 cycles per second.

It has been extremely difficult to make vacuum tubes of large output and of extremely high frequency. Recently there has been developed a water cooled tube which at a frequency of 50,000,000 cycles per second develops 10 to 12 kilowatts. Incidentally the laboratory tests of this tube produced some remarkable and unexpected results. Rats subjected to the radiations of the tube were at first exhilarated, but then quickly died. A solution of salt and water of the same density as blood when within the range of the tube's influence soon became hot, and the blood of the operator within fifteen minutes was raised to a temperature of 100 deg. Fahr.

What the possibilities of such a tube may be I leave to the reader's imagination. It seems, however, that there is something new under the sun.

MODERN INDUSTRY, THE UNION AND PUBLIC INTEREST

(Continued from page 229)

but only in so far as company unionism may approach the essential characteristics of trade unionism can it provide any basis for organized co-operation.

"If all wage earners could be and were forbidden by contract to join unions independent of their several employers, the historic labor movement would be wiped out and modern society would approximate an industrial feudalism."

John A. Fitch,
New York School of Social Work.

"It is a commonplace that labor conditions tend to be determined by the policies of the meanest employer. In the absence of a labor organization to cope with the meanest employer, even a strong company union in a competitive plant would find it very difficult to make much headway."

Robert W. Bruere,
Editor, The Survey.

"I heartily believe in the principles of co-operation between employers and employees where the co-operation is voluntary and between free men."

Horace M. Kallen,
Professor of Psychology, New School
for Social Research.

"I know of no case in which company unionism affords the workman an effective voice in the determination of the wage level. Membership in a trade union removes the coercive element which membership in a company union imposes."

David J. Saposs,
Professor of Social Economics,
Brookwood Labor College.

"The history of the independent unions shows that they are generally an outgrowth of spontaneous association of workers who have found working conditions unbearable

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and who have found themselves helpless as individual bargainers.

"This explains why the origin of most unions is traced to spontaneous or unorganized strikes and shows that the workers feel the need of association on an independent basis. Nothing else shows more conclusively the attitude of workers toward company unions and that they did not join them as free agents than their action when they were able to choose between an independent and a company union."

*Mercer G. Evans,
Assistant Professor of Economics,
Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.*

"The company union is marked by certain and very definite disadvantages—disadvantages which under present circumstances, to my mind, make the company union as a universal principle, unacceptable.

"The company union has the possibility of becoming a subservient organization for such purposes as the employer desires to use it.

"The test of facts of experiences seems to indicate that when the trade union is accepted and when the employing group shows a willingness to co-operate and to act in good faith, trade unionism has resulted in more good will, in increased production, in continuity of service and in great improvement in the conditions of the workers, and that when the company union is introduced, it is usually introduced merely for the purpose of forestalling trade unionism."

*George E. Barnett,
Professor of Statistics, Johns Hopkins
University.*

"I am strongly of the opinion that any system of organization confined to the indi-

vidual employer will not afford the workman an effective voice in the determination of conditions of employment."

*Albert S. Keister,
North Carolina College for Women.*

"I believe that with the exception of the invention of machinery, the trade union movement can surely claim to have done more to better the economic conditions of the working people of England and America than any other one thing."

*Henry Rottschaefer,
Professor of Law, University of
Minnesota.*

"Collective bargaining is the most effective device thus far developed to modify the harshest possibilities of disparity in bargaining power. That it is a device that is more likely to stabilize industry than reliance on competition on the part of employers for labor. That its beneficial results cannot be effectively realized unless those who represent the labor group are wholly independent of management."

*Norman J. Ware,
Professor of Economics, New School for
Social Research.*

"A company union does not seem to protect the individual worker's freedom of personality."

*Henry T. Hunt,
Lawyer, New York City. Expert On
Industrial Relations.*

"Unionism improves service to the public and also increases the capacity of the em-

ployees as citizens of a democracy. The training in the functioning of the union renders them capable of democratic action in the city, state and nation."

*Paul F. Brissenden,
Professor of Economics, Columbia
University School of Business.*

"It is my conviction that on the whole the interests of society are better served when employees are represented by independent trade unions than when they are represented by even generally independent establishments, organized with membership limited to employees of a single company.

"The trade union is well adapted to genuine collective bargaining. The company union is poorly, if at all adapted to such bargaining."

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR CONDITIONS

(Continued from page 245)

council was the striking of the Commonwealth plant in Granite City, Ill.

"For your information, in this particular year that this subject matter was before this committee, Local No. 1 had jurisdiction over Granite City but, as you know, since the Seattle convention this jurisdiction has been given to Local No. 309 of East St. Louis, Ill.

"At this meeting as above mentioned the question of crane men came up. Up to the date of this meeting I had several requests in the General Office and attempted with some three or four other organizations to get these non-union crane men into Local No. 1 but had been informed that these crane men then belonged to two or three different organizations such as the Machinists and the Amalgamated Tin, Metal and Iron Workers' international unions, so I informed the Metal Trades Council that unless these crane men were released by those organizations now holding them in accordance with the decision by the proper officials, giving the Electrical Workers the crane men, Local No. 1 would not be a member of that council, and unless they acknowledge the right of L. U. No. 1 as having jurisdiction over these crane men, we could not join.

"As above stated, this same said Mr. Fritschie of the Machinists' union refused to relinquish or acknowledge the crane men to the Electrical Workers, in fact stated to the opposite view.

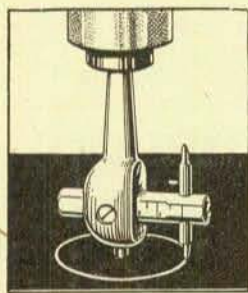
"Therefore, it is utterly impossible for Local No. 1 to apply for membership in the local Metal Trades Council until these trades that are now therein composed acknowledge the rights of the Electrical Workers, especially on three points:

- "1. Electrical construction work.
- "2. Electrical maintenance, repair and replacement.
- "3. The crane men; applying of course only to electric cranes.

"This matter is, of course, before you as International President and I am presenting Local No. 1's case to you so that you can give it the proper attention and at the same time realize that Local No. 1 is amenable to your instructions as the International President.

"Yours fraternally,
(Signed) "A. SCHADING,
"Business Manager."

This will give you a few of the skirmishes that we have had on the crane men and you had better prepare yourself for a real battle one of these days and don't forget it takes money to feed an army but they bring back the "bacon."

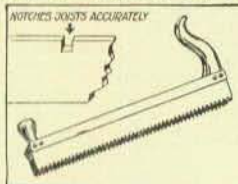


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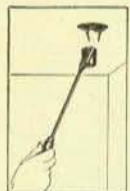
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1	151497	151691	119	989402	989432	256	850099	850137	398	929811	929857	571	57836	57845
1	124828	124870	120	678273	678284	257	735971	735989	400	169538	169587	573	460252	460275
2	187681	187910	122	148211	148500	258	687942	687950	401	202156	202170	574	746106	746140
3	27905	27938	125	251438	252000	262	920914	921000	402	211511	211566	575	693682	693708
3	30401	30433	127	981008	981046	262	237751	237752	404	44471	44475	580	703704	703722
3	29960	30241	129	860501	860512	264	698741	698760	405	738476	738508	581	922406	922470
5	102201	102750	131	980430	980443	267	679252	679259	407	731737	731741	583	556151	556160
6	33759	33878	133	32320	32338	268	417321	417325	408	216081	216119	584	190956	191250
7	153789	153917	134	178501	178731	269	1424	1500	411	680770	680784	584	246751	246926
8	581221	581225	134	185251	186000	269	229501	229518	415	56307	56340	585	720975	720987
9	120121	120750	134	878963	879000	270	693947	693956	416	772839	772850	587	242893	242902
9	117001	117210	134	114571	114729	271	631439	631473	417	54300		588	958346	958388
10	682966	682995	134	182251	182541	272	688825	688835	417	249001	249031	591	712551	712570
12	499933	499946	134	184501	185026	274	964541	964550	418	842771	842830	594	823851	823896
14	64680	64720	135	636278	636300	275	734796	734815	421	691651	691690	595	192172	192260
16	729085	729106	135	991501	991515	276	705988	706001	425	731467	731474	596	37962	37970
20	26783	26858	136	20710	20818	277	213470	213479	426	861017	861018	598	685898	685928
21	934791	934800	137	215509	215515	281	219782	219818	427	963142	963188	599	614677	614700
22	770964	771000	138	31441	31464	283	728813	728823	428	982531	982572	602	789745	789750
22	993301	993385	139	87886	87965	284	27234	27281	429	698436	698453	602	990601	990628
26	100133	100360	140	16948	17015	285	719854	719860	430	989124	989163	611	603163	603197
27	78519	78527	141	154547	154564	286	710299	710310	431	9588	9593	617	779073	779108
28	827077	827420	143	122790	122809	288	818611	818673	434	729693	729703	619	412049	412063
30	966301	966330	146	51536	51610	290	732345	732361	435	870441	870510	623	703458	703467
30	578205	578250	146	988510		292	177451	177670	437	212353	212690	625	543515	543520
31	150051	150061	150	717595	717600	293	969613	969636	440	123113	123141	627	852154	852175
32	410321	410331	150	981291	981314	294	723064	723079	442	613566	613575	629	195732	195838
33	441321	441326	151	813993	814207	295	26690	26700	443	687415	687423	630	863470	863485
34	861661	861738	152	718774	718800	295	992101	992103	444	46154	46194	631	583382	583407
35	13833	13967	153	807294	807315	296	861409	861428	446	520814	520834	640	609546	609566
36	985821	985860	155	417491	417509	298	874796	874818	448	55916	55955	642	29380	29399
37	926031	926060	156	981906	981940	299	968101	968111	449	184382	184394	646	820420	820430
38	9471	9720	157	727657	727664	300	851839	851845	450	46078	46084	648	829491	829500
40	216848	216945	158	830318	830320	301	434681	434692	456	160574	160607	648	227251	227330
41	173428	173428	159	812048	812089	303	528087	528095	457	759704	759709	649	841214	841255
42	726176	726204	163	89509	89573	305	306500	306584	458	874067	874090	651	711092	711099
44	738269	738279	164	171370	171538	306	684593	684600	460	568309	568317	653	729384	729418
45	743512	743520	169	718905	718916	306	966001	966049	461	255023	255049	654	36952	36971
46	90841	90940	172	12169	12174	307	878507	878519	463	65755	65766	656	536937	536967
47	456523	456556	173	720486	720501	308	5318	5340	465	213881	213948	659	540817	540823
48	136576	136770	174	878130	878136	309	143836	144230	470	692738	692750	660	235501	235547
50	734323	734360	175	74341	74440	310	25179	25261	471	46430	46451	661	984361	984382
51	725967	726107	176	106601	106665	311	845148	845250	474	99021	99132	664	36834	36869
52	210905	211500	177	695821	695870	311	240751	240763	477	982251	982280	665	58756	58797
52	234001	234029	178	397025	397037	312	911208	911250	478	296135	296139	666	958819	958853
53	197306	197354	179	305674	305683	312	237001	237015	479	713922	713950	668	499121	499149
54	678169	678190	180	871073	871097	313	965111	965204	480	52075	52086	669	921221	921231
55	775029	775101	181	168131	168214	314	682609	682710	481	47205	47250	670	175540	175555
56	855350	855377	183	687707	687732	315	50354	50366	481	131251	131387	675	967501	967542
57	44401	44422	184	810179	810188	317	223528	223545	482	165712	165717	677	69785	69822
58	803271	803600	185	871808	871900	318	688436	688447	488	642563	642706	679	27492	27494
59	215271	215390	187	980711	980730	319	690056	690058	490	80554	80559	681	771536	771581
60	44051	44110	188	432237	432240	321	735368	735420	492	914984	915000	683	927444	927533
62	60896	60950	190	719307	719333	323	597471	597471	492	234751	234776	684	479406	479419
65	190211	190410	191	984922	984935	325	47346	47371	497	54520	54532	685	681720	681734
66	213001	213180	192	691991	692032	326	695223	695333	501	828581	828750	686	690977	690992
66	125926	126000	193	962643	962682	328	699065	699100	501	165001	165113	688	18109	18127
67	964952	964990	194	32240	32250	329	720241	720276	503	679777	679810	691	730057	730069
68	857951	857963	194	261001	261115	330	176290	176313	504	137227	137250	692	865437	865440
69	23326	23331	195	146559	146663	332	214514	214576	504	699601	699629	694	100714	100837
70	969601	969602	197	11020	11029	333	26038	26126	507	868530	868538	695	620696	620719
70	865043	865050	199	781966	781967	334	277344	277346	508	170320	170402	696	76114	76509
72	110797	110807	200	321001	321044	336	53547	53560	509	33797	33809	696	233251	233300
75	58115	58195	200	59211	59250	337	55053	55060	514	147481	147560	697	145687	145698
75	7462	7465	201	723676	723681	338	730852	730870	515	631220	631232	701	859812	859895
76	135261	135322	203	34727	34738	339	686842	686889	516	683489	683492	702	172501	172657
77	620168	620311	207	604326	604326	340	192914	192984	517	733253	733272	702	194098	194250
78	842509	842510	208	678545	678565	341	777218	777225	520	30215	30247	704	39165	39187
79	165923	166123	209	781260	781294	343	706073	706077	521	720688	720696	707	575125	575175
80	231751	231801	211	929041	929200	344	688528	688541	522	950064	950156	710	844541	844565
80	685478	685500	212	641183	641219	346	726914	726944	525	693090	693125	712	931868	931887
81	70884	70956	213	942712	943013	347	130873	130933	526	962136	962142	716	121881	122161
83	187321	187500	214	145252	145354	348	73222	73305	527	714887	714900	717	93203	93270
83	250501	250577	215	84826	84843	349	174248	174255	527	992701	992705	719	687051	687077
86	66483	66653	222	965730	965739	350	432576	432584	528	774561	774589	723	142740	142789
87	31909	31915	223	163556	163605	353	94109	94214	529	987907	987912	725	817462	817488
88	897341	897375	224	930533	930639	354	473023	473035	532	129176	129238	728	949601	949620
89	166958	166963	225	35064	35076	356	44941	44961	533	963309	963310	731	728573	728598
91	40692	40701	226	471691	471721	358	16182	16175	535	122539	122575	732	829948	829985
93	684161	684171	229	683765	683774	362	679921	679940	536	446962	446980	734	20180	20250
96														

L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS
817	204111	204340	699	677037	677044	76	189036	728	949010
819	690063	690076	970	702764	702776	122	148398, 452	760	839136
820	33176	33206	971	442919	442933	127	981044	794	269847
825	867000	867002	972	875386	875386	150	981301-310	855	984044
835	840916		978	711560	711591	272	688826-830	873	231071
840	244909	244924	982	29756	29765	274	964548-549	890	706256-258
849	15150	15160	987	402283	402285	306	966040-048	912	5084
850	430170	430176	991	684642	684647	321	735381-390	948	105950
854	690416	690453	995	704932	704938	654	36957	1002	196539
855	984041	984066	996	60690	60709	679	27484-491	1101	459267
857	240326	240343	1002	196537	196593	694	100823	1108	51142
858	924481	924516	1021	850607	850645	855	984065		
862	45560	45580	1024	68488	68536	963	38300		
863	728237	728256	1025	578993	578998	971	442928		
864	824778	824812	1032	982840	982881	982	29757		
869	546330	546348	1036	633194	633208	1072	730656		
870	96112	96153	1037	856471	856540	1091	715724-745		
873	231664	231682	1045	280002	280007				
875	36133	36144	1047	535225	535227				
885	984601	984612	1072	730653	730657				
885	710100		1074	422836	422842				
886	76494	76500	1086	724702	724736				
886	258751	258763	1087	681044	681057				
890	706261	706263	1091	715705	715746				
892	964230	964247	1095	51743	51761				
900	875772	875772	1097	374099	374100				
902	726289	726300	1097	700801	700805				
902	990001	990018	1099	692497	692519				
905	286118	286125	1101	459273	459280				
907	38764	38774	1105	861882	861890				
910	334544	334554	1108	51139	51180				
912	5041	5112	1118	47003	47024				
914	72085	72106	1135	31081	31090				
915	16776	16782	1141	715190	715200				
916	858418	858420	1141	990901	990912				
919	59169	59171	1144	533606	533674				
929	696071	696094	1147	987603	987636				
931	862388	862392	1150	871332	871340				
936	727229	727230	1151	459791	459796				
948	105911	106058	1154	374952	374977				
954	732940	732944	1156	194375	194502				
956	632488	632501							
958	845416	845427							
963	38301	38309							
968	869381	869383							

PREVIOUSLY LISTED MISSING—RECEIVED

3	29349-29400
76	135168
127	981001, 003, 005
146	988501-504
194	31877
203	34724-725
214	145233-250
274	964538-539
277	213467-468
300	851825-830
336	53543
341	777196
529	987904-905
545	725270, 278
551	290749-750
660	48220
835	840911, 914
890	706256-258
915	16766-16774
936	727202
971	442916-917
982	29732-733, 737-739
1032	982838
1147	987008

BLANK

66	125926-930
211	929194-200
581	222409-410

"The people of Nicaragua and Haiti and the Philippine Islands and Mexico and all other countries have their views, their traditions, and their ideas. Their states may be small, the peoples may be weak, and many of them may be illiterate and below the ethical

and political standards of the most civilized nations of the world. However they are entitled to their own lands and to work out their own salvation. They are entitled to their national aspirations and to the kind of government they desire. This Republic has

not been made the arbiter of the world. It may not, because of its superior advantages and its great achievements, arrogate to itself the right to control other nations or to take the lives of other peoples."—Senator William H. King of Utah.



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WILLIAM GREEN, *President,*
The American Federation of Labor.